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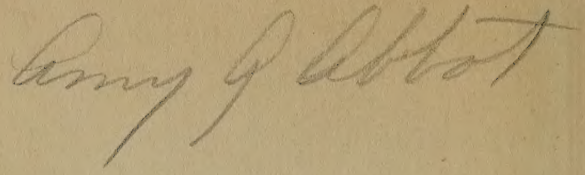

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THE ATHENÆUM PRESS SERIES

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GENERAL EDITORS

Athenæum Press Series

CARLYLE

SARTOR RESARTUS

EDITED BY

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TO

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

AS A MARK OF ADMIRATION

FOR HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN OF LETTERS

AND

HIS DEFENSE OF CARLYLE'S MEMORY

Mein Vermächtniß, wie herrlich weit und breit!
Die Zeit ist mein Vermächtniß, mein Acker ist die Zeit.

Goethe.

PREFACE.

AMERICA'S part in Carlyle is not small. When he was still, in his own country and among his own people, a prophet without honor and sometimes almost without bread, he received from New England the three things he needed most, — money, literary recognition, and a friend. It is not too much to say that the chance visit of an American proved to be the turning-point in Carlyle's career. To Emerson's memorable voyage of discovery to Craigenputtoch in 1832, the beginnings of Carlyle's worldly prosperity and of his influence on this side of the Atlantic, are directly traceable. But for Emerson's generous admiration of them, Carlyle's earliest works would certainly not have been published in Boston before they had made head in London; and but for the unselfishness and business talent of Concord's philosophical dreamer, the proceeds of the sales might never have reached the rightful owner in Cheyne Row. Not in vain did he "summon all the Yankee" in him, and "multiply and divide like a lion." But money and fame were as dust in the balance, weighed against the treasure of a true friendship. What value Carlyle set upon it is to be seen in almost every page of the Emerson correspondence. Again, in criticism no earlier praise is so just or so ample as Thoreau's. Carlyle's very insult to the Republic in the hour of its extremity, followed as it was at once by

his earnest desire for reparation, bound him closer to that new world he never saw. When the time came for him to set his house in order, he left to an American university as well as to his own Edinburgh, a token of affectionate regard, an appropriate peace-offering of his books. Since his death, an American man of letters has proved the truest friend of his reputation by putting in the way of every one who cares to make the trial, those personal documents which correct the inadvertent errors, and downright distortions of Carlyle's great biographer and literary executor. It was from an American city, sixty years ago, that the first edition of *Sartor Resartus* issued in book form; and it is not unfitting that from the same city should now come, this, the first attempt to deal systematically with the difficulties the book presents.

The aim of the present edition is threefold: to make a book, which is admitted to be worthy of study, and has the name of being dark, easier of comprehension to the average undergraduate and general reader; to show clearly and in detail the relations between this spiritual autobiography and the actual life of Carlyle, which have hitherto been either vaguely stated or only suspected to exist; and to demonstrate the process by which the book grew. The first intention includes the other two, and is the most important of all. The study of the writings necessary for these two lesser purposes has brought about this desirable result, — the editor has been kept in the background, and the great man has himself furnished the commentary to his own text. Incidentally, the close scrutiny of *Sartor* has brought to light a number of curious errors, such as may befall even a man of genius, when he leans too hard upon the best of

memories, and writes at a distance from his works of reference. These have been noted in no spirit of vainglory, but with the natural hesitation of the novice on whom it is laid to change places for the moment with his master.

The task of preparing this work, though thoroughly congenial, and taken up lightheartedly enough, proved heavier as it neared completion. Carlyle's course through the world of books is as incalculable as a bee's in a clover-field. He is besides a giant — in seven-league boots; and Hop o' my Thumb's chances of keeping him in sight are not brilliant. Though I have striven to avoid the usual jeers at commentators and their farthing candles, I cannot hope that all readers will find "each dark passage" sufficiently illuminated. There are still a few holes in *Sartor's* coat which remain to be neatly darned, and some regrettable gaps in my information. These are indicated in the hope that more learned critics may fill them up. As I have been forced to work without the aid of a modern, adequate library, my references are not always made to the best or most accessible editions; though they are, I trust, clear and in every case to be relied on. To break a road through new country is rough work, and much may be forgiven the pioneer, if the way he opens up is found to be merely passable.

That the imperfections of this work are not more numerous than they are, is largely due to the kindness of many friends who supplied information or transcribed extracts, or verified references which were inaccessible to me. To my colleagues at Dalhousie my thanks are first due, to Profs. C. MacDonald, J. Johnson, J. Liechti, J. G. MacGregor, W. C. Murray, and H. Murray, also to Prof. W. M. Tweedie of Mt. Allison University, the Rev. Wm. King of Christ

Church, Cambridge, W. C. Desbrisay, Esq., of Ottawa, T. Heath Haviland, Esq., of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and chiefly to Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who lent me his precious manuscript copy of Carlyle's Journals, and in other ways encouraged this present work; to Prof. G. L. Kittredge whose editorial zeal enabled him to endure the whole corpus of notes at one memorable sitting; to my old friend Dr. F. H. Sykes of the Western University, whose affection has survived the ordeal of reading many proof-sheets; and to one other friend I need not name, who aided in the tedious task of collating texts. The list is too long for any claim of independence, but not for gratitude.

The Glass House, Dutch Village,
HALIFAX, July 26, 1895.

Postscript. I gladly avail myself of the opportunity afforded by a new impression to thank also Prof. J. T. Hatfield, Miss Mary S. Jordan of Smith College, Prof. Tweedie of Mount Allison University, and Prof. Richard Jones of Vanderbilt University for valuable notes and corrections.

A. M.

JUNE 12, 1905.

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SARTOR RESARTUS.

BOOK I.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

In the year 1830,[1] Carlyle was living with his wife in the lonely moorland farm-house of Craigenputtoch, which is by interpretation, "Hill of the Hawks," on the western border of his native shire, Dumfries. He was no longer young, and neither a successful nor a happy man. The eldest son of a stone-mason, he had followed the usual career of the ambitious Scots peasant, by preparing for the ministry. His father gave him the best education in his power, paying his expenses first at a good academy near home and afterwards at the university of Edinburgh. Though Carlyle acquiesced in the choice of profession made for him by his parents so far as to preach two formal sermons at Divinity Hall, he found at the close of his university career that he was unfitted for the pulpit, and chose the usual alternative, the schoolmaster's desk. He disliked the profession of teaching and soon abandoned it, but his short apprenticeship to the distasteful calling gave him an influential and life-long friend, the only human being he ever saw face to face,

[1] The biographies of Carlyle are so many and so easy to obtain, that I have not thought it well to load my introduction with any biographical facts but those which directly explain the origin of *Sartor*. After Froude's copious work, the best is Dr. Garnett's "Life" in the Great Writers Series (Walter Scott, London). This contains Anderson's invaluable bibliography. Prof. Nichol's memoir (English Men of Letters Series), though meritorious, is not so pleasant in tone, nor so admirably compressed.

whose superiority to himself he in any way recognized. This was the handsome, genial, brilliant Edward Irving. Although they had met before, they grew intimate only when fate threw them together as village dominies in the quaint little town of Kirkcaldy. Irving was at this time Carlyle's intellectual peer, and the two young men of genius read and studied together, or walked and talked endlessly along the pleasant sands beside the sea. Their ways soon parted. Irving, who was rising rapidly into notice, went to Glasgow to be assistant to Dr. Chalmers. His translation to London in 1821,[1] marked an epoch in the life of his obscure friend, as well as in his own. Irving became the fashionable preacher of the metropolis; and it was at his instance that Carlyle first visited the city which was to be his home for half his life. A Mrs. Buller, whose sister had been attracted to the Caledonian Chapel by Irving's preaching, asked him to recommend a tutor for her sons. Like a true Scot, he remembered his countryman; and the young Bullers had the good fortune to have for tutor perhaps the most remarkable man of his age in Great Britain. This was the second position of the kind Carlyle had undertaken and by far the more agreeable. The English boys were not only clever but well-mannered and affectionate. Charles, the elder, was destined to assist in giving England's greatest colony responsible government and to die on the threshold of a wider fame. Tutor and pupil became friends to the benefit of both. To a man of Carlyle's simple habits, £200 a year was riches. The first use he made of his wealth was to pay for his brother John's education and to assist the rest of the family in every possible way. Contact with the refinement of the Bullers and their friends was good for the raw peasant scholar; but for several reasons he resigned his position after a tenure of two years.

[1] *Rem.*, II, 99 and n.

He was now twenty-nine years of age, without a profession, trade, or means of livelihood. As a student, he had done hack articles for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and now he turned to literature in the hope of earning his bread. In the years of his tutorship he had studied German and translated Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. A copy sent to the author won the great man's regard. The work brought him in £180 and encouraged him to proceed. For two years he supported himself by his translations from the German and his articles on German literature. But his youth was slipping away. He was known only to a small circle as an eccentric and impracticable man of genius, which by no means accorded with his vast ambition. He suffered constantly from a painful but not dangerous disease. He was at war with himself, as his journals testify. At this time he married.

His friendship with Irving had paved the way for another and closer relationship. When Irving was master in Haddington Academy, he became deeply interested in Jane Baillie Welsh, the beautiful and clever daughter of a country surgeon of good family and sterling character. He was fresh from college and she was a mere child. His position as her tutor in her father's house favored the growth of intimacy, though neither of them seems to have known the real state of their feelings for each other. From Haddington Irving went to Kirkcaldy and there drifted into an engagement with the minister's daughter, Miss Isabella Martin As time went on, he found that he had mistaken his feelings towards both women. To his betrothed wife he was indifferent; it was his quondam pupil who had his heart. He tried to free himself from his entanglement; but the Martins held him to his plighted word, and Jane Welsh, though she returned his love passionately, would not listen to him as long as his engagement lasted. The affair ended in Irving's

loveless marriage with the woman to whom he was bound in honor, to the ruin of his own happiness and that of the woman he loved. At first Carlyle's relation to the three was that of the friend, or mere bystander. He did not know the real state of the case till shortly before his marriage. In 1821, on a visit to Haddington with Irving, Carlyle met his future wife. With her keen insight, she soon divined his genius; but she was repelled by his rustic manners, and the rough strength of his character. Their first step towards intimacy was a literary correspondence which seems to have been carried on without any great break from their first meeting till their marriage. Miss Welsh was ambitious, and with Carlyle she had far more in common than with Irving. The story of their courtship has never been given to the world; but Mr. Froude has told us that there were rubs in its course. One episode was the interference of a friend, and another a lover's quarrel which almost ended in a final estrangement. The "taming of the mocking-bird" took time. Before he met Miss Welsh, Carlyle had been drawn to at least one woman; and it may be said without fear of contradiction that he could not possibly have made any woman happy. Still, there can be no doubt that he loved his wife with all the intensity of his fervid nature. The loss of her at the crowning moment of his life left him a broken man, and gave to our literature the record of a remorse as deep and heart-shaking as Lear's last agony over Cordelia. No merely imagined tragedy is darker than the true tale of his unwitting offence, the dramatic conjunction of his greatest triumph with his greatest loss, and his finding no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

At first, however, in spite of their narrow means and uncertain prospects, the skies were fair. The first year of married life[1] was spent in Edinburgh, in a comfortable, well-

[1] They were married at Templand on October 17th, 1826.

furnished house, with a certain amount of society; and then from motives of economy, they removed to Craigenputtoch, a property of Mrs. Carlyle's in the wilds of Dumfries. Carlyle had hoped that marriage would work some sweeping change in his health and spirits; but in this he was disappointed, as he was in the hope of various university chairs at St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and London. In a mood almost of despair, he settled down in his "Dunscore Patmos" to read and meditate and write and make a way for himself in literature. At Comley Bank, his Edinburgh residence, he had begun a novel which he threw aside at the seventh chapter. The acceptance of an occasional article kept the wolf from the door; and from time to time, their friends supplied them with various necessaries of life. Carlyle spent his day in his study, or wandered solitary over the moors afoot or on horseback. His young wife slaved at the housekeeping, lonelier than he. An occasional visitor broke the gray monotony of their lives; but no two people in Britain lived more retired. Crusoe, on the Island of Desolation, was hardly more completely shut out from his kind.

In the journal, that refuge of the lonely and impulsive, Carlyle found a vent for his surcharged heart; and in 1829 resumed irregular entries in a book he had already used for the same purpose. The death of his sister Margaret in June, 1830, doubtless set his mind powerfully at work. "Often I think of many solemn and sad things which, indeed, I do not wish to forget,"[1] he writes his mother in this year. The month of September was particularly rich in the harvest of thought. About the 12th, he notes: "I am going to write —— Nonsense. It is on 'Clothes.' Heaven be my comforter." On October 19th, he writes to his brother: "For myself here I am leading the stillest life; musing amid the pale sunshine, or rude winds of October Tirl-the-

[1] *Lett.*, 172.

trees, when I go walking in this almost ghastly solitude; and for the rest, writing with impetuosity. . . . What I am writing at is the strangest of all things: begun as an Article for *Fraser;* then found to be too long (except it were divided into two); now sometimes looking almost as if it would swell into a Book. A very singular piece, I assure you! It glances from Heaven to Earth and back again in a strange satirical frenzy; whether *fine* or not remains to be seen. . . .

"*Teufelsdreck* (that is the title of my present *Schrift*) will be done (so far — fifty pages) to-morrow."[1] Ten days later he is able to record its completion.

The article in this form was sent soon after to *Fraser*, but not accepted, perhaps not even read; for by February, 1831, Carlyle has his "long paper entitled *Thoughts on Clothes*" back and is busy recasting and expanding it into book form. "I can devise," he writes his brother John, "some more biography for Teufelsdreck; give a second deeper part, in the same vein, leading through Religion and the nature of Society, and Lord knows what. Nay, that very 'Thoughts,' slightly altered would itself make a little volume first."[2] This would seem to show that Book I of *Sartor* is the original "long paper," that the devising of "more biography" resulted in Book II, and the "second deeper part in the same vein" is Book III. From February till the end of July[3] he is busy with the book, and by August 4th he is able to start for London with the completed manuscript. But the booksellers would have none of it, and after hawking it about among the leading publishers for some six weeks, Carlyle went home and laid the book aside for two years. Probably no changes were made in the text, in the interval, for Carlyle was now very busy with his great essays. Then, in November, 1833, the first four chapters

[1] *Lett.*, 173 f. [2] *Ibid.*, 183.
[3] *Ibid.*, 191, 212, 213, 221.

were printed in *Fraser*. The last instalment came out in August, 1834. In January and June it did not appear. For it, the author records, he received £82, 1 *s.*, and fifty-eight "really readable copies of 107 pages" [1] struck off from the magazine types, which he distributed among friends north of the Tweed. Few of them were even courteous enough to acknowledge the receipt of it; and on the general reading public it made no impression, except repulsion and disgust. Mrs. Carlyle pronounced it "A work of genius, dear." But she was almost alone in her opinion. Father O'Shea in Cork, and Emerson in Concord, were apparently the only other persons in the world who saw anything in the book. To the American admirer belongs the honor of bringing out the real *editio princeps* anonymously in 1836 with a laudatory preface by Le Baron Russell. Though Emerson shore *Sartor* of the capitals wherein his heart delighted, he made a good bargain with the publishers, and saw that Carlyle received every dollar of his dues.[2] The first English edition did not appear till two years later, and a third was not needed for more than another decade. Before Carlyle's death, a popular edition of 30,000 copies had been printed and sold. The text was very correctly printed in *Fraser;* and between the first form of the book and the last, only the fewest changes have been made. The present edition reproduces the text of 1874, with a few corrections which are indicated in the notes.

II.

"The first genesis of *Sartor* I remember well enough and the very spot (at Templand) where the notion of astonishment at Clothes first struck me," [3] is Carlyle's own account

[1] *Lett.*, 442.

[2] See *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, I, 86, 98, 122, 131. Boston, 1886.

[3] *Rem.*, II, 190.

of how the book originated; but this moment of illumination is plainly a case of unconscious memory. The germ idea, as has been often pointed out, is contained in the *Tale of a Tub*. That Carlyle knew Swift familiarly is indisputable. To his college friends he was known as "Jonathan" and "the Dean," as much from his known liking for Swift's writings as his natural satiric bent; and he recommends the *Tale of a Tub*, by name, to his brother John. To put the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt, Carlyle himself refers, in *Sartor*, to Swift and the passage quoted below.[1]

"The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief which seemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, and you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green, or the sea but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the various works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature hath been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a microcoat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all the trimmings? As to the body there can be no dispute, but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches?"[2] (I omit the drastic Swiftian conclusion which must have found favor in the

[1] Bk. III, cap. xi.

[2] *Tale of a Tub*, Sect. III.

eyes of the man who wrote Count Zaehdarm's epitaph.) Here undoubtedly is the seed thought which lay chance-sown so long in Carlyle's mind that he had forgotten its existence and when it sprang up and bore fruit a hundred-fold, imagined it to be some spontaneous, self-derived tilth. While this is admitted, there is between the passage in Swift and the completed *Sartor* all the difference between the bushel of seed-corn and the bursting garner. The seed fell in rich soil and it was most assiduously cultivated. A very large part of the book owes nothing at all to Swift. In the second portion, the story of Teufelsdröckh's life, his clothes-philosophy sinks out of sight altogether; and such chapters as the fifth and eighth of the third book are too weighty and earnest to be really part and parcel of what was in the first instance a jest. The influence of Swift's thought is strongest in the first or original portion. The rest is really made up of Carlyle's own experience of life, and his brooding over all problems that can engage the active brain, from the reality of the universe and the existence of God to the condition of the poor and the phenomenon of the man of fashion. The book is to be regarded as the epitome of all that Carlyle thought and felt in the course of the first thirty-five years of his residence on this planet. Many things which he wishes to say that cannot be ranged under any rubric of the philosophy of clothes, such as his criticism of duelling, are, notwithstanding, given room. This position I hope to make good.

Such an explanation of *Sartor* as Mr. Larkin's[1] must be regarded as an exercise of pure fancy, in a line with the old-fashioned allegorical expositions of Scripture, like Dr. Alabaster's sermon on Adam, Sheth, Enosh. If, instead of assuming the book to be an enigma, we simply examine the

[1] Henry Larkin, *Carlyle and the Open Secret of his Life*, caps. i–iv. Lond., 1886.

process by which it grew, light breaks upon us, and its significance becomes unmistakable. The sources of it can be demonstrated to be fourfold. The first in importance is the journal which Carlyle kept at Craigenputtoch from 1828 to 1830. Extracts from this have been printed with grotesque inaccuracy by Mr. Froude in his *Carlyle's Early Life*, and can be consulted there. A much safer authority is a MS. copy in the possession of Professor Norton, which he kindly allowed me to use. The second source is Carlyle's novel *Wotton Reinfred*, which never got beyond the seventh chapter. From this not only were many long passages transferred bodily to *Sartor*, but also the main outlines of the love-story in Book Second. His essays form the third source, notably the *Signs of the Times*.[1] *Characteristics*,[2] also contains much of *Sartor's* thought. The fourth source is his translations from the German; and this is not a scanty stream. It is, however, of less importance than those mentioned. From Goethe he gets fundamental thought, it is true, but from Richter, Schiller, Musaeus, Tieck and Hoffmann, he takes chiefly ornamental phrases, and illustrations. All those I have discovered are indicated in the Notes. In many cases the thought is found moulded into two or three different shapes before it takes the final impress of Carlyle's signet in *Sartor*.[3] His use of his material is characteristically "canny." No good thing is allowed to pass unused, nothing is wasted, and many places show the labor of the file. Often his borrowings were simply held in his wonderful memory and set down unwittingly; but again, the process was distinctly conscious. Long extracts are copied word for word from *Wotton Reinfred*, — notably the account of Teufelsdröckh's meeting with Blumine and

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, No. 98 (1829), and *Essays*, II, 135–162.

[2] *Ibid.*, No. 108 (1831), and *Essays*, III, 5–49.

[3] See I, 19, n. and *passim*.

Towgood on their wedding-journey. In this case the patching is clumsy. Teufelsdröckh cannot ride up the mountain-road which is still practicable for a barouche-and-four. And why should the wedding-party be bound south for England? The passage fits into its context in *Wotton Reinfred*, but torn from it only shows the author's haste and that the end forgot the beginning. Carlyle's task from February to August in 1831 was drawing into the compass of a single volume all the best that he had thought in his past life.

III.

The statement made by Carlyle that nothing in *Sartor* is true, "symbolical myth all," has been repeated by Mr. Froude[1] and other biographers, in spite of the fact that Carlyle contradicts himself. The only fact he admits as biographical is the famous episode in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, otherwise Leith Walk; but in the same work Carlyle confesses to various other facts which are more than "symbolical," such as his first day at school.[2] Indeed, even brief and limited research makes it clear that a very large meaning must be attached to the term, "symbolical myth," and I do not hesitate to say that the title "Life and Opinions of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh" is simply the usual innocent device of authors to avoid taking the public openly into their confidence, when their books are of an intimate and personal character, like Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." This has, heretofore, been generally suspected; it can now be clearly proven. *Sartor* is not only the epitome of all that Carlyle had thought; it contains the fine essence of all that he had felt.

The first draft of *Sartor* was the novel *Wotton Reinfred.* This was begun in January, 1827, in the first months of

[1] *C. E. L.*, I, 103. [2] *Rem.*, I, 46.

Carlyle's wedded life, and finally thrown aside about June 4th of the same year. His letters [1] of this time show how hard he worked at it, and what an interest Mrs. Carlyle took in it. The statement that it was given wholly to the flames cannot be correct, for it has been since published. While it is not interesting in itself, it is of the utmost importance for the student of *Sartor* and of Carlyle's literary methods. This will be plain from a glance at its contents. The book consists of seven chapters, which are carefully finished and ready for the press. The hero is a young man of morose temperament who has been crossed in love. The object of his devotion, Jane Montagu, has been carried off by a "tiger-ape" of an Indian officer; and the unhappy lover is plunged into the deepest despair. In the first chapter his friend is trying to bring him to reason, and prescribes a visit to a certain physician of souls, called Moseley.

The second chapter gives Wotton's history to the time of his unfortunate love-affair. He has been brought up in a secluded part of the country by his mother, a truly religious woman. At school he is bullied by the other boys and nicknamed "weeping Wotton," till he thrashes one of his tormentors. The death of a little sister makes a deep impression upon his shy, sensitive nature, and increases his natural tendency to sadness. In due course, he attends the university in a distant city, where he reads much, especially mathematics. He finds his fellow-collegians uncongenial, and repels all advances by his reserved and sarcastic manner. There is also little in the university system of discipline and instruction for him to admire. Thrown back thus upon himself, he thinks much on the fundamental problems of life, studies the skeptical writers of modern France, and begins to doubt the creed in which he has been brought up. He ends in blank unbelief, and something

[1] *Lett.*, 20, 23, 32, 45 f.

very like despair. In this mood he quits the university and for a short time studies law. Disgusted with the technicalities of the subject, he abandons it and retires to the country. Near him lives the single friend he made at college, Bernard Swane, the "perfect opposite" of himself. Familiar intercourse with a man of Bernard's frank, hopeful nature keeps Wotton back from madness and utter despair. On a visit to Bernard, one morning, he meets a young beauty, called Jane Montagu: and the occasion is described at some length. One notable detail is the suppression of a "Philistine" by means of Wotton's adroit questionings. The youth and maiden fall in love with each other, and all goes well till an ancient maiden aunt interferes. There is a tearful final interview and they separate. Report says that Jane is to marry Edmund Waller, a young, well-connected, wealthy officer, whom Wotton holds to be a mere libertine. For some unexplained reason, this marriage does not take place; but his disappointment makes Wotton ten times more gloomy than before. He looks forward to death as the relief from all evils.

Chapter Three is short. Bernard and Wotton set out upon their rather ill-defined journey to Moseley. The scenery they pass through is distinctly Scottish. At their first inn, the waiters bring Wotton a locket containing a miniature which has been found in the mountains. The portrait shows an unmistakable likeness to himself. Though he knows that he has never sat for his picture, he takes the locket with him, leaving a few guineas as a guarantee, and his address in case any one with a better right should lay claim to it. His half-untold fancy is that it may have belonged to his lost love.

On the next day, the two friends proceed on their journey, and meet a mysterious stranger. His name is Maurice Herbert, and he conducts the travellers to his mansion, the

House of the Wold, such a convenient, emblematic castle as Wilhelm Meister strays into during his strange apprenticeship. Here is met a company of scholars and philosophers, who reason after dinner, like Milton's fiends, on the eternal riddles of life. The chief significance of the discussion lies in the importation into it of Kantian philosophy, which the rest regard as they might a rabid dog. After this symposium, the only other events worth noting are an encounter between the rivals, Reinfred and Waller, and, later a meeting between Reinfred and Jane Montagu. With a long-winded explanation of the latter's mysterious conduct, the seventh chapter ends. The rest is silence.

Now, the points of resemblance between these three personages, Carlyle, Reinfred and Teufelsdröckh, both in character and career, are too close to be the result of mere chance. As boys, all three are shy, sensitive, easily reduced to tears and have been trained to religion by a pious mother. At school they are bullied, at the university they are ill-taught. Among a crowd of uncongenial mates they each find only one true friend: Carlyle has his Irving; Reinfred, Swane; and Teufelsdröckh, Towgood. As they reach manhood, all three part company with the creed of their childhood; and in each case the loss increases the natural tendency to sarcasm and misanthropic gloom. After leaving the university all three study law for a time and give it up in disgust. The two heroes of fiction have unhappy love-affairs which darken tenfold their former gloom. Whether this is true or not of Carlyle is a question still to be settled. Carlyle and Teufelsdröckh wrestle through the storm into calm; and though *Wotton Reinfred* is not completed, even there it is clear that the way is being paved for the happiness of the star-crossed lovers. In some points, the resemblance between the hero of the *Reminiscences* and Wotton is closer than between Carlyle and Teufelsdröckh.

The first little Janet Carlyle,[1] died at the age of three; from Wotton, "death had snatched away" "a little elder sister" "before he knew what the King of Terrors was."[2] A beautiful girl, in whom Carlyle undoubtedly was interested, did marry an Indian officer.[3] Throughout *Wotton Reinfred*, the scenery, atmosphere and circumstances are those with which Carlyle was familiar, that is to say, Scottish. On the other hand, though Reinfred does not, both Carlyle and Teufelsdröckh teach private pupils and "subsist by the faculty of translation" after leaving college. These are the broad outlines of resemblance between the personal history of the writer and the careers of his two puppets or literary doubles. Other minute resemblances are traced carefully in the notes to Book Two. When this detailed evidence is considered in its mass, and taken with Carlyle's zeal for truth and his hatred of fiction, as well as the fact that a writer's personal experience generally forms the basis of his first novel, it will, I think, be hard to resist the conclusion that Wotton Reinfred and Diogenes Teufelsdröckh are simple aliases of Thomas Carlyle.

IV.

Sunny is not the adjective one would select as most aptly describing the temper of any of Carlyle's works; and yet there is in *Sartor* a certain grace which the mind recognizes and rejoices in as the senses recognize and rejoice in the return of light and warmth in spring. In virtue of this peculiar charm, found nowhere else so frequent or so strong

[1] Two of Carlyle's sisters were christened Janet. *C. E. L.*, I, 9; *E. Lett.*, ix. [2] *L. W. C.*, 25.

[3] Carlyle calls him an "idle Ex-Captain of Sepoys," *Rem.*, II, 125. Mr. Strachey says he belonged to the 7th Hussars, Lord Anglesea's crack regiment. *Nineteenth Century*, Sept., 1892.

in all his writings, the book constitutes a class by itself. Nor is it hard to account for the difference. *Sartor* was Carlyle's first and only entirely creative work. In fashioning it he felt the joy of the artist in seeing the thought of his brain taking shape under his hands, the joy of the painter as the face of the Madonna grows out of the blank canvas, the joy of the sculptor as the sun-god emerges from the marble. The speed at which he worked attests this, as well as the significant absence of those unutterable groanings which waited on the building of his great histories. Again, Carlyle had not at this time parted with his mother's faith. True, he told Irving that he did not think of the Christian religion as his friend did; that is, as befitted a professed minister of that religion; but, on the other hand, a Scotchman of Carlyle's sincerity who takes sittings in the kirk and holds family worship[1] cannot be considered as in a state of violent revolt against his inherited creed. Again, he had at this time, love. He had but lately married a beautiful and brilliant woman, without whom, in spite of all the unhappiness he caused and suffered, his life would not have been complete. The composition of *Sartor* marks the beginning of that time of which he was to write as a lonely gray-haired man the saddest words that surely ever blotted paper: "I was rich once, had I known it, very rich; and now, I am become poor unto the end." Again, he had at this time hope. He had not yet lost all expectation of human virtue and courage and wisdom. He had not yet conceived the world as a ship of fools, driving without a helm, in a black night of storm to certain wreck. There is gloom in *Sartor*, but it is pierced by lightnings and flooded with bursts of the upper glory; and there are serene, sunlit spaces into which the clouds do not intrude. For in spite of disappointment and poverty and suffering in body and mind,

[1] *Lett.*, 5.

Carlyle still possessed in large measure the things which go to make life full and sweet, — joy of his task, faith, love, hope ; and all these influences find voice in his book.

There is one more element in the undeniable charm of *Sartor* yet to be considered. Let us for a moment imagine a *Sartor* consisting of the first and third books only. We should have "Opinions of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh" in plenty, and a very great deal of his clothes-philosophy ; but could we spare his "Life"? In other words, if the heart of the book were torn out, the story of the "snow-and-rose-bloom maiden" Blumine, would the "Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh" ever have aroused that widespread sympathy which Emerson assures us the world gives freely to the lover? It may well be doubted. Here Carlyle touches the universal heart. Teufelsdröckh, the solitary philosopher, the gloomy, misanthropical skeptic excites but moderate interest, and is indeed hardly intelligible. But Teufelsdröckh in love appeals to the experience or premonitions of all. Carlyle is not usually ranked with those who have spoken eloquently of the great passion, but where in our literature can we find another tale of pure devotion to a woman told so simply and so well? That he was competent to speak on this topic, his published letters to his wife are sufficient evidence. No small part of *Sartor's* charm depends upon the Blumine episode. It is important for another reason.

It is strange to think that it should be the duty of Carlyle's editor to discuss his Lilis and Frederikas. But in this case it is unavoidable. *Sartor* is autobiographical. The close resemblance between the career of Teufelsdröckh and that of his creator has been already pointed out. The question naturally arises, "Is this central incident in Carlyle's spiritual biography without its parallel in his actual life?" It has, in fact, been already asked, and it might be lightly dismissed, if so many contradictory answers had not been

given. As the question has been put and various answers have been given, it is necessary to review them all with due care.

Who was Blumine? Froude says positively "Margaret Gordon was the original, so far as there was an original, of Blumine, in *Sartor Resartus*."[1] Carlyle met her in Kirkcaldy in 1817, when he was a young man of twenty-two who knew his own mind. Miss Gordon was born in Prince Edward Island,[2] now a province of Canada, and was connected with a well-known local family, the Hydes of East River. Her mother was married first to a Dr. Gordon, Margaret's father, and after his death to Dr. Guthrie. It is said that both were army surgeons, and that the latter was stationed at Halifax. In Froude's opinion, the two young people had been drawn to each other. "Two letters from her . . . show that on both sides their regard for each other had found expression." He states further that "circumstances . . . forbade an engagement between them." The letter which he prints in support, though stiff and formal, certainly implies intimacy; and the significant little postscript is confirmation strong: "I give you not my address, because I dare not promise to see you." Many years afterwards, Carlyle, an old grief-stricken man, alludes to the incident with a certain mournful tenderness. Miss Gordon was "by far the cleverest and brightest" of the "young ladies" of Kirkcaldy. She was "a kind of alien," "poorish, proud and well-bred." With her Carlyle had "some acquaintance, and it might easily have been more, had she and her Aunt and our economic and other circumstances liked." This admission is of course the basis of Froude's statement just given. "She continued," Carlyle proceeds, "for perhaps

[1] *C. E. L.*, I, 52.

[2] Carlyle says vaguely, 'born, I think, in New Brunswick,' *Rem.*, II, 58.

some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, *on the usual romantic*,[1] or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms." [2] The portraits of Margaret and her aunt are sketched here in much the same colors as in *Sartor*. He alludes to their leave-taking at Kirkcaldy in 1819. The very words used, "good-bye, then," have their place in his memory, and suggest the parting of Teufelsdröckh and his "flower-goddess." All this seems clear enough and points to one conclusion. The heroine's after history is stated vaguely in the *Reminiscences*. The two met some twenty years later on horseback at the gate in Hyde Park, "when her *eyes* (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, "Yes, yes, that is you." She married Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alex. Bannerman, and accompanied him to Prince Edward Island,[3] when he came out as Governor in 1850. Lady Bannerman was long remembered in the island, and it is stated that before the appearance of either the *Reminiscences* or Froude's *Life*, she was known in the province as the original of Blumine. "Islanders" were interested in reading *Sartor*, because the heroine was connected with local history. If this is true, the only source of the information would be Lady Bannerman herself, for previous to 1881, there was no printed statement to connect the famous man of letters and the wife of an obscure colonial governor. So far, then, Carlyle's testimony, documentary evidence and local tradition agree. But of late a counter claim has been put forward.

When Carlyle went to London, as tutor to the young Bullers in 1824, he met a friend of the family, to whom he often alludes by the pet name "dear Kitty." Catherine Aurora Kirkpatrick was the daughter of a famous Irish soldier, and an Indian princess who traced her descent from the blood royal of Persia. She was an heiress and a

[1] Italics mine. — A. M. [2] *Rem.*, II, 57.
[3] *Not* Nova Scotia as usually stated.

beauty. "A strangely-complexioned young lady, with soft, brown eyes, and floods of *bronze*-red hair, really a pretty-looking, smiling and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendour,"[1] is Carlyle's word-picture of her as he saw her first. Her character is sketched by the same master hand. "She had one of the prettiest smiles, a visible sense of humour (the slight merry curve of her upper lip, *right side* of it only, the carriage of her head and eyes, on such occasions, the quiet little things she said in that kind, and her low-toned hearty laugh were noticeable); this was perhaps her most spiritual quality; of developed intellect she had not much, though not wanting in discernment. Amiable, affectionate, graceful, might be called attractive (not *slim* enough for the title 'pretty,' not *tall* enough for 'beautiful'); had something low-voiced, languidly harmonious, placid, sensuous, loved perfumes, etc.; a Half-*Begum*, in short; interesting specimen of the Semi-oriental Englishwoman."[2] It is a pleasant picture. To all the rest, she adds the two chief charms of Lalage. Carlyle is not the only witness to her loveliness and amiable character.[3] As to the relationship between them, he says without any hesitation, "It strikes me now, more than it then did," that Mrs. Strachey "could have liked to see 'dear Kitty' and myself come together and so continue near her, both of us, through life; the good, kind soul . . . and Kitty too, . . . might perhaps have been charmed? None knows."[4] It seems plain, that before they met, the interest of the two young people had been excited in each other. Why else should Miss Kirkpatrick have twitched the label off his trunk as she ran up stairs that night of their first meeting? and why should Carlyle

[1] *Rem.*, II, 117. [2] *Ibid.*, 125.

[3] *Westminster*, Aug., 1894; *Nineteenth Century*, Sept., 1892.

[4] *Rem.*, II, 125.

have noticed the girlish prank and recorded the trivial incident years afterwards? To match the rough man of genius with the beautiful, amiable heiress might well have seemed good to the friends of both. Though Carlyle was poor, and by no means a man of the world, all the women divined his power and foresaw his fame. It is clear that the young people had every opportunity for coming to an understanding. On one occasion they travelled with a party to Paris. They certainly were on no unfriendly footing.

Was Miss Kirkpatrick, then, Blumine? Her friends thought so. When *Sartor* appeared, Mrs. Strachey told her son, as stated in his article, "Carlyle and the Rose-goddess,"[1] that "the story of the book is plain as a pike-staff. Teufelsdröckh is Thomas himself. The Zähdarms[2] are your uncle and aunt Buller. Toughgut[2] is young Charles Buller. Philistine is Irving. The rose-garden is our garden with roses at Shooter's Hill, and the rose-goddess is Kitty." Mr. Strachey makes several minor points, such as the coincidence that Blumine is called "Aurora," "Heaven's Messenger," and that Miss Kirkpatrick was christened Catherine Aurora. He says that he has taken pains to verify and establish his facts; and that he considers Froude's hypothesis, as given above, untenable. Such strong statements made by those in such a good position to know, must carry great weight. But more direct testimony is forthcoming.

As recently as August, 1894, a Mrs. Mercer states that she knew Miss Kirkpatrick as Mrs. Phillips, the wife of a retired officer. On a visit to her at Torquay, in 1847, Mrs. Phillips told her to read *Sartor Resartus* by Carlyle. Her words as quoted by Mrs. Mercer are remarkable. "Get it (*Sartor*) and read the "Romance." I am the heroine and every

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, Sept., 1892, p. 474.

[2] These coinages are the admiring tribute of a dyspeptic to people blessed with normal digestion. "O dura messorum ilia!"

word of it is true. He was then tutor to my cousin, Charles Buller, and had made no name for himself, so of course I was told that such an idea could not be thought of for a moment. What could I do with everyone against it? Now anyone might be proud to be his wife, and he has married a woman quite beneath him." [1] The entire article is open to criticism of different kinds and must be received with caution. But after making all deductions, it seems clear that Miss Kirkpatrick looked upon herself as the original of Blumine. It is also clear that her friends so regarded her. What becomes then of Froude's theory?

Now, if it be true that Lady Bannerman was known long ago in Prince Edward Island as the heroine of *Sartor*, and if the *Reminiscences* and the letter printed by Froude mean what they say, it is plain that Carlyle was strongly drawn to Miss Gordon. On the other hand, the testimony of Mrs. Strachey and Mrs. Mercer, again confirmed by Carlyle's own words, cannot be set aside. From them it appears that a marriage between Carlyle and Miss Kirkpatrick had been thought possible, by at least one of those most interested in the matter. Again, it is undeniable that both Margaret Gordon and Catherine Kirkpatrick resemble Blumine in character and circumstances. It does not follow that either is the original of Blumine to the exclusion of the other.

Let us consider once more the genesis of *Sartor*. The first draft is *Wotton Reinfred*, a novel begun four months after Carlyle's marriage, with the knowledge, encouragement and coöperation of his wife. Now, such a man as Carlyle does not sit down, in his honeymoon almost, to celebrate any woman other than his wife, with her knowledge and consent. Again, it has been pointed out, that many traits of Blumine are common to Jane Montagu, the heroine of

[1] *Carlyle and the "Blumine" of Sartor Resartus*, *Westminster Review*, Aug., 1894, pp. 164 f.

Wotton Reinfred, and to Jane Welsh. Her portrait shows a vivacious beauty, the index of her wit and spirit. Indeed, it is very easy for a special pleader to make out a strong case in her favor. The truth seems to be that while certain circumstances point to each of the three, no one can be considered as the original of Blumine to the exclusion of the other two. Carlyle was an artist in words. He needed a portrait of a heroine. He took as models the three women he knew best, as fair and amiable influences as ever came into the life of genius, and painted from them with master strokes, and in unfading colors, a picture of ideal loveliness.

It was a true instinct which led Carlyle to "devise more biography." The brightest pages of *Sartor* are those irradiated by the presence of Blumine, the "light-ray incarnate." Without this episode, so tender, so pathetic, the book would have little more coherence than Colton's *Lacon*, and would remain a splendid chaos of weighty thoughts. Teufelsdröckh as a person would be as vague as Sordello, and the human interest in the book utterly lacking. Blumine is fit to take her place among the Shining Ones of our literature by the side of the Juliets and the Di Vernons, not only for her own sake, but for the new-old ideal of love which she inspires in the hero. It needed to be restated. *Pelham* and *Sartor* were nearly contemporaries. The first was a popular success; the other a failure. But contrast the two in their treatment of the most important relationship possible between men and women. *Pelham* conceives of nothing higher than the conventional clubman's notion of love. In its course, a seduction is a creditable incident, and its natural conclusion is a fashionable marriage, with settlements. Carlyle, on the other hand, can only depict the thing he knows, the intense chivalrous affection of the unworldly man who has retained the man's natural rev-

erence for the woman. Which ideal was needed most in the age of dandies cannot be doubted.

V.

When Carlyle, in the first six months of 1831, recast *Sartor* into its final shape, he was known to the world, so far as he was known at all, only as a student of German literature. He had translated Goethe's most important novel, he had published a life of Schiller. He had made Richter, Tieck, Musaeus, Hoffmann more than mere names to the English public. He was capable of appreciating the *Nibelungenlied* and of attempting to interpret the second part of *Faust*. He had even a history of German literature in hand, and a life of Luther in contemplation. No man in Great Britain possessed such accurate historical knowledge of German literature, or was so deeply imbued with its spirit. His admiration for the great writers of Germany was well grounded, and, in one case at least, reached the point of enthusiasm. For him Goethe had a new gospel. That his first original work, then, should bear many traces of German influence was the natural result of his long continued efforts to transplant German thought into English soil. In forming a literary judgment of *Sartor*, one thought must always be kept in mind, — it pretended to be German.

In the very first chapter, the reader encounters a German professor and his book. The name of the book is given in full with a translation appended. Even such details as the name of the publishers, the place and date of publication are added, but they are discreetly allowed to remain undisturbed in the original. The title, *Die Kleider*, travesties that of an actual German pamphlet presented by Goethe to Carlyle; but it does not give its name to the book. The quaint Latin rubric which Carlyle pitched upon implies that

his book is secondary, derivative and based upon the German treatise. It is hardly a stretch of language to call the discoverer of the clothes-philosophy "tailor," or the rehabilitation of his theories by the "English editor," "patching." But the title is not quite accurate. The first and third books do indeed consist ostensibly of extracts from *Die Kleider*, with introductions, comments, and explanations; but in the second book, as has been already noted, the clothes-philosophy gives place altogether to the life of the clothes-philosopher. Teufeldröckh's epoch-making work cannot be understood without more information regarding Teufelsdröckh the man. The friend who gives the information, in the famous paper-bags, is Heuschrecke, a German Rath. The guardian of Teufelsdröckh is one of the great Frederick's sergeants and lives in the village of Entepfuhl. This name is undoubtedly German, as, in its elements, is Hinterschlag, the ominous designation of the academy where the boy is educated. He passes through the "nameless" university, and after various efforts to make a way for himself in the world, falls in love with a high-born maiden bearing the German name of Blumine. It is upon the invitation, which is given in full, of a Frau Gräfin that the meeting is brought about. When the lovers part, Teufelsdröckh takes up his Pilgerstab and wanders up and down the earth like the noble Moringer or Rosegger's Waldschulmeister in his stormy youth. But besides all this mere veneer of German, Carlyle goes deeper. The scenes in the Green Goose Tavern and in the littered study of the watch-tower, the portrait of Lieschen, the idyls of the hero's childhood recall the vanished Germany of little states and the quaint homely poetry of the life it fostered.

Again, German books, with all their undoubted excellences, are popularly supposed to fail not seldom in lucid arrangement. Carlyle, who should give no countenance to

such an idea, goes over shamelessly to the enemy. In *Sartor*, he produces ostensibly a double confusion. In most vivid phrases, he compares the original *Kleider* to "some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard were hurled into one huge tureen." With the life of Teufelsdröckh, it is inconceivably worse. The biographical material is contained in "six considerable PAPER-BAGS, carefully sealed, and marked successively in gilt China-ink, with symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra." The contents are "miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift;* and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner."[1] This chaos the "English editor" has to reduce to order, and from the "Sheets" and "Shreds" he pieces together a story, meeting with about the same success as would attend the effort to reconstruct a Chinese puzzle with half the parts missing.

A little reflection shows that this confusion is apparent rather than real. Carlyle does not want to be tied down to any rigid plan in discussing either the imaginary *Kleider* or the life of its imaginary author. He wants a frame for his patchwork, ample enough to admit any scrap of an idea or any fragment from his most intimate experience of life. Commenting upon a fictitious philosophy of clothes, and constructing the life of its author, furnish exactly the opportunities he needs. By pretending that his book is doubly confused, he forestalls the most obvious criticism that can be made on it. Further, he wins the reader over to his side. This is simply the ordinary device of the novelist in bring-

[1] Bk. I, cap. xi.

ing his own verse into his tale. The rule is to depreciate the poetry yourself, or make your puppets run it down, depending on the reaction in the reader's mind to set the balance true. Carlyle is the last man to be tangled in a yarn of his own spinning. His plans are invariably clear; and *Sartor* is no exception to the rule.

The problem before Carlyle was to find a picturesque setting for the thoughts within him which were clamoring for utterance. He knew he could not write a novel; and verse he found unmanageable. No essay could be large enough or loose enough for his purpose. But it was as an essay the book began. Apparently the stages of its growth are these. At first it is a moment of inspiration, "astonishment at the thought of clothes"; then it is an essay "on Clothes prepared as a paper for *Fraser*"; then, as an afterthought, the clothes-philosophy is fathered upon an unresisting German professor with a fantastic name, and the "English editor" is left free to comment upon it as he pleases. Last, the unfinished novel, *Wotton Reinfred*, is pressed into the service of furnishing "more biography."

The completed *Sartor* shows Carlyle the artist. After the first startling discovery that a learned German has expounded a new philosophy, the interest of the reader is excited by a series of delicate etchings in Carlyle's best manner. Teufelsdröckh, the grave, the silent, toasting the Cause of the Poor in the Green Goose Tavern, or in his attic alone with the stars, or in a rhapsody over the sleeping city, may well entice the reader on. Various short chapters, grave or gay, wise or humorous, lead up to the *hiatus valde deflendus*, the impossibility of proceeding without more knowledge of the author's life. This very check is intended to heighten the interest. Then comes the "Biography, a symbolic Adumbration significant to those who can decipher it,"[1] in

[1] See Carlyle's Index, p. 415.

other words, Carlyle's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, his *Praeterita*. Here a new two-fold interest is aroused by the love idyl and the tale of spiritual struggle the strenuous age was to know so well. Here is no shadowy, unreal, feigned passion. Carlyle is writing his own story, and he writes it in letters of gold and blood. It is hard to connect Teufelsdröckh the sage with Teufelsdröckh the perfervid lover and desperate skeptic. The first may be a German, the latter is undoubtedly a North Briton. Let us be thankful for both, without trying too anxiously to reconcile them. But even with the hero's self-conquest the interest is not exhausted. Like Tell, Carlyle keeps an arrow in reserve. The third book has less than the first of the clothes-philosophy, and more of Carlyle's sanest, grandest deliverances on human life, such as the incomparable chapter on Natural Supernaturalism.

Though not so often abused as the style, the structure of *Sartor* has not escaped criticism. It is the case of the dog given a bad name. Carlyle for fun says his book is a jumble, and most people take him at his word. Indeed, nothing is more noticeable than the pride with which the ordinary reader, following the vain tradition of the fathers, parades his helplessness to understand *Sartor*. In reality, Carlyle has anticipated every objection that can be raised to the plan, and used every mechanic art employed in the arrangement of written composition to make his purpose clear. The grand divisions are distinctly marked. The chapters are generally short, and are furnished with piquant and descriptive rubrics. Almost every ostensible extract from *Die Kleider* is tagged with the plainest of labels. Sometimes the supposed quotation is abused to arouse the reader in its defense. Again, its good qualities are unblushingly pointed out; for part of Carlyle's whim is to praise himself. And for the sake of the wayfaring man, the book is provided throughout with admirable summaries. Allowing

Carlyle the privilege of speaking in his natural voice, it is hard to see what more he could have done to make his words plain and clear. Given the man and his thoughts, how else could he have put them before the public? Two modes were open to him, the reformatory essay and the didactic novel. Arnold succeeded with the one and Kingsley with the other. Carlyle knew his limitations and still tried to combine the two methods. *Sartor* is a novel, — with appendixes, fore and aft. The form is unique, but it is capable of explanation and even of defense.

In pretending to be based on a specified German treatise, *Sartor* began life as a literary hoax. The first intention of its author was humorous. His earliest recorded words on the subject are sufficiently clear: "I am going to write — Nonsense." His method was calculated to deceive the very elect. He constructs a German book and evolves a German author for it. He gives ample quotations from the one and flows with reminiscences of the other. He is almost as generous with matter-of-fact detail as De Foe, and almost as unsmiling as Swift. The public, ignorant of German, were taken off their guard. They held a vague belief that the Germans were learned, odd, and fantastical. *Sartor* asserted that it was German, it was apparently learned, it was certainly odd; and so it was taken at face value. At least one person wrote, on seeing it quoted, to learn where *Die Kleider* could be fallen in with; the heavy-handed refutation of the *North American* reviewer shows that he had been haunted by grave doubts; while Mr. Strachey frankly confesses that he himself was for a time befooled. Such results, of course, were only possible in a time when the British public knew as little of German as they do now of Hindustani. That any one could have finished the first chapter of *Sartor* and not seen through the joke, is another proof that "with fit apparatus" the public is always "gullible."

VI.

"The symmetrical constructions of human art and thought dispersed and upset, are piled under his hands into a vast mass of shapeless ruins from the top of which he fights and gesticulates like a conquering savage." This vivid grotesque, which is worthy of Carlyle himself and would have tickled his fancy, represents Taine's impression of his style. The two counts in the indictment are: Carlyle's method of writing is chaotic, and it is barbarous. To a Frenchman born to a classic prose as lucid as his native air, the Scot's apparent scorn of all rule and precedent may well seem Vandalic. Still, the fact that a foreign critic considers Carlyle's style objectionable, does not necessarily imply a final condemnation of that style. The justice of his strictures must be carefully examined. But whether Taine is right or wrong, whether he is a competent judge of the matter or not, the fact remains that he finds Carlyle's style a rock of offense, an opinion which is shared by almost every critic and criticaster.

When mention is made of Carlyle's style, it is not the *Life of Schiller* which comes to mind, nor any one of the essays. The style recognized to be distinctively Carlyle's is the style of his *French Revolution*, his *Latter-day Pamphlets*, his *Frederick*. This well-marked, unmistakable manner, the real Carlylese, which is to Taine anathema, appears first full-blown in *Sartor*. Before this book, his style is not distinctive; after it, he reverts only in a single instance to his first manner.[1] The importance, then, of investigating this style in its earliest example must be manifest. What follows is not intended to be either a complete defense or a complete study of Carlyle's style. It is based on *Sartor*.

[1] *Life of Sterling*. But even there traces of *Sartor* are apparent.

and the conclusions reached apply, in the first instance, to that book alone. Whether or not they may be of wider application can only be shown by similar investigations.

It might be supposed that Taine had said the worst that could be said of Carlyle's style; but other objectors run him close. *Blackwood's* description of it, "a barbarous, conceited, uncouth, and mystical dialect,"[1] may or may not be, in Carlyle's own word, "luminous." Scherer says his style becomes pure gibberish and the *Quarterly Review* echoes this verdict without dissent.[2] The notion that his style was a deliberate affectation has long prevailed and dies hard. One writer even feels like contradicting Froude, who asserts that Carlyle wrote as he spoke, on the good ground that he, the particular reviewer, had never heard Carlyle speak. Other critics are more precise and insist that Carlyle's obscurity is due to corrupting German influence,[3] and some are able to point out the very German writer whose style he imitated, namely Richter.

Here again is seen the force of the bad name which the sly dog, in a merry mood, gives himself. The misconceptions of the critics are in no small measure due to Carlyle's comic over-statement of his own peculiarities. As "English editor" he feels himself bound to take Teufelsdröckh to task for "this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing,"[4] abuse almost as severe as old Ebony's. He even makes more specific charges. Teufelsdröckh's style is "marred by the same crudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. . . . On the whole Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer.

[1] *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1850, p. 643.

[2] *Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1885, p. 92.

[3] The trick of tearing a phrase out of its context as proof of Carlyle's obscurity is an old one. See Appendix, p. 400.

[4] *Sartor*, 266.

Of his sentences, perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or that tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered."[1] Such a statement is, of course, the humorous exaggeration of a writer who is experimenting upon the public with a new style. Carlyle put the worst face on the matter, and again his critics meekly follow his lead. Nor is this all. In his proper capacity as "English editor," he has a confession to make — of undue influence on the part of that dreadful Teuton. "Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity?"[2] How Carlyle, the Scot, must have chuckled over the notion of his "English purity," at a time when Macaulay was ready to exalt the Cockney prentice above Scott or Robertson, as a well of English undefiled. With his usual thoroughness, Carlyle aims at nothing less than complete mystification. In pursuance of his first humorous intention, he is at pains to give a German coloring to his style. He lards his pages with scraps of German which he thoughtfully translates, or slips German phrases into the text in brackets, as a guarantee of good faith. He would not be suspected of abusing our confidence. The English and the German are placed side by side for comparison by the intelligent. He further imitates such German idioms as can be imitated; for instance, the insertion of an adjectival phrase between the noun and its article. Besides, he extends the use of idioms which English possesses in common with German but does not use so freely, such as the adjective for the noun,[3] and "were" at the beginning of a conditional

[1] *Sartor*, 26 f. [2] *Ibid.*, 266.
[3] "Condition of the German Learned," 5 2.

sentence.[1] All this gave the book an odd look which everyone was ready to agree was quite German. In view of this artfulness on the part of Carlyle, critics must not be blamed too severely for accepting with childlike trustfulness his own misstatement of the case. The Sartorian pitfalls are many and ingenious; and one after another the critics blunder into them.

The further charge that Carlyle imitated Richter was made early and it has often been repeated. Thoreau seems to have set the notion going. In the course of a clear-sighted appreciation of Carlyle, written in 1847, he says: "In his graphic description of Richter's style, Carlyle describes his own pretty nearly; and no doubt he got his own tongue loosened at that fountain, and was inspired by it to equal freedom and originality."[2] The "description" shows that Carlyle and Jean Paul undoubtedly possessed certain things in common, — an untiring faculty of rich allusion, an absolute command of vivid metaphor, and a turbulently fresh vocabulary. Thoreau makes one important reservation. In Carlyle, "the proper current never sinks out of sight amid the boundless uproar," as it undoubtedly does in Richter. In other words, Carlyle dominates his material; he rides on his whirlwind, while Richter is smothered under his roses. Between the two there is a vast difference, — the difference between the cloud and the clear sky. How Thoreau arrived at his conclusion, I have no means of knowing. He may have had such a knowledge of German as would enable him to compare Jean Paul and Carlyle with an expert eye for nice resemblance. On the other hand, he may simply have read Carlyle's translations of Richter, and his admiring essays, and jumped at a striking analogy.

[1] "Sheers down, were it furlongs deep," 26 5.

[2] *Essays and Other Writings of Henry Thoreau*, p. 159, London, n. d.

Lowell is much more emphatic : "In 'Sartor,' the marked influence of Jean Paul is undeniable both in matter and manner."[1] He thinks also that the humor of Swift, Sterne, and Fielding, after filtering through Richter, "reappears in Carlyle with a tinge of Germanism."[2] If this means that Carlyle got his peculiar humor *through* Richter, Lowell is simply mistaken. Carlyle knew his Swift and his Sterne at first hand long before he heard of Richter or knew a word of German. Besides, since this was written, new data, inaccessible to Lowell, have been published, which tend to overset his theory altogether. It is true that Carlyle borrows illustrations from Richter ;[3] but this is a different thing from consciously modelling his style on Richter's, which Lowell seems to imply. *Blackwood*[4] refers confidently to Richter as Carlyle's model, in passing, as if the matter were beyond dispute. The idea crops out again, as late as 1885 when the *Quarterly*, reviewing Froude's *Life*, couples with a contradiction of Froude the statement that Carlyle's imitation of Richter was at first unconscious.[5] Of those who have echoed this opinion, how many have examined or tested it, or have possessed fit equipment for making the necessary comparison, is a question which may be deferred.

On the other hand, individuals temerarious enough to oppose these notions have not been wanting. In fact the two persons best qualified to speak on the subject, namely Carlyle and Carlyle's most intimate friend, declare against this strong array of confident assertions. Froude opines that "no criticism could be worse founded"[6] than that

[1] Lowell, *Essays*, II, 88, Boston, 1892.
[2] *Ibid.* [3] See Notes, 32 34, and *passim*.
[4] *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1850, p. 658.
[5] *Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1885., p. 92.
[6] *C. E. L.*, I, 411.

Carlyle's style was imitative of Richter. He further states with great plainness that Carlyle often told him that his style "had its origin in his father's house in Annandale."[1] In another place, Carlyle admits the influence of the "old Puritans and Elizabethans," and asserts that they played a "much more important part" in the formation of his style than Jean Paul; "and the most important by far was that of Nature." Surely Carlyle ought to know how his own style was formed. Surely his positive statements must carry greater weight than the mere conjectures of the most brilliant critics. How much of the "old Puritans and Elizabethans," Shakspere being always barred, is discernible in *Sartor?* And yet the influence of this negligible quantity was greater than Richter's. Carlyle writes this passage at a very sad time, when he is more anxious to set Irving in a true light than to adjust nicely the general public's notions about his own methods of composition. He enters into no lengthened discussion of the matter, but merely jots down a note in passing.

Though the reference is slight, it is, to my mind, decisive. The publication of Carlyle's early letters has brought to light most important material for the study of his style. His memory has not played him a trick when he says that his style was formed in the old Annandale farm-house. The documentary evidence in support of this statement is ample and convincing. Take for example such a passage as this: "*Nap, the mighty*, who but a few months ago made the sovereigns of Europe tremble at his nod; who has trampled on thrones and sceptres and kings and priests and principalities and powers, and carried ruin and havoc and blood and fire from Gibralter to Archangel — *Nap, the mighty* is — GONE TO POT!!!

[1] *C. E. L.*, I, 411.

"'I will plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon. I wil conquer Europe and crush Great Britain to the centre of the terraqueous globe.' I will go to Elba and be cooped up in Limbo!!! But yesterday, and *Boney* might have stood against the world; now 'none so poor to do him reverence.' 'Strange,' says Sancho Panza, 'very strange things happen in the boiling of an egg.'"[1] This is not an excerpt from the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, but a bit of a letter written by Carlyle at nineteen, on hearing the news of Napoleon's first overthrow. Not for six years was he to begin the study of German or so much as know that Richter was in existence. Still, here we see exactly what Thoreau saw in Carlyle's style, — the unconventional vocabulary, the free construction, and the wealth of allusion. These things, it must be repeated, Carlyle has in common with Richter; but in no sense does he derive them from the German humorist. The passage quoted is only one of many which might be cited from his early letters and which display the same qualities. The Teufelsdröckhian dialect is, to my mind, plainly foreshadowed in the nicknames "*Boney*," "*Nap, the mighty*," in the tags from the Bible, from Shakspere, from Don Quixote, in the burlesque of Napoleon's grandiloquence, in the bold use of the slang phrase "gone to pot," in the favorite "Limbo," in the dashes and repetition of the first paragraph, in the apparent gap in sense between the last two sentences, and above all in the fresh phrasing and explosive force of the whole passage. This is plainly Carlyle's habitual method of expressing himself. So far from being true that his natural voice is to be heard in his *Life of Schiller*, and only strained, affected tones in *Sartor*, the very reverse is the case. When he imitates the popular literary fashions in *Wotton Reinfred*, or in his hack articles for Brewster, he writes in manacles. When he is

[1] *E. Lett.*, 2.

carried on by the impetuous flow of his thoughts in *Sartor*, the book writes itself. The difference is marked even in his early letters. To his intimates he writes in this free strain. In addressing a mere acquaintance he becomes a Scotch polite letter-writer.[1]

Superficial resemblances between Carlyle and Richter undoubtedly exist, but too much has been made of them. It is high time to call attention to their points of difference. Thoreau lays his finger on the main distinction, the radical distinction between the essentially clear course of Carlyle's sentences and Richter's endless meanderings. From Richter's incurable vice of the parenthesis Carlyle is free. There is nothing in *Sartor* to compare with the "Zwischensätze und Zwischengedanken" of the *Kampaner Thal*, for example. Again, Richter's characteristic note is tender, and at times sentimental; Carlyle's is stern, strenuous. Even in his tenderest passages, he feels a self-imposed curb. In Richter the note is too often forced, in Carlyle it is felt to be almost always inevitable. Besides all these there are the differences between English prose and German prose. Carlyle has the advantage of a sentence-structure which is logical. He loosens the English sentence, frees it from the trammels of the Johnsonian tradition, and gives it a liveliness almost colloquial. Richter is also of the romantic school and would gladly defy the Median laws of the German sentence. But they are too strong for him. No single rebel can hope to abate the tyranny of the past participles and relative clauses. Richter's expedient of suppling the German order by the introduction of parentheses, and parentheses within parentheses, only made matters worse. To the unavoidable rigidity of German prose he joins a heavy formlessness of interjected clauses. On the other

[1] Contrast, for instance, the letters to Mitchell with No. 24 to T. Murray, *E. Lett.*, 78.

hand, Carlyle's style, in *Sartor* at least, is free and fluid, — it may be as of clear stream, or of mountain torrent, or of burning lava.

These misconceptions may then finally be laid to rest. Carlyle neither imitates Richter nor forms his style upon him. To call his style German is simply misuse of words. As seen in *Sartor*, it is a natural development of fashions of thought and speech learned under his father's roof and plainly traceable in his earliest writings. Leaving the discussion of what his style is not, let us now examine what it is.

It is generally conceded that the prose of Addison, of Swift, and of Goldsmith is still unsurpassed in the essential qualities of good prose, that is, in clearness, force, and ease. Later writers have tried to enlarge the scope of classical prose by interfusing it with richer color, and with subtler and more varied harmonies. But for all that, the prose of the eighteenth century remains our classical prose, the model for succeeding generations of writers. Such a master of style as Arnold stands out for the old tradition. The difference between the prose of Swift and the prose of Ruskin or DeQuincey is striking. The first is intended to be read, it is free from mannerisms, it addresses itself chiefly to the eye. The latter gains by being read aloud, it appeals to the ear, and it is so full of mannerisms that it can be readily imitated and caricatured. No one can caricature Swift or Addison. Modern or romantic prose is surcharged with color, with emotion, and it aims at rhythms undreamt of in the eighteenth century. These qualities of composition we look for, not in prose but in poetry. In prose we have a right to expect, first and foremost, intellectual qualities, not emotional. The best part of prose is that "vivid exactness" of phrase and that lucid order of the whole, which are due to the exercise of logic.

Now Carlyle goes a step beyond both DeQuincey and Ruskin, and addresses himself almost exclusively to the ear. Beside Carlyle's all other styles seem tame. At times his words seem to shout at you from the printed page. There is hardly a sentence which does not produce the illusion of an audible voice full of mirth, or scorn, or tenderness, or melancholy, or entreaty. Often a passage which seems hard to the eye, yields up its meaning when read aloud. In this new prose the writer comes much closer to the reader than in the classical prose, which considers it good breeding to suppress the personal note altogether. But this style is not oratorical. It is too close-knit, too free from the hint of insincerity, the necessary verbiage and the diffuseness of persuasive speech to be classed for a moment with Burke's. Every sentence is, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says "alive to the finger-tips." There is an evident desire to be always emphatic, and no doubt Mr. Stephen is correct in ascribing this to Carlyle's strong feelings, his great intellectual power, his hatred of the conventional, and his peculiar irritability of nerve. Later, I shall advert again to this vividness of style and this union of concentration with declamatory effect, which is still not oratorical.

Froude calls Carlyle's style "the clearest of styles."[1] This is a hard saying, unless by clear he means structurally clear, or else vivid. Otherwise the judgment cannot pass unchallenged. Between the reader and Carlyle's meaning there always hangs a veil, which grows transparent in the exact degree that he understands Carlyle's manifold and out-of-the-way allusions. To my mind this is the chief and

[1] Thoreau had done so long before. "Not one obscure line, or half line, did he ever write. His meaning lies plain as the daylight, and he who runs may read." *Essays and Other Writings of Henry Thoreau*, p. 154.

perhaps the only real difficulty in understanding Carlyle. His own comic self-depreciation may be set aside. It is not because his mind is too weak to construct intelligible sentences; it is not because those sentences are "broken-backed" or "dismembered"; but because they are full of references to all things visible and invisible, that they are sometimes hard to understand. The range of his allusions is immense. Apparently he never forgot anything he ever read or anything he ever saw. All literature lies open before him from which to choose his illustrations. He passes from Aristotle to Peter Pindar, from Goethe to a local almanac. Here is an astronomical fact jostling a scrap of a song in praise of tobacco; there, a bit from the *Anatomy of Melancholy* alongside a reference to the dress of the South American guacho. Only two English writers approach him in wealth of remote allusion, — Macaulay and Mr. Swinburne. When the allusion is understood the cloudy veil becomes fire, a great and shining light. Take, for example, a typical passage chosen almost at random, — the closing paragraph of the second chapter of *Sartor*. Within that space are six allusions, — to Horace, to Pope, to *Tristram Shandy*, to the Bible, to an English trade habit, to an obscure Chinese custom.[1] To the obvious meaning of the text these allusions superadd a fine literary flavor, on which half its effect depends. The meaning is tolerably clear without them; but until we understand these allusions as Carlyle did, we cannot read the passage as he intended us to read it. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a right appreciation of it is impossible without a knowledge of the waggish turn which he gives to the solemn Latin adage. Until we know that Mr. Shandy made a similarly free translation of it, to justify the exposure of his grand-aunt Dinah's peccadillo, we miss the author's meaning. The practice, it

[1] See Notes, pp. 285 f.

must be confessed, smacks of the schoolmaster ; it is always more or less pedantic. In justification of Carlyle, however, the fact is clear that it is the result of a habit of mind, which grew with his growth and tinged the very earliest specimens of his style. His letters to his college friends are crammed with allusions to his reading and with quotations from Milton, Horace, Voltaire, etc., till one of his correspondents is driven to remonstrate.[1] All through, the influence of his early training is clearly traceable. As a Scotch Presbyterian he knows his Bible thoroughly. Many passages of *Sartor* are simply mosaics of familiar texts. As a student of Mathematics he can speak confidently of Lagrange and Laplace. He is at Edinburgh when French philosophy is influential, and knows his D'Alembert and Voltaire. He learns to read German, he translates German literature and writes essays upon it, and can therefore refer, without fear of making a slip, to Hugo of Trimberg and the Hoard of the Nibelungs. He has explored the deeps and shallows of English literature, and when he casts his drag-net into that wide sea, no one need be surprised at anything he brings to light. As a bookman by nature, circumstances, and his own mature decision, his allusions are in the main bookish. Knowledge of them is the price he demands for the right of entry into the treasure-house of his thought. As a professed Carlylean, I, for one, cannot think it too much.

"The clearest of styles," "every sentence alive to its finger-tips" are phrases now easier to understand. This clearness, or rather vividness, this impression of abounding life will be found on examination to be largely due to the quality which the Germans call *Anschaulichkeit.* Carlyle loved the concrete fact with passionate devotion. Whatever was strongly marked, individual, characteristic in a

[1] *E. Lett.*, 18, n.

scene or a man or a story fascinated him. Besides, he possessed the vigorous constructive imagination which, being accorded the concrete fact, builds upon it with unerring truth. That is, Carlyle's mental vision is so keen, and his sympathies so strong that he realizes in its sharpest outline, in its most minute detail, in its exact gradation of color, the fact which is to duller eyes a mere blur, and sets it before the reader in its very form and pressure. Metaphors, then, are his natural language. With him there is no question of evolving the thought and then dressing it up in some fitting garb of metaphor. The thought and the image are one. For example, he wishes to tell us that Professor Teufelsdröckh's method of arriving at truth is not by a catena of syllogisms. The thought presents itself to him as a picture from some children's game. "Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where *the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other.*" [1] Or, again, he wishes to have his audience realize the expression of a face. Teufelsdröckh's look is grave, but grave in a certain way. After telling us what it is not, he compares it to the gravity of "some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool." Then one image calls forth another until the tissue of impressive pictures forms one consistent and illuminating whole. The "mountain-pool" may be "perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze; those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire." [2] When it is not a question of giving form and substance to abstractions, but of making transcripts from nature, Carlyle is unapproachable. Every dash of color, every sweeping line shows the artist's eye and

[1] *Sartor*, 45. [2] *Ibid.*, 28.

the artist's hand. Who can forget the old sergeant's cottage with "flowers struggling in through the very windows," or the swallows "from far Africa," or the child on the orchard-wall facing the sunset, or the "ruddy morning" of his first day at school, or the hundred other vignettes which brighten *Sartor's* pages? The same desire for the concrete is seen in his habit of making proper nouns plural; for example, "English National Debts," "Frankfort Coronations," "Sloughs of Despair and steep Pisgah hills." "Such burdens as the English national debt," "ceremonies as gorgeous as the coronation of the emperor Joseph at Frankfort," would not have a tithe of the force or fire of these pregnant condensations. No small part of Carlyle's effect lies in this higher kind of picture-writing. If he be denied his similes and metaphors in all their varieties, his occupation is gone.

These three things, then, seem to be the most marked characteristics of his style, — the constant impression of an audible voice, the wealth of allusion, and love of the concretely picturesque. In a much lower rank I would place his humor, as distinguishing the style of *Sartor*. The essence of it consists in a juxtaposition of the remote and the incongruous with the result of awakening a feeling of amusement or of scorn or of sadness. For example, "Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had before! Alas! witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven and verging toward Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the Earth held but one and not several of these!"[1] Or again, man, as a "tool-using animal" fashions "Liverpool steam-carriages" and "the British House of Commons." There is no connection between the two

[1] See p. 131 16.

except in Carlyle's thought. To class them as tools with the "first wooden Dibble" is grotesquely humorous. But Carlyle is not satisfied with the amusement he has awakened. With the trick of Hamlet he turns the jest into sadness. Man, the maker of tools, "digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the Earth and says to them, *Transport me and my luggage at the rate of six-and-thirty miles an hour;* and they do it; he collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and thirty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger, and sorrow, and sin for us;* and they do it." In this sort of writing, a taint of the coarse and the sensual seems unavoidable, and from coarseness Carlyle is not altogether free. Here and there in *Sartor* are touches of peasant frankness of speech and thought, which more conventional minds regard as indelicate. Carlyle was disgusted with the "gentlemen's stories" he heard at London supper parties where the punch was strong, and yet he delights in his Rabelaisian epitaph on Count Zähdarm. Some of his fooling does not seem at all admirable; for instance, in the chapter on tailors. The unwieldy elephant uses all his might to make us mirth, but he wreathes his lithe proboscis in vain. We are not amused unless we resemble the essayist who selected his picture of the horrors of war in the "Dumdrudge" passage as an example of humor.

The minor structural peculiarities of the Carlylean sentence in *Sartor* may be rapidly passed over. The chief of these is a very free use of the triad, or grouping of words in threes, a peculiarity which is to be found in literature from the Homeric hymns to Cardinal Newman. Apparently such a collocation satisfies some universal instinct for rhythm or symmetry. In its simplest form it consists of three adjectives. Aphrodite's necklets, for example, are καλοὶ, χρύσειοι,

παμποίκιλοι.[1] "It was indeed an *old, decayed, and moribund* world into which Christianity had been cast."[2] Carlyle shows an extraordinary fondness for this trick of style. There is hardly a page without an example of it; for instance, "Every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue."[3] Or instead of adjectives it may be a group of three nouns: "Every . . . Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Magendies, Bichâts."[4] Or again, it may be three noun phrases; for example, "Our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring?"[5] The phrases may be absolute: "Tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe held aloft, foot clutched into the air."[6] Or again, this triplicity may consist of three verbs: "Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame."[7] Or again, the group of three may be three symmetrical sentences; for example, "Men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying."[8] These may also occur in combination and with certain modifications, so as to affect the construction of an entire passage.[9]

[1] Hymns, III, 89.

[2] J. H. Newman, *Historical Sketches*, II, 374, London, 1891. Other examples are not hard to find: "Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted" (*Isa.* liii, 4); "Go to the ant . . . which having no guide, overseer or ruler" (*Prov.* vi, 7); "Con cagne magre, studiose e conte" (*Inferno*, xxxiii, 31). Cp. the inscription over Hell-gate, cant. iii, for triplicate structure. "Wie si züge einen valken starc, scœn', und wilde" (*Nibelungenlied*, Av. I, st. 13). In Latin, the Horatian 'totus teres atque rotundus' will readily occur to one. Goethe and Heine are very fond of this construction; for example, "Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen Resolut zu leben," "Du bist wie eine Blume, So hold und schön und rein." The principle seems to be "Alle gute Dinge sind drei."

[3] *Sartor*, 2.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] *Ibid.*

[6] *Ibid.*, 28.

[7] *Ibid.*, 19.

[8] *Ibid.*, 18.

[9] See *Sartor*, 35 19, and notably 135 8, where the author is conscious of the construction.

In the matter of the capitals with which his pages are studded, Carlyle reverts to the early custom of indicating the important word by this device, which the Germans still in part retain. There are comparatively few neologies to be found, but very many compound words. Of these a very large number are adverbs joined to verbs, after the fashion of the German inseparable prefix. The hyphen gives the verb a new shade of meaning by joining to it the idea of the adverb; for instance, "sprawl-out" is not the same as "sprawl out." The reader is conscious of the same shift of accent to the verbal part of the compound as in German. Another mannerism is the occurrence of jingling words in pairs, which are nearly always alliterative and sometimes rhyme; for example, "lucid and lucent," "habitable and habilable," "booby and bustard," "clothwebs and cobwebs," "fluid and florid," "staggers and swaggers," "right and tight." Another mannerism which may puzzle the reader is his habit of quoting from himself. Phrases cut off by inverted commas are sprinkled thickly through *Sartor*. These seem to be from authors which ought to be well known, until closer inspection reveals the quotation imbedded in the text a few lines or a few pages before. Not infrequently the puzzle is made harder by the length of the interval between the two occurrences or by the way Carlyle modifies the passage he quotes. Such are Carlyle's chief mannerisms as seen in *Sartor*.

If, then, the foregoing train of reasoning be sound and based on facts which may be verified, the following conclusions may be regarded as established. *Sartor* presents the first example of Carlyle's fully developed and characteristic style. That style is not imitative of Richter, or of German at all; but it is an independent development of tendencies apparent in Carlyle's earliest writings. Declamatory, approaching the effect of speech, it still avoids the diffuse-

ness of oratory. It has the concentration of a Hebrew prophecy. If the blind of German be set aside, and the misconceptions due to it, the style is seen to be extraordinarily vivid. A very large part of this vividness, or *Anschaulichkeit*, depends on Carlyle's love of the concretely picturesque, combined with his great natural command of metaphor. Apart from the veil of allusion, such a style requires no special illumination to make it clear.

Now such a style is not that of a prose writer, but of a poet. It is in poetry that we look for the personal rather than the impersonal note; for the ornate rather than the simple presentation of ideas; and, in the last place, for the appeal to the emotions rather than to the reason. But *Sartor* is not, in Tennyson's word, "measured language." The accident of verse is wanting. It is therefore necessary to make a new category under which to range Carlyle,[1] and the term "prose-poet" has been devised. A prose-poet, I take it, is one using prose to convey ideas usually set out in verse, and employing for this purpose a style surcharged with feeling, harmony, and color. Ruskin, in his lyrical perorations, DeQuincey, in parts of *The English Mail-coach*, are prose-poets. In *Sartor* this style is sustained almost from first to last; in the *French Revolution* I should say it was completely sustained. The style is by turns tender, indignant, grotesque, idyllic, scornful, majestic, but always after the manner of poetry, not after the manner of prose. This is, of course, a very different thing from the bastard blank verse which Dickens wrote occasionally, and

[1] "A born poet only wanting perhaps a clearer feeling for form." J. Morley, *Critical Miscellanies*, I, 149, London, 1888. "Two or three masterpieces of the Annandale peasant-poet." F. Harrison, *The Forum*, p. 550, Aug., 1894. J. C. Shairp classes Carlyle and Newman as prose-poets. *Aspects of Poetry*, Oxford, 1881. "The greatest of the prose-poets of England." J. Nichol, *Thomas Carlyle*, 190, N. Y., 1892.

its power is unquestioned. Whether it is legitimate or wholly admirable may be still an open question. To venture a personal opinion, I should say that any one with the justification of Carlyle's ever-burning anger at folly and wrong, his moral earnestness, his "fancies chaste and noble" has a warrant to write in Carlylese.

VII.

Carlyle is, then, a prose-poet, and *Sartor* is a prose-poem. Its place in our literature is unique, and is likely to remain so. In sixty years the popular estimate of the book has undergone a complete revolution. Fraser offered to publish it, if Carlyle would pay *him* £150. When it did appear, it was received with indifference or curses. Just before Carlyle's death, a cheap edition of 30,000 copies was printed and sold in a few weeks. It is now, undoubtedly, the favorite of all his works and the most frequently quoted. The wheel has come full circle. The world has more than confirmed the verdict of Carlyle's first and best critic; and now all opinions worth regarding are simply variations of the theme "It is a work of genius, dear." Professor Nichol thinks that if the most suggestive passages be scored, the book will be disfigured from cover to cover. Mr. Lecky considers it one of the most influential and popular books published in the second half of the century. "The most original, the most characteristic, the deepest, and the most lyrical of his productions" is the opinion of Mr. Frederic Harrison. "There are . . . passages in *Sartor Resartus* . . . which have long appeared to me to be the sublimest poetry of the age," says the vivacious author of *Obiter Dicta*. Dr. Garnett, perhaps, goes farther than any one. He will hardly allow it to be studied as

mere literature any more than Holy Writ. "It will be read as a gospel or not at all."

The import of the book to two different classes of readers is perhaps best illustrated by Huxley's account of the impression it made upon himself and the friend with whom he was so long associated. "At that time Tyndall and I had long been zealous students of Carlyle's works. *Sartor Resartus* and the *Miscellanies* were among the few books devoured, partly by myself and partly by the mighty hordes of cockroaches, during the cruise of the *Rattlesnake;* and my sense of obligation to the author was then, as it remains, extremely strong. Tyndall's appreciation of the seer of Chelsea was even more enthusiastic; and in after years assumed a character of almost filial devotion. The grounds of our appreciation, however, were not exactly the same. My friend, I think, was disposed to regard Carlyle as a great teacher; I was rather inclined to take him as a great tonic, — as a source of intellectual invigoration and moral stimulus and refreshment, rather than of theoretical or practical guidance."[1] That is the difference, — some take Carlyle as a teacher and some as a tonic, — "a source of intellectual invigoration and moral stimulus." It seems, too, that of late years, more and more readers take Huxley's point of view; and many who begin with Tyndall pass from the first stage of appreciation to the second. Their attitude toward *Sartor* divides Carlyle's admirers into these two classes.

For the professed Carlylean, the reader who takes Carlyle for his teacher, *Sartor* presents the law and the gospel of the master in their most pleasing and most portable form. Nowhere else, except, perhaps, in the Edinburgh address, does he put his special message before the world with such winsomeness. Nearly all the graces and splendors

[1] Professor Tyndall, *Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1894.

of poetry, except the controlling influence of verse, accompany and decorate that message. It is blended with the most tender, delicate human interest. It is made acceptable by humor. What the message really is, all critics are agreed. Directly in the face of Byron and Bulwer and even Scott, who exalted the aristocratic social ideal, despising implicitly both trade and work, Carlyle, the son of the Scottish mason, sings the hymn of labor. "Two men I honour and no third. First the toilworn Craftsman, that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's." So his pæan opens. How harshly this note must have rung in the ears of a generation which had been enchanted by the shallow strains of *Lara* and genteel inanities of *Pelham!* To the comfortable Philistinism of that day how heretical must have sounded such a cry from the wilderness as this: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'T is the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then! Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work." In *Sartor* is a condemnation of cant as hearty as Johnson's, — a condemnation to be often repeated. The gospel of Silence is here, not as yet "effectively compressed in thirty fine volumes." But all these are only parts or aspects of the great clothes doctrine or philosophy. This is, in a word, radicalism, — going to the root of the matter, stripping the clothes, coverings, wrappages from life, religion, and politics. The aim of the clothes philosophy — as of every other philosophy — is to see the thing itself, apart from all accidental and temporary forms. Carlyle, in *Sartor*, is trying to get the conventional, Philistinian England of his day back to first principles.

It is probably safe to say that four persons read *Sartor*

in the spirit of Huxley for one in the spirit of Tyndall. The general reader is rather a taker of tonics than a devotee. Coleridge has a fine phrase about awakening the mind from the lethargy of custom; and this is precisely the effect of *Sartor* on the ordinary lover of books. In all our speculations we have tacitly figured man as a clothed animal. In *Sartor* we see the natural man, stripped of all the conventions with which he has enswathed himself. Of ourselves we would have gone on in our conventional life, decent, respectable, commonplace, with little thought either of the stars above us or the graves under our feet. From this lethargy of custom Carlyle awakens us, — he compels us to listen to him. We cannot choose but hear. Except for him it might never have occurred to us that our lives are spent in merely grinding down clothes into rags. After all our varied activity, the final result is little more. "How true," we say, "we never thought of it before." On the other hand, in our mean cares and common tasks and narrow interests, we had been so many men with muck-rakes, never seeing the crown above our heads. In spite of our reiterated creeds and confessions, we hardly thought of ourselves as part of the wonderful race — mankind — that wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, "that flames and thunders through the everlasting deep." On the one hand, *Sartor* shows us the infinitely little, and, on the other, the infinitely great in the lives of us all. No one before had set himself to the task with so much power and earnestness; the effect is magical. Like Mirzah's genius, Carlyle stands at our side and strengthens our eyesight till we are able to penetrate the mist about us, and behold the vision of life taking shape and meaning before our eyes.

Apart from its general meaning to these two classes of readers, *Sartor* may be regarded as a modern *Pilgrim's Progress.* It represents a career which Carlyle would have

us believe is typical of this age, — the round of experience felt by an earnest soul confronted by the problems of the day. In this spiritual autobiography the love affair of Teufelsdröckh is only one episode, though a most important one, in his toilsome journey from the modern City of Destruction to the nineteenth century New Jerusalem. The course is plain. He begins with certainties and almost at once encounters doubts. His mother had taught him "her own simple version of the Christian faith," and he considers this a richer possession than two and thirty quarterings of the family arms. At the university he learns what loneliness is, and finds no guidance from his teachers. He thinks out a ground-plan of nature and human life; but he feels that it is faulty and mechanical. With little external stimulus he begins to doubt and to inquire "concerning miracles and the evidences of religious faith." The end is blank unbelief, — for a time. Teufelsdröckh disbelieves in all things, even in himself, and consequently, in the possibility of being loved. Naturally and inevitably he is utterly wretched. For a short time his love for Blumine lifts him into ecstatic happiness, but his disappointment throws him back upon himself in tenfold misery. He undergoes wanderings, privations, sickness "of the chronic sort," which he sustains with an intense kind of stoicism. He cannot escape from himself, — from his own shadow. Want of worldly success makes his case worse. Shut out from useful activity, he is forced to "devour his own heart." There is no relief for his misery. Still he does not abandon the struggle; he is a most reluctant unbeliever. The "English editor's" comment on the situation is that Teufelsdröckh is still a servant of God at the very moment of doubting His existence, because he will not blind his intellect or juggle with his conscience. He can find no comfort in the "Profit-and-Loss philosophy," as he scornfully calls the reigning utili-

tarianism; and he cannot believe that "Soul is synonymous with Stomach." Faith is still the one thing needful. One ray of light remains. "The Infinite nature of Duty" is "still dimly present to him." But the light is very dim. Failure in life and mental and physical suffering drive him to the very brink of self-murder. His misery makes him indifferent to danger and endows him with a counterfeit courage, while at the same time he is subject to the bondage of "a continual, indefinite, pining fear." "It seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to be devoured."

It is plain that this state of mind could not last. The City of Destruction, by its very nature, cannot be an abiding-place for any pilgrim. This is the last pass to which the Everlasting No reduces Teufelsdröckh. This famous phrase of Carlyle's, though often misunderstood[1] to be the "protest" of the hero, means simply the sum of those facts which seem to deny the existence of a moral order in the universe. It is that series of phenomena which have provoked the obstinate questionings of thoughtful men from the days of Job down, when given a negative interpretation. The Everlasting No peals "authoritatively through all the recesses" of the pilgrim's being: "Thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's)." The Everlasting No is, then, in plain terms, according to Carlyle, the Devil; which again is, according to Goethe, the spirit which denies. At once the question arises, "How does the pilgrim Teufelsdröckh vanquish this Apollyon?" The query is all important; for Carlyle considers the conflict between inherited belief and new knowledge as typical and inevitable.[2] "Not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst

[1] See 153 13, n. p. 350.

[2] See *Essays*, Goethe, I, 249.

no other outlook" than skepticism. "The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief." In Teufelsdröckh's case, the first step on the way out of the maze is taken in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer. This is, in plain terms, a moment of illumination, a revulsion of feeling, a reaction of courage to endure life after a prolonged period of depression and cowardice. This is the turning-point in his career. He becomes less morbid and less absorbed in his own troubles; he can, "at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows over the many-coloured world." Through much experience of life he attains to the "Centre of Indifference," which is realizing the nothingness of life, not only for himself, but for the race. The stars burn and brand this truth into him as they taught the lover of Maud.

Now Teufelsdröckh is in the way to receive the Everlasting Yea, or positive principle of life. What is said at this point of the inevitable conflict between the flesh and the spirit is a restatement, in non-theological terms, of truths which have been more clearly stated by St. Paul. Reaching the "Centre of Indifference" is, in effect, losing sight of his own woes in view of the fate of human kind. This "preliminary moral act — annihilation of self (*Selbsttödtung*)" — is indispensable if further progress is to be made.. From the contemplation of Nature in the new spirit comes the new Evangel, — "The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel house with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's." This is the very opposite of the authoritative utterance of the Everlasting No. Now he is on the threshold of the "Sanctuary of Sorrow," which is neither more nor less than the central fact of Christianity. The plainest interpretation of this is that Teufelsdröckh, after a period of unbelief, turns again, wistfully, to the faith of his childhood. The whim of happiness must be discarded if the secret of life is to be learned; and it is to be learned by that age and gen-

eration not from Byron but from Goethe. There is something higher than happiness. The great secret is *Entsagen*, renunciation. "Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved."

It is not necessary at this point to interpret this precept, nor to insist on Carlyle's personal obligations to Goethe for the doctrine of renunciation, which were very great. In the case of his hero, the reception of this truth — this positive principle of life — leads to immediate results; the rejection of Voltairism, and renewed and deeper reverence for the "Worship of Sorrow." Then follows the establishment of very important convictions: that doubt of any kind cannot be removed except by action; that the duty to be done is the nearest; and that the ideal is to be found in the domain of the actual. "Here or nowhere is America." Teufelsdröckh, in this serener frame of mind, resolves to be, not a chaos, but a world, and finds his sphere of usefulness in the production of literature.

That all this applies accurately to Carlyle is less important than that he considers the case of Teufelsdröckh to be typical, at least in the earlier stages of his experience. The evil is widespread; but possibly Carlyle's method of cure, which is Goethe's, will not be universally accepted. Put roughly and briefly, the evil is the inevitable break with inherited faith and lapse into crippling unbelief. The cure lies in a revolt from materialism, peace in work, and the Goethean philosophy. These phases of spiritual struggle have since been repeated in many memoirs and biographies; they have even become the commonplaces of the novelist. The problem is old enough, but is Carlyle's solution of it so very new? Is his doctrine so very different from the essential teaching of nineteen centuries? Is it difficult to imagine any wise teacher of the Christian faith in any age

saying to the doubting, burdened soul, "Renounce self; love not pleasure, love God; work in well-doing"? Carlyle does not define the essential term, — God. To the Catholic, to the early Protestant, to the Mohammedan, that one word is an entire theology, as Newman points out. I have no wish to assail Carlyle's reputation for heterodoxy, but I fear that he cannot be successfully defended from the charge of preaching Theism in *Sartor*, at least. He either means by God, much what his old-fashioned peasant mother meant, as indeed he continually assured her, or he means nothing. Possibly he refused to define it even to himself; but unless he did so, how could he keep his readers from using it with its old connotation? If he said A, and would not, according to the proverb, follow it up with B, he showed no reason why his disciples should be so illogical.

At the end of Book I, Carlyle drops his jest for a time and asks in all seriousness, "What is the use of health or of life if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil?" This reveals his own view of his mission. He had been transplanting foreign thought in his essays and translations; but no essay or translation was to have the vogue and influence of *Sartor*. The significant thing is that the foreign thought which he transplants is not French, though French philosophy was dominant, but German. The positive teaching of *Sartor* is Goethean through and through. As he rejected Voltairism, so did Teufelsdröckh. The three principles in which Teufelsdröckh finds peace are summed up in three quotations from Goethe. In what Goethe named world-literature, *Sartor* is one point at which Goethe's influence touched England.[1] It is no wonder that Carlyle exalts his German evangelist who showed him the way of escape from Byronism. Except for the teaching of

[1] *Manfred* was another.

Wilhelm Meister, he must have followed the counsel Job's wife gave her husband.

Looking at it from another point of view, *Sartor* forms part of the literature of skepticism. The *Book of Job*, the works of Lucretius and Montaigne all show the spirit of doubt or of unbelief; but it is only in our own era that skepticism has been recognized as a distinct literary *motif*, as the reason for a book's existence. To this class belong *Faust*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Sartor Resartus*, and *In Memoriam*, which all depict in different ways the struggle between faith and unfaith. The protagonists are all, for a time at least, doubters. Carlyle and Tennyson find different remedies for the trouble, where Goethe and Byron find none. But they all agree in this, — that they do not write for the purpose of upsetting any faith, as pronounced freethinkers have done in numberless didactic essays and tracts. Their aim is art, not teaching. They are all deeply in earnest because they regard the questions they raise as the weightiest that can concern the mind. They are all reverent, they are never flippant. They never exhibit the boyish vehemence of Shelley in *Queen Mab*. At the same time the skepticism is the salt of their work. Take Mephistopheles out of *Faust* and the drama shrinks into a mere intrigue. Imagine a Teufelsdröckh who has never doubted, suffered, renounced, attained to calm, and the interest in the book has vanished. Unless the author of *In Memoriam* found it necessary to state in his own way the "truths that never can be proved," the great poem would dwindle to an epitaph. Our century has been marked by widespread religious doubt. The undeniable fact Carlyle and Tennyson do not attempt to blink. They have felt the doubt, and they offer ways of escape from it, in each case embodying, as I believe, their own experience. In their work is to be found the antidote to Byronism, and both show the influence of Goethe.

In his parable of "The Flower," Tennyson shows that he is quite aware that he had set the tune for all the minor singers of his day. It is a simple fact that his manner has dominated the poetry of the last forty years almost as absolutely as Pope's manner dominated the poetry of the eighteenth century. Carlyle's distinctive manner is much more strongly marked than Tennyson's; but possibly for that very reason has found no imitators. In some points, the eccentricities, as well as the excellences, of Browning and Mr. George Meredith resemble Carlyle's; but it would be difficult to make out a case of deliberate mimicry. Carlyle's style is the bow of Ulysses, the brand of Astur, a weapon for no feebler hand than his. He has not led other writers to imitate his style, but his direct personal influence on the leaders of thought has been very great. He has influenced the men of influence. His first convert of note was Emerson. Now though the sneer that he was an "American pocket edition of Carlyle" is ridiculous, and Emerson is undoubtedly his own man, he would still be the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to the great Scotsman. Indeed, the tone of Emerson's letters to his friend show throughout a curious blending of friendship and discipleship. And it was Emerson who emancipated America from literary dependence on England. During the nine silent, sad years between 1833 and 1842, Tennyson, as yet "the unaccredited hero," was Carlyle's friend, and the two seem to have had numberless unchronicled smokes and talks together. These years were undoubtedly the great poet's forty days in the wilderness, the time when he perfected his art and thought out the problems of *In Memoriam;* and there is good reason for believing that Carlyle's Sartorian philosophy aided him in his task. Some curious verbal resemblances are pointed out in the commentary.[1] Kingsley, again, in his earlier novels,

[1] See Notes, 40 30, 46 3, 4, 80 12, 81 4, 5, 84 15, 122 22, 152 18, 210 25.

is unmistakably under the influence of Carlyle.[1] Sandy Mackaye, in *Alton Locke*, is admittedly modeled from the sage of Chelsea. In the fierceness, the tenderness, the humor, the Scotch accent of that remarkable dealer in second-hand books, we have probably the most artistic representation of Carlyle's wonderful table talk. Ruskin, who came later, is also proud to acknowledge Carlyle as his master in his humanitarian efforts. The attitude of Huxley and Tyndall toward him has been already explained. It was Tyndall who stood by him all through the trials of the Edinburgh rectorship, and he was one of the few who saw him laid in the earth. Though only a few of the noted names are assembled here to show his power over the minds of men, the list might be greatly increased; and to trace that power through all its subtle workings would require, not a paragraph, but a volume. It is "mightiest in the mightiest," and it is felt only less keenly by great masses of the undistinguished. In all the Anglian world — in England, the United States,[2] and the great colonies — uncounted young men have come under that potent spell, and have found in Carlyle either tonic, or teaching, or both. Of all his works none braces and builds the spirit up like *Sartor Resartus;* and nowhere else does Carlyle give the world so much of himself at his best.

[1] See, for direct compliments, *Alton Locke*, caps. x, xvi.

[2] "The Transcendental Movement. . . . Apparently set astirring by Carlyle's essays on the 'Signs of the Times,' and on 'History,' the final and more immediate impulse seemed to be given by 'Sartor Resartus.' At least the republication in Boston of that wonderful Abraham à Sancta Clara sermon on Lear's text of the miserable forked radish gave the signal for a sudden mental and moral mutiny." Lowell, *Thoreau*.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

CONSIDERING our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five-thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the Torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rush-lights, and Sulphur-matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or doghole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated, — it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Our Theory of Gravitation is as good as perfect: Lagrange, it is well known, has proved that the Planetary System, on this scheme, will endure forever; Laplace, still more cunningly, even guesses that it could not have been made on any other scheme. Whereby, at least, our nautical Logbooks can be better kept; and water-transport of all kinds has grown more commodious. Of Geology and Geognosy we know enough: what with the

labours of our Werners and Huttons, what with the ardent genius of their disciples, it has come about that now, to many a Royal Society, the Creation of a World is little more mysterious than the cooking of a Dumpling; concerning which last, indeed, there have been minds to whom the question, *How the Apples were got in* presented difficulties. Why mention our disquisitions on the Social Contract, on the Standard of Taste, on the Migrations of the Herring? Then, have we not a Doctrine of Rent, a Theory of Value; Philosophies of Language, of History, of Pottery, of Apparitions, of Intoxicating Liquors? Man's whole life and environment have been laid open and elucidated; scarcely a fragment or fibre of his Soul, Body, and Possessions, but has been probed, dissected, distilled, desiccated, and scientifically decomposed: our spiritual Faculties, of which it appears there are not a few, have their Stewarts, Cousins, Royer Collards: every cellular, vascular, muscular Tissue glories in its Lawrences, Magendies, Bichâts.

How, then, comes it, may the reflective mind repeat, that the grand Tissue of all Tissues, the only real Tissue, should have been quite overlooked by Science, — the vestural Tissue, namely, of woollen or other cloth; which Man's Soul wears as its outmost wrappage and overall; wherein his whole other Tissues are included and screened, his whole Faculties work, his whole Self lives, moves, and has its being? For if, now and then, some straggling broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's glance into this obscure region, the most have soared over it altogether heedless; regarding Clothes as a property, not an accident, as quite natural and spontaneous, like the leaves of trees, like the plumage of birds. In all speculations they have tacitly figured man as a *Clothed Animal;* whereas he is by nature a *Naked Animal;* and only in

certain circumstances, by purpose and device, masks himself in Clothes. Shakspeare says, we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But here, as in so many other cases, Germany, learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany comes to our aid. It is, after all, a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract Thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations, and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts of Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and, to the raging, struggling multitude here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen;* in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is. Not unfrequently the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses, where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey; as if, forsaking the gold-mines of Finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last in remote peat-bogs. Of that unwise science, which, as our Humorist expresses it,

> 'By geometric scale
> Doth take the size of pots of ale';

still more, of that altogether misdirected industry, which is seen vigorously thrashing mere straw, there can nothing defensive be said. In so far as the Germans are chargeable with such, let them take the consequence.

Nevertheless be it remarked, that even a Russian steppe has tumuli and gold ornaments; also many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited, into rare valleys. Nay, in any case, would Criticism erect not only finger-posts and turnpikes, but spiked gates and impassable barriers, for the mind of man? It is written, 'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night! Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Perhaps it is proof of the stinted condition in which pure Science, especially pure moral Science, languishes among us English; and how our mercantile greatness, and invaluable Constitution, impressing a political or other immediately practical tendency on all English culture and endeavour, cramp the free flight of Thought,—that this, not Philosophy of Clothes, but recognition even that we have no such Philosophy, stands here for the first time published in our language. What English intellect could have chosen such a topic, or by chance stumbled

on it? But for that same unshackled, and even sequestered condition of the German Learned, which permits and induces them to fish in all manner of waters, with all manner of nets, it seems probable enough, this abstruse Inquiry might, in spite of the results it leads to, have continued dormant for indefinite periods. The Editor of these sheets, though otherwise boasting himself a man of confirmed speculative habits, and perhaps discursive enough, is free to confess, that never, till these last months, did the above very plain considerations, on our total want of a Philosophy of Clothes, occur to him; and then, by quite foreign suggestion. By the arrival, namely, of a new book from Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo; treating expressly of this subject; and in a style which, whether understood or not, could not even by the blindest be overlooked. In the present Editor's way of thought, this remarkable Treatise, with its Doctrines, whether as judicially acceded to, or judicially denied, has not remained without effect.

'*Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, their 'Origin and Influence): *von Diog. Teufelsdröckh, J. U. D. 'etc. Stillschweigen und Cognie. Weissnichtwo*, 1831.

'Here,' says the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, 'comes a 'Volume of that extensive, close-printed, close-meditated 'sort, which be it spoken with pride, is seen only in Ger- 'many, perhaps only in Weissnichtwo. Issuing from the 'hitherto irreproachable Firm of Stillschweigen and 'Company, with every external furtherance, it is of such 'internal quality as to set Neglect at defiance.' . . . 'A 'work,' concludes the well-nigh enthusiastic Reviewer, 'interesting alike to the antiquary, the historian, and the 'philosophic thinker; a masterpiece of boldness, lynx-'eyed acuteness, and rugged independent Germanism 'and Philanthropy (*derber Kerndeutschheit und Menschen-*

'*liebe*); which will not, assuredly, pass current without 'opposition in high places; but must and will exalt the 'almost new name of Teufelsdröckh to the first ranks of 'Philosophy, in our German Temple of Honour.'

Mindful of old friendship, the distinguished Professor, in this the first blaze of his fame, which however does not dazzle him, sends hither a Presentation-copy of his Book; with compliments and encomiums which modesty forbids the present Editor to rehearse; yet without indicated wish or hope of any kind, except what may be implied in the concluding phrase: *Möchte es* (this remarkable Treatise) *auch im Brittischen Boden gedeihen!*

CHAPTER II.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

If for a speculative man, 'whose seedfield,' in the sublime words of the Poet, 'is Time,' no conquest is important but that of new ideas, then might the arrival of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Book be marked with chalk in the Editor's calendar. It is indeed an 'extensive Volume,' of boundless, almost formless contents, a very Sea of thought; neither calm nor clear, if you will; yet wherein the toughest pearl-diver may dive to his utmost depth, and return not only with sea-wreck but with true orients.

Directly on the first perusal, almost on the first deliberate inspection, it became apparent that here a quite new Branch of Philosophy, leading to as yet undescried ulterior results, was disclosed; farther, what seemed scarcely less interesting, a quite new human Individuality, an almost unexampled personal character, that, namely,

of Professor Teufelsdröckh the Discloser. Of both which novelties, as far as might be possible, we resolved to master the significance. But as man is emphatically a proselytising creature, no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose: How might this acquired good be imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof; how could the Philosophy of Clothes, and the Author of such Philosophy, be brought home, in any measure, to the business and bosoms of our own English Nation? For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new Truth.

Here, however, difficulties occurred. The first thought naturally was to publish Article after Article on this remarkable Volume, in such widely-circulating Critical Journals as the Editor might stand connected with, or by money or love procure access to. But, on the other hand, was it not clear that such matter as must here be revealed and treated of might endanger the circulation of any Journal extant? If, indeed, all party-divisions in the State could have been abolished, Whig, Tory, and Radical, embracing in discrepant union; and all the Journals of the Nation could have been jumbled into one Journal, and the Philosophy of Clothes poured forth in incessant torrents therefrom, the attempt had seemed possible. But, alas, what vehicle of that sort have we, except *Fraser's Magazine?* A vehicle all strewed (figuratively speaking) with the maddest Waterloo-Crackers, exploding distractively and destructively, wheresoever the mystified passenger stands or sits; nay, in any case, understood to be, of late years, a vehicle full to overflowing, and inexorably shut! Besides, to state the Philosophy of Clothes without the Philosopher, the ideas of Teufelsdröckh without something of his personality,

was it not to insure both of entire misapprehension? Now for Biography, had it been otherwise admissible, there were no adequate documents, no hope of obtaining such, but rather, owing to circumstances, a special despair. Thus did the Editor see himself, for the while, shut out from all public utterance of these extraordinary Doctrines, and constrained to revolve them, not without disquietude, in the dark depths of his own mind.

So had it lasted for some months; and now the Volume on Clothes, read and again read, was in several points becoming lucid and lucent; the personality of its Author more and more surprising, but, in spite of all that memory and conjecture could do, more and more enigmatic; whereby the old disquietude seemed fast settling into fixed discontent, — when altogether unexpectedly arrives a Letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke, our Professor's chief friend and associate in Weissnichtwo, with whom we had not previously corresponded. The Hofrath, after much quite extraneous matter, began dilating largely on the 'agitation and attention' which the Philosophy of Clothes was exciting in its own German Republic of Letters; on the deep significance and tendency of his Friend's Volume; and then, at length, with great circumlocution, hinted at the practicability of conveying 'some knowledge of it, and of him, to England, and through England to the distant West': a Work on Professor Teufelsdröckh, 'were undoubtedly welcome to the *Family*, the *National*, or any other of those patriotic *Libraries*, at present the glory of British Literature'; might work revolutions in Thought; and so forth; — in conclusion, intimating not obscurely, that should the present Editor feel disposed to undertake a Biography of Teufelsdröckh, he, Hofrath Heuschrecke, had it in his power to furnish the requisite documents.

As in some chemical mixture, that has stood long evaporating, but would not crystallise, instantly when the wire or other fixed substance is introduced, crystallisation commences, and rapidly proceeds till the whole is finished, so was it with the Editor's mind and this offer of Heuschrecke's. Form arose out of void solution and discontinuity; like united itself with like in definite arrangement: and soon either in actual vision and possession, or in fixed reasonable hope, the image of the whole Enterprise had shaped itself, so to speak, into a solid mass. Cautiously, yet courageously, through the twopenny post, application to the famed redoubtable OLIVER YORKE was now made: an interview, interviews with that singular man have taken place; with more of assurance on our side, with less of satire (at least of open satire) on his, than we anticipated; — for the rest, with such issue as is now visible. As to these same 'patriotic *Libraries*,' the Hofrath's counsel could only be viewed with silent amazement; but with his offer of Documents we joyfully and almost instantaneously closed. Thus, too, in the sure expectation of these, we already see our task begun; and this our *Sartor Resartus*, which is properly a 'Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh,' hourly advancing.

Of our fitness for the Enterprise, to which we have such title and vocation, it were perhaps uninteresting to say more. Let the British reader study and enjoy, in simplicity of heart, what is here presented him, and with whatever metaphysical acumen, and talent for meditation he is possessed of. Let him strive to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of prejudice, above all from the paralysis of cant; and directed rather to the Book itself than to the Editor of the Book. Who or

what such Editor may be, must remain conjectural, and even insignificant:[1] it is a voice publishing tidings of the Philosophy of Clothes; undoubtedly a Spirit addressing Spirits: whoso hath ears, let him hear.

On one other point the Editor thinks it needful to give warning: namely, that he is animated with a true though perhaps a feeble attachment to the Institutions of our Ancestors; and minded to defend these, according to ability, at all hazards; nay, it was partly with a view to such defence that he engaged in this undertaking. To stem, or if that be impossible, profitably to divert the current of Innovation, such a Volume as Teufelsdröckh's, if cunningly planted down, were no despicable pile, or floodgate, in the logical wear.

For the rest, be it no wise apprehended, that any personal connexion of ours with Teufelsdröckh, Heuschrecke, or this Philosophy of Clothes, can pervert our judgment, or sway us to extenuate or exaggerate. Powerless, we venture to promise, are those private Compliments themselves. Grateful they may well be; as generous illusions of friendship; as fair mementos of bygone unions, of those nights and suppers of the Gods, when lapped in the symphonies and harmonies of Philosophic Eloquence, though with baser accompaniments, the present Editor revelled in that feast of reason, never since vouchsafed him in so full measure! But what then? *Amicus Plato, magis amica veritas;* Teufelsdröckh is our friend, Truth is our divinity. In our historical and critical capacity, we hope we are strangers to all the world; have feud or favour with no one, — save indeed the Devil, with whom, as with the Prince of Lies and Darkness, we do at all times wage internecine war.

[1] With us even he still communicates in some sort of mask, or muffler, and, we have reason to think, under a feigned name! — O. Y.

This assurance, at an epoch when puffery and quackery have reached a height unexampled in the annals of mankind, and even English Editors, like Chinese Shopkeepers, must write on their door-lintels, *No cheating here*, — we thought it good to premise.

CHAPTER III.

REMINISCENCES.

To the Author's private circle the appearance of this singular Work on Clothes must have occasioned little less surprise than it has to the rest of the world. For ourselves, at least, few things have been more unexpected. Professor Teufelsdröckh, at the period of our acquaintance with him, seemed to lead a quite still and self-contained life: a man devoted to the higher Philosophies, indeed; yet more likely, if he published at all, to publish a Refutation of Hegel and Bardili, both of whom, strangely enough, he included under a common ban; than to descend, as he has here done, into the angry noisy Forum, with an Argument that cannot but exasperate and divide. Not, that we can remember, was the Philosophy of Clothes once touched upon between us. If through the high, silent, meditative Transcendentalism of our Friend we detected any practical tendency whatever, it was at most Political, and towards a certain prospective, and for the present quite speculative, Radicalism; as indeed some correspondence, on his part, with Herr Oken of Jena was now and then suspected; though his special contributions to the *Isis* could never be more than surmised at. But, at all events, nothing

Moral, still less anything Didactico-Religious, was looked for from him.

Well do we recollect the last words he spoke in our hearing; which indeed, with the Night they were uttered in, are to be forever remembered. Lifting his huge tumbler of *Gukguk*,[1] and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffeehouse (it was *Zur Grünen Gans*, the largest in Weissnichtwo, where all the Virtuosity, and nearly all the Intellect of the place assembled of an evening); and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or of a black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: *Die Sache der Armen in Gottes und Teufels Namen* (The Cause of the Poor in Heaven's name and ——'s)! One full shout, breaking the leaden silence; then a gurgle of innumerable emptying bumpers, again followed by universal cheering, returned him loud acclaim. It was the finale of the night: resuming their pipes; in the highest enthusiasm, amid volumes of tobacco-smoke; triumphant, cloud-capt without and within, the assembly broke up, each to his thoughtful pillow. *Bleibt doch ein echter Spass- und Galgen-Vogel*, said several; meaning thereby that, one day, he would probably be hanged for his democratic sentiments. *Wo steckt doch der Schalk?* added they, looking round: but Teufelsdröckh had retired by private alleys, and the Compiler of these pages beheld him no more.

In such scenes has it been our lot to live with this Philosopher, such estimate to form of his purposes and powers. And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee? Under those thick locks of thine, so long and lank, overlapping roof-wise the gravest face we ever in this world saw, there dwelt a most busy brain. In thy eyes too, deep under their shaggy brows,

[1] Gukguk is unhappily only an academical — beer.

and looking out so still and dreamy, have we not noticed gleams of an ethereal or else a diabolic fire, and half-fancied that their stillness was but the rest of infinite motion, the *sleep* of a spinning-top? Thy little figure, there as, in loose ill-brushed threadbare habiliments, thou sattest, amid litter and lumber, whole days, to 'think and smoke tobacco,' held in it a mighty heart. The secrets of man's Life were laid open to thee; thou sawest into the mystery of the Universe, farther than another; thou hadst *in petto* thy remarkable Volume on Clothes. Nay, were there not in that clear logically-founded Transcendentalism of thine; still more, in thy meek, silent, deep-seated Sans-culottism, combined with a true princely Courtesy of inward nature, the visible rudiments of such speculation? But great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown. Already, when we dreamed not of it, the warp of thy remarkable Volume lay on the loom; and silently, mysterious shuttles were putting-in the woof!

How the Hofrath Heuschrecke is to furnish biographical data in this case, may be a curious question; the answer of which, however, is happily not our concern, but his. To us it appeared, after repeated trial, that in Weissnichtwo, from the archives or memories of the best-informed classes, no Biography of Teufelsdröckh was to be gathered; not so much as a false one. He was a stranger there, wafted thither by what is called the course of circumstances; concerning whose parentage, birth-place, prospects, or pursuits, curiosity had indeed made inquiries, but satisfied herself with the most indistinct replies. For himself, he was a man so still and altogether unparticipating, that to question him even afar off on such particulars was a thing of more than usual delicacy: besides, in his sly way, he had ever some quaint turn, not without its satirical edge, wherewith to divert such intru-

sions, and deter you from the like. Wits spoke of him secretly as if he were a kind of Melchizedek, without father or mother of any kind; sometimes, with reference to his great historic and statistic knowledge, and the vivid way he had of expressing himself like an eye-witness of distant transactions and scenes, they called him the *Ewige Jude*, Everlasting, or as we say, Wandering Jew.

To the most, indeed, he had become not so much a Man as a Thing; which Thing doubtless they were accustomed to see, and with satisfaction; but no more thought of accounting for than for the fabrication of their daily *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or the domestic habits of the Sun. Both were there and welcome; the world enjoyed what good was in them, and thought no more of the matter. The man Teufelsdröckh passed and repassed, in his little circle, as one of those originals and nondescripts, more frequent in German Universities than elsewhere; of whom, though you see them alive, and feel certain enough that they must have a History, no History seems to be discoverable; or only such as men give of mountain rocks and antediluvian ruins: That they have been created by unknown agencies, are in a state of gradual decay, and for the present reflect light and resist pressure; that is, are visible and tangible objects in this phantasm world, where so much other mystery is.

It was to be remarked that though, by title and diploma, *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or as we should say in English, 'Professor of Things in General,' he had never delivered any Course; perhaps never been incited thereto by any public furtherance or requisition. To all appearance, the enlightened Government of Weissnichtwo, in founding their New University, imagined they had done enough, if 'in times like ours,' as the half-official Program expressed it, 'when all things are, rapidly or slowly, re-

'solving themselves into Chaos, a Professorship of this 'kind had been established; whereby, as occasion called, 'the task of bodying somewhat forth again from such 'Chaos might be, even slightly, facilitated.' That actual Lectures should be held, and Public Classes for the 'Science of Things in General,' they doubtless considered premature; on which ground too they had only established the Professorship, nowise endowed it; so that Teufelsdröckh, 'recommended by the highest Names,' had been promoted thereby to a Name merely.

Great, among the more enlightened classes, was the admiration of this new Professorship: how an enlightened Government had seen into the Want of the Age (*Zeitbedürfniss*); how at length, instead of Denial and Destruction, we were to have a science of Affirmation and Reconstruction; and Germany and Weissnichtwo were where they should be, in the vanguard of the world. Considerable also was the wonder at the new Professor, dropt opportunely enough into the nascent University; so able to lecture, should occasion call; so ready to hold his peace for indefinite periods, should an enlightened Government consider that occasion did not call. But such admiration and such wonder, being followed by no act to keep them living, could last only nine days; and long before our visit to that scene, had quite died away. The more cunning heads thought it was all an expiring clutch at popularity, on the part of a Minister, whom domestic embarrassments, court intrigues, old age, and dropsy soon afterwards finally drove from the helm.

As for Teufelsdröckh, except by his nightly appearances at the *Grüne Gans*, Weissnichtwo saw little of him, felt little of him. Here, over his tumbler of Gukguk, he sat reading Journals; sometimes contemplatively looking into the clouds of his tobacco-pipe, without other visible

employment: always, from his mild ways, an agreeable phenomenon there; more especially when he opened his lips for speech; on which occasions the whole Coffee-house would hush itself into silence, as if sure to hear something noteworthy. Nay, perhaps to hear a whole series and river of the most memorable utterances; such as, when once thawed, he would for hours indulge in, with fit audience: and the more memorable, as issuing from a head apparently not more interested in them, not more conscious of them, than is the sculptured stone head of some public Fountain, which through its brass mouth-tube emits water to the worthy and the unworthy; careless whether it be for cooking victuals or quenching conflagrations; indeed, maintains the same earnest, assiduous look, whether any water be flowing or not.

To the Editor of these sheets, as to a young enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdröckh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinise him with due power of vision! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the Professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows, it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts*: the Sitting-room itself commanded three; another came to view in the *Schlafgemach* (Bed-room) at the opposite end; to say nothing of the Kitchen, which offered two, as it were *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdröckh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might

see the whole life-circulation of that considerable City; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive," have we heard him say, "and witness their wax-laying "and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by "sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music "plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his "victuals, down to the low lane, where in her door-sill "the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to "feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the "Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. "Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy "and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather; there, "topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls-in the country "Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the "lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a "thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-"in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw "Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out "again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, "pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, "knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? "*Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin:* From Eternity, "onward to Eternity! These are Apparitions: what "else? Are they not souls rendered visible; in Bodies, "that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? "Their solid pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they "walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind "them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and "yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, "and feather in its crown, is but of Today, without a "Yesterday or a Tomorrow; and had not rather its

"Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy "Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that "Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch "well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"*Ach, mein Lieber!*" said he once, at midnight, when he had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These "fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and "thousandfold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient "reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads "his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith, in their leash of "sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when "Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of "Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant "streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted "to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to "prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad; that hum "I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, "is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet "of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, "what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The "joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, "men are being born, men are praying, — on the other "side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around "them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee "still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within "damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-"beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in "obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-"of-destiny to haggard hungry Villains; while Councillors "of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, "whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his "mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope "and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders:

"the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his picklocks and "crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore "in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms, and "dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-"swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse "of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes "look-out through the darkness, which is around and "within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men "are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering "from the *Rabenstein?* — their gallows must even now be "o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-"legged animals without feathers lie around us, in hori-"zontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full "of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers "and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the "Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid "dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now "moisten. — All these heaped and huddled together, with "nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between "them; — crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel; "or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of "tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the "others: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! "— But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone "with the Stars."

We looked in his face to see whether, in the utterance of such extraordinary Night-thoughts, no feeling might be traced there; but with the light we had, which indeed was only a single tallow-light, and far enough from the window, nothing save that old calmness and fixedness was visible.

These were the Professor's talking seasons: most commonly he spoke in mere monosyllables, or sat altogether silent and smoked: while the visitor had liberty either to

say what he listed, receiving for answer an occasional grunt; or to look round for a space, and then take himself away. It was a strange apartment; full of books and tattered papers, and miscellaneous shreds of all conceivable substances, 'united in a common element of dust.' Books lay on tables, and below tables; here fluttered a sheet of manuscript, there a torn handkerchief, or nightcap hastily thrown aside; ink-bottles alternated with bread-crusts, coffee-pots, tobacco-boxes, Periodical Literature, and Blücher Boots. Old Lieschen (Lisekin, Liza), who was his bed-maker and stove-lighter, his washer and wringer, cook, errand-maid, and general lion's-provider, and for the rest a very orderly creature, had no sovereign authority in this last citadel of Teufelsdröckh; only some once in the month, she half-forcibly made her way thither, with broom and duster, and (Teufelsdröckh hastily saving his manuscripts) effected a partial clearance, a jail-delivery of such lumber as was not Literary. These were her *Erdbeben* (Earthquakes), which Teufelsdröckh dreaded worse than the pestilence; nevertheless, to such length he had been forced to comply. Glad would he have been to sit here philosophising forever, or till the litter, by accumulation, drove him out of doors: but Lieschen was his right-arm, and spoon, and necessary of life, and would not be flatly gainsayed. We can still remember the ancient woman: so silent that some thought her dumb; deaf also you would often have supposed her; for Teufelsdröckh, and Teufelsdröckh only, would she serve or give heed to; and with him she seemed to communicate chiefly by signs; if it were not rather by some secret divination that she guessed all his wants, and supplied them. Assiduous old dame! she scoured, and sorted, and swept, in her kitchen, with the least possible violence to the ear; yet all was tight and

right there ; hot and black came the coffee ever at the due moment ; and the speechless Lieschen herself looked out on you, from under her clean white coif with its lappets, through her clean withered face and wrinkles, with a look of helpful intelligence, almost of benevolence.

Few strangers, as above hinted, had admittance hither: the only one we ever saw there, ourselves excepted, was the Hofrath Heuschrecke, already known, by name and expectation, to the readers of these pages. To us, at that period, Herr Heuschrecke seemed one of those purse-mouthed, crane-necked, clean-brushed pacific individuals, perhaps sufficiently distinguished in society by this fact, that, in dry weather or in wet, 'they never appear without their umbrella.' Had we not known with what 'little wisdom' the world is governed ; and how, in Germany as elsewhere, the ninety-and-nine Public Men can for most part be but mute train-bearers to the hundredth, perhaps but stalking-horses and willing or unwilling dupes, — it might have seemed wonderful how Herr Heuschrecke should be named a *Rath*, or Councillor, and Counsellor, even in Weissnichtwo. What counsel to any man, or to any woman, could this particular Hofrath give ; in whose loose, zigzag figure ; in whose thin visage, as it went jerking to and fro, in minute incessant fluctuation, — you traced rather confusion worse confounded ; at most, Timidity and physical Cold? Some indeed said withal, he was 'the very Spirit of Love embodied': blue earnest eyes, full of sadness and kindness ; purse ever open, and so forth ; the whole of which, we shall now hope, for many reasons, was not quite groundless. Nevertheless friend Teufelsdröckh's outline, who indeed handled the burin like few in these cases, was probably the best: *Er hat Gemüth und Geist, hat wenigstens gehabt, doch ohne Organ, ohne Schicksals-Gunst; ist gegenwärtig aber halb-zerrüttet,*

halb-erstarrt, "He has heart and talent, at least has had "such, yet without fit mode of utterance, or favour of "Fortune; and so is now half-cracked, half-congealed." —What the Hofrath shall think of this when he sees it, readers may wonder: we, safe in the stronghold of Historical Fidelity, are careless.

The main point, doubtless, for us all, is his love of Teufelsdröckh, which indeed was also by far the most decisive feature of Heuschrecke himself. We are enabled to assert that he hung on the Professor with the fondness of a Boswell for his Johnson. And perhaps with the like return; for Teufelsdröckh treated his gaunt admirer with little outward regard, as some half-rational or altogether irrational friend, and at best loved him out of gratitude and by habit. On the other hand, it was curious to observe with what reverent kindness, and a sort of fatherly protection, our Hofrath, being the elder, richer, and as he fondly imagined far more practically influential of the two, looked and tended on his little Sage, whom he seemed to consider as a living oracle. Let but Teufelsdröckh open his mouth, Heuschrecke's also unpuckered itself into a free doorway, besides his being all eye and all ear, so that nothing might be lost: and then, at every pause in the harangue, he gurgled-out his pursy chuckle of a cough-laugh (for the machinery of laughter took some time to get in motion, and seemed crank and slack), or else his twanging nasal, *Bravo! Das glaub' ich;* in either case, by way of heartiest approval. In short, if Teufelsdröckh was Dalai-Lama, of which, except perhaps in his self-seclusion, and god-like Indifference, there was no symptom, then might Heuschrecke pass for his chief Talapoin, to whom no dough-pill he could knead and publish was other than medicinal and sacred.

In such environment, social, domestic, physical, did Teufelsdröckh, at the time of our acquaintance, and most likely does he still, live and meditate. Here, perched-up in his high Wahngasse watch-tower, and often, in solitude, outwatching the Bear, it was that the indomitable Inquirer fought all his battles with Dulness and Darkness; here, in all probability, that he wrote this surprising Volume on *Clothes*. Additional particulars: of his age, which was of that standing middle sort you could only guess at; of his wide surtout; the colour of his trousers, fashion of his broad-brimmed steeple-hat, and so forth, we might report, but do not. The Wisest truly is, in these times, the Greatest; so that an enlightened curiosity, leaving Kings and suchlike to rest very much on their own basis, turns more and more to the Philosophic Class: nevertheless, what reader expects that, with all our writing and reporting, Teufelsdröckh could be brought home to him, till once the Documents arrive? His Life, Fortunes, and Bodily Presence, are as yet hidden from us, or matter only of faint conjecture. But, on the other hand, does not his Soul lie enclosed in this remarkable Volume, much more truly than Pedro Garcias' did in the buried Bag of Doubloons? To the soul of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, to his opinions, namely, on the 'Origin and Influence of Clothes,' we for the present gladly return.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARACTERISTICS.

It were a piece of vain flattery to pretend that this Work on Clothes entirely contents us; that it is not, like

all works of genius, like the very Sun, which, though the highest published Creation, or work of genius, has nevertheless black spots and troubled nebulosities amid its effulgence,—a mixture of insight, inspiration, with dulness, double-vision, and even utter blindness.

Without committing ourselves to those enthusiastic praises and prophesyings of the *Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger*, we admitted that the Book had in a high degree excited us to self-activity, which is the best effect of any book; that it had even operated changes in our way of thought; nay, that it promised to prove, as it were, the opening of a new mine-shaft, wherein the whole world of Speculation might henceforth dig to unknown depths. More specially it may now be declared that Professor Teufelsdröckh's acquirements, patience of research, philosophic and even poetic vigour, are here made indisputably manifest; and unhappily no less his prolixity and tortuosity and manifold ineptitude; that, on the whole, as in opening new mine-shafts is not unreasonable, there is much rubbish in his Book, though likewise specimens of almost invaluable ore. A paramount popularity in England we cannot promise him. Apart from the choice of such a topic as Clothes, too often the manner of treating it betokens in the Author a rusticity and academic seclusion, unblamable, indeed inevitable in a German, but fatal to his success with our public.

Of good society Teufelsdröckh appears to have seen little, or has mostly forgotten what he saw. He speaks-out with a strange plainness; calls many things by their mere dictionary-names. To him the Upholsterer is no Pontiff, neither is any Drawing-room a Temple, were it never so begilt and overhung: 'a whole immensity of 'Brussels carpets, and pier glasses, and or-molu,' as he himself expresses it, 'cannot hide from me that such

'Drawing-room is simply a section of Infinite Space, 'where so many God-created Souls do for the time meet 'together.' To Teufelsdröckh the highest Duchess is respectable, is venerable; but nowise for her pearl bracelets, and Malines laces: in his eyes, the star of a Lord is little less and little more than the broad button of Birmingham spelter in a Clown's smock; 'each is an imple-'ment,' he says, 'in its kind; a tag for *hooking-together;* 'and, for the rest, was dug from the earth and hammered 'on a stithy before smith's fingers.' Thus does the Professor look in men's faces with a strange impartiality, a strange scientific freedom; like a man unversed in the higher circles, like a man dropped thither from the Moon. Rightly considered, it is in this peculiarity, running through his whole system of thought, that all these shortcomings, over-shootings, and multiform perversities, take rise: if indeed they have not a second source, also natural enough, in his Transcendental Philosophies, and humour of looking at all Matter and Material things as Spirit; whereby truly his case were but the more hopeless, the more lamentable.

To the Thinkers of this nation, however, of which class it is firmly believed there are individuals yet extant, we can safely recommend the Work: nay, who knows but among the fashionable ranks too, if it be true, as Teufelsdröckh maintains, that 'within the most starched cravat 'there passes a windpipe and weasand, and under the 'thickliest embroidered waistcoat beats a heart,'—the force of that rapt earnestness may be felt, and here and there an arrow of the soul pierce through. In our wild Seer, shaggy, unkempt, like a Baptist living on locusts and wild honey, there is an untutored energy, a silent, as it were unconscious, strength, which, except in the higher walks of Literature, must be rare. Many a deep glance,

and often with unspeakable precision, has he cast into mysterious Nature, and the still more mysterious Life of Man. Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion; sheers down, were it furlongs deep, into the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but with crushing force smites it home, and buries it. — On the other hand, let us be free to admit, he is the most unequal writer breathing. Often after some such feat, he will play truant for long pages, and go dawdling and dreaming, and mumbling and maundering the merest commonplaces, as if he were asleep with eyes open, which indeed he is.

Of his boundless Learning, and how all reading and literature in most known tongues, from *Sanchoniathon* to *Dr. Lingard*, from your Oriental *Shasters*, and *Talmuds*, and *Korans*, with Cassini's *Siamese Tables*, and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste* down to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Belfast Town and Country Almanack*, are familiar to him, — we shall say nothing: for unexampled as it is with us, to the Germans such universality of study passes without wonder, as a thing commendable, indeed, but natural, indispensable, and there of course. A man that devotes his life to learning, shall he not be learned?

In respect of style our Author manifests the same genial capability, marred too often by the same rudeness, inequality, and apparent want of intercourse with the higher classes. Occasionally, as above hinted, we find consummate vigour, a true inspiration; his burning thoughts step forth in fit burning Words, like so many full-formed Minervas, issuing amid flame and splendour from Jove's head; a rich, idiomatic diction, picturesque allusions, fiery poetic emphasis, or quaint tricksy turns; all the graces and terrors of a wild Imagination, wedded

to the clearest Intellect, alternate in beautiful vicissitude. Were it not that sheer sleeping and soporific passages; circumlocutions, repetitions, touches even of pure doting jargon, so often intervene! On the whole, Professor Teufelsdröckh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered. Nevertheless, in almost his very worst moods, there lies in him a singular attraction. A wild tone pervades the whole utterance of the man, like its keynote and regulator; now screwing itself aloft as into the Song of Spirits, or else the shrill mockery of Fiends; now sinking in cadences, not without melodious heartiness, though sometimes abrupt enough, into the common pitch, when we hear it only as a monotonous hum; of which hum the true character is extremely difficult to fix. Up to this hour we have never fully satisfied ourselves whether it is a tone and hum of real Humour, which we reckon among the very highest qualities of genius, or some echo of mere Insanity and Inanity, which doubtless ranks below the very lowest.

Under a like difficulty, in spite even of our personal intercourse, do we still lie with regard to the Professor's moral feeling. Gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity; he could clasp the whole Universe into his bosom, and keep it warm; it seems as if under that rude exterior there dwelt a very seraph. Then again he is so sly and still, so imperturbably saturnine; shows such indifference, malign coolness towards all that men strive after; and ever with some half-visible wrinkle of a bitter sardonic humour, if

indeed it be not mere stolid callousness, — that you look on him almost with a shudder, as on some incarnate Mephistopheles, to whom this great terrestrial and celestial Round, after all, were but some huge foolish Whirligig, where kings and beggars, and angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings, were chaotically whirled, in which only children could take interest. His look, as we mentioned, is probably the gravest ever seen: yet it is not of that cast-iron gravity frequent enough among our own Chancery suitors; but rather the gravity as of some silent, high-encircled mountain-pool, perhaps the crater of an extinct volcano; into whose black deeps you fear to gaze: those eyes, those lights that sparkle in it, may indeed be reflexes of the heavenly Stars, but perhaps also glances from the region of Nether Fire!

Certainly a most involved, self-secluded, altogether enigmatic nature, this of Teufelsdröckh! Here, however, we gladly recall to mind that once we saw him *laugh;* once only, perhaps it was the first and last time in his life; but then such a peal of laughter, enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers! It was of Jean Paul's doing: some single billow in that vast World-Mahlstrom of Humour, with its heaven-kissing coruscations, which is now, alas, all congealed in the frost of death! The large-bodied Poet and the small, both large enough in soul, sat talking miscellaneously together, the present Editor being privileged to listen; and now Paul, in his serious way, was giving one of those inimitable 'Extra-'harangues'; and, as it chanced, On the Proposal for a *Cast-metal King:* gradually a light kindled in our Professor's eyes and face, a beaming, mantling, loveliest light; through those murky features, a radiant ever-young Apollo looked; and he burst forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's, — tears streaming down his cheeks, pipe

held aloft, foot clutched into the air, — loud, long-continuing, uncontrollable; a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man from head to heel. The present Editor, who laughed indeed, yet with measure, began to fear all was not right: however, Teufelsdröckh composed himself, and sank into his old stilness; on his inscrutable countenance there was, if anything, a slight look of shame; and Richter himself could not rouse him again. Readers who have any tincture of Psychology know how much is to be inferred from this; and that no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in Laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice: the fewest are able to laugh, what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outward; or at best, produce some whiffling husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Considered as an author, Herr Teufelsdröckh has one scarcely pardonable fault, doubtless his worst: an almost total want of arrangement. In this remarkable Volume, it is true, his adherence to the mere course of Time produces, through the Narrative portions, a certain show of outward method; but of true logical method and sequence there is too little. Apart from its multifarious sections and subdivisions, the Work naturally falls into two Parts; a Historical-Descriptive, and a Philosophical-Speculative: but falls, unhappily, by no firm line of demarcation; in that labyrinthic combination, each Part overlaps, and indents, and indeed runs quite through the other. Many

sections are of a debatable rubric, or even quite nondescript and unnameable; whereby the Book not only loses in accessibility, but too often distresses us like some mad banquet, wherein all courses had been confounded, and fish and flesh, soup and solid, oyster-sauce, lettuces, Rhine-wine and French mustard, were hurled into one huge tureen or trough, and the hungry Public invited to help itself. To bring what order we can out of this Chaos shall be part of our endeavour.

CHAPTER V.

THE WORLD IN CLOTHES.

'As Montesquieu wrote a *Spirit of Laws*,' observes our Professor, 'so could I write a *Spirit of Clothes;* thus, with an '*Esprit des Loix*, properly an *Esprit de Coutumes*, we 'should have an *Esprit de Costumes*. For neither in 'tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere 'Accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious 'operations of the mind. In all his Modes, and habilatory 'endeavours, an Architectural Idea will be found lurking; 'his Body and the Cloth are the site and materials 'whereon and whereby his beautiful edifice, of a Person, 'is to be built. Whether he flow gracefully out in folded 'mantles, based on light sandals; tower-up in high head-'gear, from amid peaks, spangles and bell-girdles; swell-'out in starched ruffs, buckram stuffings and monstrous 'tuberosities; or girth himself into separate sections, and 'front the world an Agglomeration of four limbs, — will 'depend on the nature of such Architectural Idea: 'whether Grecian, Gothic, Later-Gothic, or altogether

'Modern, and Parisian or Anglo-Dandiacal. Again, 'what meaning lies in Colour! From the soberest drab 'to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold 'themselves in choice of Colour: if the Cut betoken Intel- 'lect and Talent, so does the Colour betoken Temper and 'Heart. In all which, among nations as among indi- 'viduals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though in- 'finitely complex working of Cause and Effect: every 'snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed 'by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelli- 'gences of a superior order are neither invisible nor 'illegible.

'For such superior Intelligences a Cause-and-Effect 'Philosophy of Clothes, as of Laws, were probably a 'comfortable winter-evening entertainment: nevertheless, 'for inferior Intelligences, like men, such Philosophies 'have always seemed to me uninstructive enough. Nay, 'what is your Montesquieu himself but a clever infant 'spelling Letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic Book, 'the lexicon of which lies in Eternity, in Heaven? — Let 'any Cause-and-Effect Philosopher explain, not why I 'wear such and such a Garment, obey such and such a 'Law; but even why *I* am *here*, to wear and obey any 'thing! — Much, therefore, if not the whole, of that same '*Spirit of Clothes* I shall suppress, as hypothetical, 'ineffectual, and even impertinent: naked Facts, and 'Deductions drawn therefrom in quite another than that 'omniscient style, are my humbler and proper province.'

Acting on which prudent restriction, Teufelsdröckh has nevertheless contrived to take-in a well-nigh boundless extent of field; at least, the boundaries too often lie quite beyond our horizon. Selection being indispensable, we shall here glance-over his First Part only in the most cursory manner. This First Part is, no doubt, dis-

tinguished by omnivorous learning, and utmost patience and fairness: at the same time, in its results and delineations, it is much more likely to interest the Compilers of some *Library* of General, Entertaining, Useful, or even Useless Knowledge than the miscellaneous readers of these pages. Was it this Part of the Book which Heuschrecke had in view, when he recommended us to that joint-stock vehicle of publication, 'at present the glory 'of British Literature'? If so, the Library Editors are welcome to dig in it for their own behoof.

To the First Chapter, which turns on Paradise and Fig-leaves, and leads us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistico-sartorial and quite antediluvian cast, we shall content ourselves with giving an unconcerned approval. Still less have we to do with 'Lilis, Adam's first wife, whom, according to the 'Talmudists, he had before Eve, and who bore him, in 'that wedlock, the whole progeny of aerial, aquatic, and 'terrestrial Devils,' — very needlessly, we think. On this portion of the Work, with its profound glances into the *Adam-Kadmon*, or Primeval Element, here strangely brought into relation with the *Nifl* and *Muspel* (Darkness and Light) of the antique North, it may be enough to say that its correctness of deduction, and depth of Talmudic and Rabbinical lore have filled perhaps not the worst Hebraist in Britain with something like astonishment.

But, quitting this twilight region, Teufelsdröckh hastens from the Tower of Babel, to follow the dispersion of Mankind over the whole habitable and habilable globe. Walking by the light of Oriental, Pelasgic, Scandinavian, Egyptian, Otaheitean, Ancient and Modern researches of every conceivable kind, he strives to give us in compressed shape (as the Nürnbergers give an *Orbis Pictus*) an *Orbis*

Vestitus; or view of the costumes of all mankind, in all countries, in all times. It is here that to the Antiquarian, to the Historian, we can triumphantly say: Fall to! Here is Learning: an irregular Treasury, if you will; but inexhaustible as the Hoard of King Nibelung, which twelve wagons in twelve days, at the rate of three journeys a day, could not carry off. Sheepskin cloaks and wampum belts; phylacteries, stoles, albs; chlamydes, togas, Chinese silks, Afghaun shawls, trunk-hose, leather breeches, Celtic philibegs (though breeches, as the name *Gallia Braccata* indicates, are the more ancient), Hussar cloaks, Vandyke tippets, ruffs, fardingales, are brought vividly before us, — even the Kilmarnock nightcap is not forgotten. For most part too we must admit that the Learning, heterogeneous as it is, and tumbled-down quite pell-mell, is true concentrated and purified Learning, the drossy parts smelted out and thrown aside.

Philosophical reflections intervene, and sometimes touching pictures of human life. Of this sort the following has surprised us. The first purpose of clothes, as our Professor imagines, was not warmth or decency, but ornament. 'Miserable indeed,' says he, 'was the con-'dition of the Aboriginal Savage, glaring fiercely from 'under his fleece of hair, which with the beard reached 'down to his loins, and hung round him like a matted 'cloak; the rest of his body sheeted in its thick natural 'fell. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, 'living on wild-fruits; or, as the ancient Caledonian, 'squatted himself in morasses, lurking for his bestial or 'human prey; without implements, without arms, save 'the ball of heavy Flint, to which, that his sole possession 'and defence might not be lost, he had attached a long 'cord of plaited thongs; thereby recovering as well as 'hurling it with deadly unerring skill. Nevertheless, the

'pains of Hunger and Revenge once satisfied, his next 'care was not Comfort but Decoration (*Putz*). Warmth 'he found in the toils of the chase; or amid dried leaves 'in his hollow tree, in his bark shed, or natural grotto: 'but for Decoration he must have Clothes. Nay, among 'wild people, we find tattooing and painting even prior to 'Clothes. The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is 'Decoration, as indeed we still see among the barbarous 'classes in civilised countries.

'Reader, the heaven-inspired melodious Singer; loftiest 'Serene Highness; nay, thy own amber-locked, snow-and-'rose-bloom Maiden, worthy to glide sylphlike almost on 'air, whom thou lovest, worshippest as a divine Presence, 'which, indeed, symbolically taken, she is,—has descended, 'like thyself, from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling 'Aboriginal Anthropophagus! Out of the eater cometh 'forth meat; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. 'What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time! 'For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or 'beholds, is in continual growth, regenesis and self-'perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into 'the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain 'that cannot die; unnoticed today (says one), it will be 'found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a 'Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.

'He who first shortened the labour of Copyists by 'device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies, 'and cashiering most Kings and Senates, and creating a 'whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art 'of Printing. The first ground handful of Nitre, Sulphur, 'and Charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the 'ceiling; what will the last do? Achieve the final undis-'puted prostration of Force under Thought, of Animal 'courage under Spiritual. A simple invention it was in

'the old-world Grazier, — sick of lugging his slow Ox 'about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil, '— to take a piece of Leather, and thereon scratch or 'stamp the mere Figure of an Ox (or *Pecus*); put it in 'his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, Money. Yet hereby did 'Barter grow Sale, the Leather Money is now Golden 'and Paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: 'for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts; 'and whoso has sixpence is Sovereign (to the length of 'sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, 'philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over 'him — to the length of sixpence. — Clothes, too, which 'began in foolishest love of Ornament, what have they 'not become! Increased Security, and pleasurable Heat 'soon followed: but what of these? Shame, divine 'Shame (*Schaam*, Modesty), as yet a stranger to the 'Anthropophagous bosom, arose there mysteriously under 'Clothes; a mystic, grove-encircled shrine for the Holy 'in man. Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, 'social polity; Clothes have made Men of us; they are 'threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

'But, on the whole,' continues our eloquent Professor, 'Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Handthierendes Thier*). 'Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a 'basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square 'foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs, 'lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! 'Three quintals are a crushing load for him; the steer 'of the meadow tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. 'Nevertheless, he can use Tools, can devise Tools: with 'these the granite mountain melts into light dust before 'him; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft 'paste; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire 'his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him

'without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools 'he is all.'

Here may we not, for a moment, interrupt the stream of Oratory with a remark that this Definition of the Tool-using Animal appears to us, of all that Animal-sort, considerably the precisest and best? Man is called a Laughing Animal: but do not the apes also laugh, or attempt to do it; and is the manliest man the greatest and oftenest laugher? Teufelsdröckh himself, as we said, laughed only once. Still less do we make of that other French Definition of the Cooking Animal; which, indeed, for rigorous scientific purposes, is as good as useless. Can a Tartar be said to cook, when he only readies his steak by riding on it? Again, what Cookery does the Greenlander use, beyond stowing-up his whale-blubber, as a marmot, in the like case, might do? Or how would Monsieur Ude prosper among those Orinocco Indians, who, according to Humboldt, lodge in crow-nests, on the branches of trees; and, for half the year, have no victuals but pipe-clay, the whole country being under water? But, on the other hand, show us the human being, of any period or climate, without his Tools: those very Caledonians, as we saw, had their Flint-ball, and Thong to it, such as no brute has or can have.

'Man is a Tool-using Animal,' concludes Teufelsdröckh, in his abrupt way; 'of which truth Clothes are but one 'example: and surely if we consider the interval between 'the first wooden Dibble fashioned by man, and those 'Liverpool Steam-carriages, or the British House of 'Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. 'He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the 'Earth, and says to them, *Transport me and this luggage, 'at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour;* and they do 'it: he collects, apparently by lot, six-hundred and fifty-

'eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, *Make 'this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow 'and sin for us;* and they do it.'

CHAPTER VI.

APRONS.

One of the most unsatisfactory Sections in the whole Volume is that on *Aprons*. What though stout old Gao, the Persian Blacksmith, 'whose apron, now indeed hidden 'under jewels, because raised in revolt which proved successful, is still the royal standard of that country'; what though John Knox's Daughter, 'who threatened Sovereign 'Majesty that she would catch her husband's head in her 'Apron, rather than he should lie and be a bishop'; what though the Landgravine Elizabeth, with many other Apron worthies, — figure here? An idle wire-drawing spirit, sometimes even a tone of levity, approaching to conventional satire, is too clearly discernible. What, for example, are we to make of such sentences as the following?

'Aprons are Defences; against injury to cleanliness, 'to safety, to modesty, sometimes to roguery. From the 'thin slip of notched silk (as it were, the Emblem and 'beatified Ghost of an Apron), which some highest-bred 'housewife, sitting at Nürnberg Workboxes and Toyboxes, 'has gracefully fastened on; to the thick-tanned hide, 'girt round him with thongs, wherein the Builder builds, 'and at evening sticks his trowel; or to those jingling 'sheet-iron Aprons, wherein your otherwise half-naked 'Vulcans hammer and smelt in their smelt-furnace, — is

'there not range enough in the fashion and uses of this 'Vestment? How much has been concealed, how much 'has been defended in Aprons! Nay, rightly considered, 'what is your whole Military and Police Establishment, 'charged at uncalculated millions, but a huge scarlet-'coloured, iron-fastened Apron, wherein Society works '(uneasily enough); guarding itself from some soil and 'stithy-sparks, in this Devil's-smithy (*Teufelsschmiede*) of a 'world? But of all Aprons the most puzzling to me 'hitherto has been the Episcopal or Cassock. Wherein 'consists the usefulness of this Apron? The Overseer '(*Episcopus*) of Souls, I notice, has tucked-in the corner 'of it, as if his day's work was done: what does he 'shadow forth thereby?' &c., &c.

Or again, has it often been the lot of our readers to read such stuff as we shall now quote?

'I consider those printed Paper Aprons, worn by the 'Parisian Cooks, as a new vent, though a slight one, for 'Typography; therefore as an encouragement to modern 'Literature, and deserving of approval: nor is it without 'satisfaction that I hear of a celebrated London Firm 'having in view to introduce the same fashion, with 'important extensions, in England.' — We who are on the spot hear of no such thing; and indeed have reason to be thankful that hitherto there are other vents for our Literature, exuberant as it is. — Teufelsdröckh continues: 'If such supply of printed Paper should rise so far as to 'choke-up the highways and public thoroughfares, new 'means must of necessity be had recourse to. In a world 'existing by Industry, we grudge to employ fire as a de-'stroying element, and not as a creating one. However, 'Heaven is omnipotent, and will find us an outlet. In 'the meanwhile, is it not beautiful to see five-million 'quintals of Rags picked annually from the Laystall; and

'annually, after being macerated, hot-pressed, printed-on, 'and sold, — returned thither; filling so many hungry 'mouths by the way? Thus is the Laystall, especially with 'its Rags or Clothes-rubbish, the grand Electric Battery, 'and Fountain-of-motion, from which and to which the 'Social Activities (like vitreous and resinous Electricities) 'circulate, in larger or smaller circles, through the mighty, 'billowy, stormtost Chaos of Life, which they keep alive!' — Such passages fill us, who love the man, and partly esteem him, with a very mixed feeling.

Farther down we meet with this: 'The Journalists are 'now the true Kings and Clergy: henceforth Historians, 'unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon Dynas-'ties, and Tudors and Hapsburgs; but of Stamped Broad-'sheet Dynasties, and quite new successive Names, ac-'cording as this or the other Able Editor, or Combination 'of Able Editors, gains the world's ear. Of the British 'Newspaper Press, perhaps the most important of all, 'and wonderful enough in its secret constitution and 'procedure, a valuable descriptive History already exists, 'in that language, under the title of *Satan's Invisible 'World Displayed;* which, however, by search in all the 'Weissnichtwo Libraries, I have not yet succeeded in 'procuring (*vermöchte nicht aufzutreiben*).'

Thus does the good Homer not only nod, but snore. Thus does Teufelsdröckh, wandering in regions where he had little business, confound the old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder, with a new, spurious, imaginary Historian of the *Brittische Journalistik;* and so stumble on perhaps the most egregious blunder in modern Literature!

CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS-HISTORICAL.

HAPPIER is our Professor, and more purely scientific and historic, when he reaches the Middle Ages in Europe, and down to the end of the Seventeenth Century; the true era of extravagance in costume. It is here that the Antiquary and Student of Modes comes upon his richest harvest. Fantastic garbs, beggaring all fancy of a Teniers or a Callot, succeed each other, like monster devouring monster in a Dream. The whole too in brief authentic strokes, and touched not seldom with that breath of genius which makes even old raiment live. Indeed, so learned, precise, graphical, and everyway interesting have we found these Chapters, that it may be thrown-out as a pertinent question for parties concerned, Whether or not a good English Translation thereof might henceforth be profitably incorporated with Mr. Merrick's valuable Work *On Ancient Armour?* Take, by way of example, the following sketch; as authority for which Paulinus's *Zeitkürzende Lust* (ii. 678) is, with seeming confidence, referred to:

'Did we behold the German fashionable dress of the 'Fifteenth Century, we might smile; as perhaps those 'bygone Germans, were they to rise again, and see our 'haberdashery, would cross themselves, and invoke the 'Virgin. But happily no bygone German, or man, rises 'again; thus the Present is not needlessly trammelled 'with the Past; and only grows out of it, like a Tree, 'whose roots are not intertangled with its branches, but 'lie peaceably under-ground. Nay, it is very mournful, 'yet not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest and 'Dearest, in a short while, would find his place quite

'filled-up here, and no room for him; the very Napoleon, 'the very Byron, in some seven years, has become obsol- 'ete, and were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is 'the Law of Progress secured; and in Clothes, as in all 'other external things whatsoever, no fashion will 'continue.

'Of the military classes in those old times, whose buff- 'belts, complicated chains and gorgets, huge churn-boots, 'and other riding and fighting gear have been bepainted 'in modern Romance, till the whole has acquired some- 'what of a sign-post character, — I shall here say nothing: 'the civil and pacific classes, less touched upon, are 'wonderful enough for us.

'Rich men, I find, have *Teusinke'* (a perhaps untrans- lateable article); 'also a silver girdle, whereat hang little 'bells; so that when a man walks it is with continual 'jingling. Some few, of musical turn, have a whole 'chime of bells (*Glockenspiel*) fastened there; which, 'especially in sudden whirls, and the other accidents of 'walking, has a grateful effect. Observe too how fond 'they are of peaks, and Gothic-arch intersections. The 'male world wears peaked caps, an ell long, which hang 'bobbing over the side (*schief*): their shoes are peaked 'in front, also to the length of an ell, and laced on the 'side with tags; even the wooden shoes have their ell- 'long noses: some also clap bells on the peak. Further, 'according to my authority, the men have breeches with- 'out seat (*ohne Gesäss*): these they fasten peakwise to 'their shirts; and the long round doublet must overlap 'them.

'Rich maidens, again, flit abroad in gowns scolloped 'out behind and before, so that back and breast are 'almost bare. Wives of quality, on the other hand, have 'train-gowns four or five ells in length; which trains

'there are boys to carry. Brave Cleopatras, sailing in 'their silk-cloth Galley, with a Cupid for steersman! 'Consider their welts, a handbreadth thick, which waver 'round them by way of hem; the long flood of silver 'buttons, or rather silver shells, from throat to shoe, 'wherewith these same welt-gowns are buttoned. The 'maidens have bound silver snoods about their hair, with 'gold spangles, and pendent flames (*Flammen*), that is, 'sparkling hair-drops: but of their mother's headgear 'who shall speak? Neither in love of grace is comfort 'forgotten. In winter weather you behold the whole fair 'creation (that can afford it) in long mantles, with skirts 'wide below, and, for hem, not one but two sufficient 'handbroad welts; all ending atop in a thick well-'starched Ruff, some twenty inches broad: these are 'their Ruff-mantles (*Kragenmäntel*).

'As yet among the womankind hoop-petticoats are not; 'but the men have doublets of fustian, under which lie 'multiple ruffs of cloth, pasted together with batter (*mit 'Teig zusammengekleistert*), which create protuberance 'enough. Thus do the two sexes vie with each other in 'the art of Decoration; and as usual the stronger 'carries it.'

Our Professor, whether he have humour himself or not, manifests a certain feeling of the Ludicrous, a sly observance of it, which, could emotion of any kind be confidently predicted of so still a man, we might call a real love. None of those bell-girdles, bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes or other the like phenomena, of which the History of Dress offers so many, escape him: more especially the mischances, or striking adventures, incident to the wearers of such, are noticed with due fidelity. Sir Walter Raleigh's fine mantle, which he spread in the mud under Queen Elizabeth's feet, appears to provoke little enthusi-

asm in him: he merely asks, Whether at that period the Maiden Queen 'was red-painted on the nose, and white-'painted on the cheeks, as her tirewomen, when from 'spleen and wrinkles she would no longer look in any 'glass, were wont to serve her?' We can answer that Sir Walter knew well what he was doing, and had the Maiden Queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris, would have done the same.

Thus too, treating of those enormous habiliments, that were not only slashed and galooned, but artificially swollen-out on the broader parts of the body, by introduction of Bran, — our Professor fails not to comment on that luckless Courtier, who having seated himself on a chair with some projecting nail on it, and therefrom rising, to pay his *devoir* on the entrance of Majesty, instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust: and stood there diminished to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowful and flabby round him. Whereupon the Professor publishes this reflection:

'By what strange chances do we live in History! Eros-'tratus by a torch; Milo by a bullock; Henry Darnley, 'an unfledged booby and bustard, by his limbs; most 'Kings and Queens by being born under such and such 'a bedtester; Boileau Despréaux (according to Helvetius) 'by the peck of a turkey; and this ill-starred individual 'by a rent in his breeches, — for no Memoirist of Kaiser 'Otto's Court omits him. Vain was the prayer of The-'mistocles for a talent of Forgetting: my Friends, yield 'cheerfully to Destiny, and read since it is written.' — Has Teufelsdröckh to be put in mind that, nearly related to the impossible talent of Forgetting, stands that talent of Silence, which even travelling Englishmen manifest?

'The simplest costume,' observes our Professor, 'which 'I anywhere find alluded to in History, is that used as

'regimental, by Bolivar's Cavalry, in the late Columbian 'wars. A square Blanket, twelve feet in diagonal, is pro- 'vided (some were wont to cut-off the corners, and make 'it circular): in the centre a slit is effected eighteen 'inches long; through this the mother-naked Trooper in- 'troduces his head and neck; and so rides shielded from 'all weather, and in battle from many strokes (for he 'rolls it about his left arm); and not only dressed, but 'harnessed and draperied.'

With which picture of a State of Nature, affecting by its singularity, and Old-Roman contempt of the superfluous, we shall quit this part of our subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES.

If in the Descriptive-Historical Portion of this Volume, Teufelsdröckh, discussing merely the *Werden* (Origin and successive Improvement) of Clothes, has astonished many a reader, much more will he in the Speculative-Philosophical Portion, which treats of their *Wirken*, or Influences. It is here that the present Editor first feels the pressure of his task; for here properly the higher and new Philosophy of Clothes commences: an untried, almost inconceivable region, or chaos; in venturing upon which, how difficult, yet how unspeakably important is it to know what course, of survey and conquest, is the true one; where the footing is firm substance and will bear us, where it is hollow, or mere cloud, and may engulf us! Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious Influences of Clothes; he under-

takes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand Proposition, that Man's earthly interests 'are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up, by Clothes.' He says in so many words, 'Society is founded upon 'Cloth'; and again, 'Society sails through the Infinitude 'on Cloth, as on a Faust's Mantle, or rather like the 'Sheet of clean and unclean beasts in the Apostle's 'Dream; and without such Sheet or Mantle, would sink 'to endless depths, or mount to inane limboes, and in 'either case be no more.'

By what chains, or indeed infinitely complected tissues, of Meditation this grand Theorem is here unfolded, and innumerable practical Corollaries are drawn therefrom, it were perhaps a mad ambition to attempt exhibiting. Our Professor's method is not, in any case, that of common school Logic, where the truths all stand in a row, each holding by the skirts of the other; but at best that of practical Reason, proceeding by large Intuition over whole systematic groups and kingdoms; whereby, we might say, a noble complexity, almost like that of Nature, reigns in his Philosophy, or spiritual Picture of Nature: a mighty maze, yet, as faith whispers, not without a plan. Nay we complained above, that a certain ignoble complexity, what we must call mere confusion, was also discernible. Often, also, we have to exclaim: Would to Heaven those same Biographical Documents were come! For it seems as if the demonstration lay much in the Author's individuality; as if it were not Argument that had taught him, but Experience. At present it is only in local glimpses, and by significant fragments, picked often at wide-enough intervals from the original Volume, and carefully collated, that we can hope to impart some outline or foreshadow of this Doctrine. Readers of any intelligence are once more invited to favour us with their

most concentrated attention: let these, after intense consideration, and not till then, pronounce, Whether on the utmost verge of our actual horizon there is not a looming as of Land; a promise of new Fortunate Islands, perhaps whole undiscovered Americas, for such as have canvas to sail thither? — As exordium to the whole, stand here the following long citation:

'With men of a speculative turn,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, 'when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: Who am *I;* the thing that can say '"I" (*das Wesen das sich* ICH *nennt*)? The world, with 'its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and through 'the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied 'tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and 'lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), wherewith 'your Existence sits surrounded, — the sight reaches 'forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the 'Universe, and silently commune with it as one mysterious Presence with another.

'Who am I; what is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an 'Appearance; — some embodied, visualised Idea in the 'Eternal Mind? *Cogito, ergo sum.* Alas, poor Cogitator, 'this takes us but a little way. Sure enough, I am; and 'lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The 'answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, 'uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-'figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where 'is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written 'Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in 'a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; bound-'less, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not 'even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-'coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the

'Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, 'we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect 'not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious 'Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, 'hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we 'clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep 'deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which 'of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-'theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where 'divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all 'your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and 'sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnam-'bulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this 'Somnambulism is what we on Earth call Life; wherein 'the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew 'right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know 'that they know nothing.

'Pity that all Metaphysics had hitherto proved so 'inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of Man's Being 'is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot 'rede; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the 'worst death, a spiritual. What are your Axioms, and 'Categories, and Systems, and Aphorisms? Words, 'words. High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, 'the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; 'wherein, however, no Knowledge will come to lodge. '*The whole is greater than the part:* how exceedingly true! '*Nature abhors a vacuum:* how exceedingly false and 'calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is:* 'with all my heart; only WHERE is it? Be not the slave 'of Words: is not the Distant, the Dead, while I love it, 'and long for it, and mourn for it, Here, in the genuine 'sense, as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same 'WHERE, with its brother, WHEN, are from the first the

'master-colours of our Dream-grotto; say, rather, the 'Canvas (the warp and woof thereof) whereon all our 'Dreams and Life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, 'has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every 'climate and age, that the WHERE and WHEN, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the Seer 'may discern them where they mount up out of the 'celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER: have not all 'nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and 'Eternal; as existing in a universal HERE, an everlasting NOW? Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is 'but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; 'there *is* no Space and no Time: WE are — we know 'not what; — light-sparkles floating in the æther of 'Deity!

'So that this so solid-seeming World, after all, were but 'an air-image, our ME the only reality: and Nature, with 'its thousandfold production and destruction, but the 'reflex of our own inward Force, the "phantasy of our 'Dream"; or what the Earth-Spirit in *Faust* names it, '*the living visible Garment of God.*

'"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of Living:
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest Him by."

'Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this 'thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty 'units of us that have learned the meaning thereof?

'It was in some such mood, when wearied and fordone 'with these high speculations, that I first came upon the 'question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is 'this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The 'Horse I ride has his own whole fell: strip him of the 'girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened 'round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster 'and weaver and spinner; nay his own bootmaker, 'jeweller, and man-milliner; he bounds free through the 'valleys, with a perennial rainproof court-suit on his 'body; wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached 'perfection; nay, the graces also have been considered, 'and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, featly 'appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. 'While I — good Heaven! — have thatched myself over 'with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, 'the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the 'felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-'screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from 'the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have 'rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I 'must thatch myself anew; day after day, this despicable 'thatch must lose some film of its thickness; some film 'of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed-'off into the Ashpit, into the Laystall; till by degrees 'the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust-'making, patent Rag-grinder, get new material to grind 'down. O subter-brutish! vile! most vile! For have 'not I too a compact all-enclosing Skin, whiter or dingier? 'Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, 'then; or a tightly-articulated, homogeneous little Figure, 'automatic, nay alive?

'Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut 'their eyes to plainest facts; and by the mere inertia of

'Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of 'Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was 'always, a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel 'and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, 'which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; 'mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose: 'thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of 'the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, 'to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a 'lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any 'country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or 'russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his 'Self are not one and indivisible; that *he* is naked, with-'out vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by fore-'thought sew and button them.

'For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-'thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of 'hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a 'certain horror at myself, and mankind; almost as one 'feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, 'you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats '(of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Never-'theless there is something great in the moment when a 'man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and 'sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, "a 'forked straddling animal with bandy legs"; yet also a 'Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.'

CHAPTER IX.

ADAMITISM.

Let no courteous reader take offence at the opinions broached in the conclusion of the last Chapter. The Editor himself, on first glancing over that singular passage, was inclined to exclaim: What, have we got not only a Sansculottist, but an enemy to Clothes in the abstract? A new Adamite, in this century, which flatters itself that it is the Nineteenth, and destructive both to Superstition and Enthusiasm?

Consider, thou foolish Teufelsdröckh, what benefits unspeakable all ages and sexes derive from Clothes. For example, when thou thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman and new-comer in this Planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurse's arms; sucking thy coral and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou been, without thy blankets, and bibs, and other nameless hulls? A terror to thyself and mankind! Or hast thou forgotten the day when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long clothes became short? The village where thou livedst was all apprized of the fact; and neighbour after neighbour kissed thy pudding-cheek, and gave thee, as handsel, silver or copper coins, on that the first gala-day of thy existence. Again, wert not thou, at one period of life, a Buck, or Blood, or Macaroni, or Incroyable, or Dandy, or by whatever name, according to year and place, such phenomenon is distinguished? In that one word lie included mysterious volumes. Nay, now when the reign of folly is over, or altered, and thy clothes are not for triumph but for defence, hast thou always worn them perforce, and as a consequence of Man's Fall; never rejoiced in

them as in a warm movable House, a Body round thy Body, wherein that strange THEE of thine sat snug, defying all variations of Climate? Girt with thick double-milled kerseys; half-buried under shawls and broad-brims, and overalls and mudboots, thy very fingers cased in doeskin and mittens, thou hast bestrode that 'Horse I ride'; and, though it were in wild winter, dashed through the world, glorying in it as if thou wert its lord. In vain did the sleet beat round thy temples; it lighted only on thy impenetrable, felted or woven, case of wool. In vain did the winds howl, — forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep, — and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool; thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a 'sailor of the air'; the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide. Without Clothes, without bit or saddle, what hadst thou been; what had thy fleet quadruped been? — Nature is good, but she is not the best; here truly was the victory of Art over Nature. A thunderbolt indeed might have pierced thee; all short of this thou couldst defy.

Or, cries the courteous reader, has your Teufelsdröckh forgotten what he said lately about 'Aboriginal Savages,' and their 'condition miserable indeed'? Would he have all this unsaid; and us betake ourselves again to the 'matted cloak,' and go sheeted in a 'thick natural fell'?

Nowise, courteous reader! The Professor knows full well what he is saying; and both thou and we, in our haste, do him wrong. If Clothes, in these times, 'so tailorise and demoralise us,' have they no redeeming value; can they not be altered to serve better; must they of necessity be thrown to the dogs? The truth is,

Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is no Adamite: and much perhaps as he might wish to go forth before this degenerate age, 'as a Sign,' would nowise wish to do it, as those old Adamites did, in a state of Nakedness. The utility of Clothes is altogether apparent to him: nay perhaps he has an insight into their more recondite, and almost mystic qualities, what we might call the omnipotent virtue of Clothes, such as was never before vouchsafed to any man. For example:

'You see two individuals,' he writes, 'one dressed in 'fine Red, the other in coarse threadbare Blue: Red says 'to Blue, "Be hanged and anatomised;" Blue hears with 'a shudder, and (O wonder of wonders!) marches sorrow-'fully to the gallows; is there noosed up, vibrates his 'hour, and the surgeons dissect him, and fit his bones 'into a skeleton for medical purposes. How is this; or 'what make ye of your *Nothing can act but where it is?* 'Red has no physical hold of Blue, no *clutch* of him, is 'nowise in *contact* with him: neither are those minister-'ing Sheriffs and Lord-Lieutenants and Hangmen and 'Tipstaves so related to commanding Red, that he can 'tug them hither and thither; but each stands distinct 'within his own skin. Nevertheless, as it is spoken, so 'it is done: the articulated Word sets all hands in 'Action; and Rope and Improved-drop perform their 'work.

'Thinking reader, the reason seems to me twofold: 'First, that *Man is a Spirit*, and bound by invisible bonds 'to *All Men;* secondly, that *he wears Clothes*, which are 'the visible emblems of that fact. Has not your Red 'hanging-individual a horsehair wig, squirrel-skins, and 'a plush-gown; whereby all mortals know that he is a 'JUDGE? — Society, which the more I think of it as-'tonishes me the more, is founded upon Cloth.

'Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pom-
'pous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Draw-
'ing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and
'macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke
'this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by
'General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and
'miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to
'the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote
'privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity, — on
'a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the — shall I
'speak it? — the Clothes fly-off the whole dramatic corps;
'and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed
'Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand
'straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know
'not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psy-
'chical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular,
'I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish, for the
'solace of those afflicted with the like.'

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw:

'What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall
'in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start,
'and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in
'Dream? *Ach Gott!* How each skulks into the nearest
'hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und
'Staats-Action*) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep
'at, which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (accord-

'ing to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of 'Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised 'Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and howls.'

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches — *infandum! infandum!* And yet why is the thing impossible? Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night; 'a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved'? And why might he not, did our stern Fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion; and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice? 'Solace of those afflicted with the like!' Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a 'physical or psychical infirmity' before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded-on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to re-impart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest?

'It will remain to be examined,' adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, 'in how far the SCARECROW, as a Clothed 'Person, is not also entitled to benefit of clergy, and 'English trial by jury: nay perhaps, considering his high 'function (for is not he too a Defender of Property, and 'Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law?), to a cer-'tain royal Immunity and Inviolability; which, however, 'misers and the meaner class of persons are not always 'voluntarily disposed to grant him.' * *

* * 'O my friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's 'words) but as "turkeys driven, with a stick and red

'clout, to the market"; or if some drivers, as they do in 'Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, the 'rattle thereof terrifies the boldest!'

CHAPTER X.

PURE REASON.

It must now be apparent enough that our Professor, as above hinted, is a speculative Radical, and of the very darkest tinge; acknowledging, for most part, in the solemnities and paraphernalia of civilised Life, which we make so much of, nothing but so many Cloth-rags, turkey-poles, and 'bladders with dried peas.' To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning public can have no wish. For our purposes the simple fact that such a *Naked World* is possible, nay actually exists (under the Clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about 'Kings wrestling naked on the green with Carmen,' and the Kings being thrown: 'dissect them with scalpels,' says Teufelsdröckh; 'the same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, 'and other life-tackle are there: examine their spiritual 'mechanism; the same great Need, great Greed, and 'little Faculty; nay ten to one but the Carman, who un-'derstands draught-cattle, the rimming of wheels, some-'thing of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, 'with other branches of wagon-science, and has actually 'put forth his hand and operated on Nature, is the more 'cunningly gifted of the two. Whence, then, their so un-'speakable difference? From Clothes.' Much also we shall omit about confusion of Ranks, and Joan and My

Lady, and how it would be everywhere 'Hail fellow well met,' and Chaos were come again: all which to any one that has once fairly pictured-out the grand mother-idea, *Society in a state of Nakedness*, will spontaneously suggest itself. Should some sceptical individual still entertain doubts whether in a world without Clothes, the smallest Politeness, Polity, or even Police, could exist, let him turn to the original Volume, and view there the boundless Serbonian Bog of Sansculottism, stretching sour and pestilential: over which we have lightly flown; where not only whole armies but whole nations might sink! If indeed the following argument, in its brief riveting emphasis, be not of itself incontrovertible and final:

'Are we Opossums; have we natural Pouches, like the 'Kangaroo? Or how, without Clothes, could we possess 'the master-organ, soul's seat, and true pineal gland of 'the Body Social: I mean, a PURSE?'

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though, in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers, — there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative; whereby if on the one hand he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods.

'To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is man? 'An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye 'of Pure Reason, what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and 'divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there 'lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or 'of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; where-'by he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in 'UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for him-'self a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long 'Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that 'strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, 'as it were, swathed-in, and inextricably over-shrouded: 'yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he 'not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux 'of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to 'know, to believe; nay does not the spirit of Love, free 'in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though 'but for moments look through? Well said Saint Chrys-'ostom, with his lips of gold, "the true SHEKINAH is 'Man": where else is the GOD'S-PRESENCE manifested 'not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow 'man?'

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood; and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love; — though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings:

thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, 'unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright?' Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on 'Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become '*transparent*. "The Philosopher," says the wisest of this 'age, "must station himself in the middle": how true! 'The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has 'descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the 'equal and kindly brother of all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, 'whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent 'Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our Imagination? 'Or, on the other hand, what is there that we cannot 'love; since all was created by God?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a 'Man (the woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper, 'and State-paper Clothes), into the Man himself; and 'discern, it may be, in this or the other Dread Potentate, 'a more or less incompetent Digestive-apparatus; yet 'also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest 'Tinker that sees with eyes!'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the

necessity and high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder,' says he, 'is 'the basis of Worship: the reign of wonder is perennial, 'indestructible in Man; only at certain stages (as the 'present), it is, for some short season, a reign *in partibus* '*infidelium*.' That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

'Shall your Science,' exclaims he, 'proceed in the small 'chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop 'of Logic alone; and man's mind become an Arithmetical 'Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables 'of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of 'what you call Political Economy, are the Meal? And 'what is that Science, which the scientific head alone, 'were it screwed off, and (like the Doctor's in the Arabian 'Tale) set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute 'without shadow of a heart, — but one other of the me-'chanical and menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific 'Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ? I 'mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps 'poisonous; at best, dies like cookery with the day that 'called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive 'tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and 'plenteous increase to all Time.'

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of 'Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, 'and professed Enemies to Wonder; who, in these days, 'so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Me-

'chanics' Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-'Roman geese and goslings round their Capitol, on any 'alarm, or on none; nay who often, as illuminated Scep-'tics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full daylight, 'with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and 'guarding you therewith, though the Sun is shining, and 'the street populous with mere justice-loving men:' that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:

'The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually 'wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable 'Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* 'and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Labora-'tories and Observatories with their results, in his single 'head, — is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there 'is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, 'then he may be useful.

'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk 'through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest 'Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-'Logic; and "explain" all, "account" for all, or believe 'nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt laughter; whoso 'recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of 'Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among 'our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and 'Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattle-stall, — he 'shall be a delirious Mystic; to him thou, with sniffing 'charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and 'shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through 'it? — *Armer Teufel!* Doth not thy cow calve, doth not 'thy bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt 'thou not die? "Explain" me all this, or do one of two 'things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; 'or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the

'reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembel-
'lished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante
'and sandblind Pedant.'

CHAPTER XI.

PROSPECTIVE.

THE philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid wayfarer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole:

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: "If I take the wings
'of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the
'universe, God is there." Thou too, O cultivated reader,
'who too probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, know-
'ing GOD only by tradition, knowest thou any corner of
'the world where at least FORCE is not? The drop which
'thou shakest from thy wet hand rests not where it falls,

'but tomorrow thou findest it swept away; already, on 'the wings of the Northwind, it is nearing the Tropic of 'Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motion-'less? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless; without 'Force and utterly dead?

'As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself: 'That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-'growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends 'over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-'shoe, — is it a detached, separated speck, cut-off from 'the whole Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? 'Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at 'the Sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's 'Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein, with Iron 'Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force of 'Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of 'Force brought about: it is a little ganglion, or nervous 'centre, in the great vital system of Immensity. Call it, 'if thou wilt, an unconscious Altar, kindled on the bosom 'of the All; whose iron sacrifice, whose iron smoke and 'influence reach quite through the All; whose Dingy 'Priest, not by word, yet by brain and sinew, preaches 'forth the mystery of Force; nay, preaches forth (exoteri-'cally enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Free-'dom, the Gospel of Man's Force, commanding, and one 'day to be all-commanding.

'Detached, separated! I say there is no such separa-'tion: nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; 'but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with 'all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood 'of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. 'The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces 'in it and around it, though working in inverse order; 'else how could it *rot!* Despise not the rag from which

'man makes Paper, or the litter from which the Earth makes 'Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignifi- 'cant; all objects are as windows, through which the 'philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself.'

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar, what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us?

'All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is 'not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there 'at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent 'some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, as despic- 'able as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. 'Clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are Emble- 'matic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Vic- 'tory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic 'things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand- 'woven: must not the Imagination weave Garments, 'visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and 'inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, 'and first become all-powerful; — the rather if, as we 'often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes 'or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?

'Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, 'clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, 'if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole 'terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible 'Garment for that divine ME of his, cast hither, like a 'light-particle, down from Heaven? Thus is he said also 'to be clothed with a Body.

'Language is called the Garment of Thought: how- 'ever, it should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, 'the Body, of Thought. I said that Imagination wove 'this Flesh-Garment; and does not she? Metaphors are 'her stuff: examine Language; what, if you except some

'few primitive elements (of natural sound), what is it all 'but Metaphors, recognised as such, or no longer recog- 'nised: still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and 'colourless? If those same primitive elements are the 'osseous fixtures in the Flesh-Garment, Language, — 'then are Metaphors its muscles and tissues and living 'integuments. An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain 'seek for: is not your very *Attention* a *Stretching-to?* 'The difference lies here: some styles are lean, adust, 'wiry, the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even 'quite pallid, hunger-bitten, and dead-looking; while 'others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous 'self-growth, sometimes (as in my own case) not without 'an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham 'Metaphors, which overhanging that same Thought's- 'Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, or bol- 'stering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous 'show-cloaks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen rags; 'whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole ham- 'pers, — and burn them.'

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical? However, that is not our chief grievance; the Professor continues:

'Why multiply instances? It is written, the Heavens 'and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which in- 'deed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. What- 'soever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to 'Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on 'for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one preg- 'nant subject of CLOTHES, rightly understood, is included 'all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: 'the whole External Universe and what it holds is but 'Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the 'PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.'

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, grey half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget,—the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation glanced over; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already: that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (*Verstand*) alone, no Life-Philosophy (*Lebensphilosophie*), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (*Gemüth*), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen; 'till the Author's View of the World (*Weltansicht*), and 'how he actively and passively came by such view, are

'clear: in short till a Biography of him has been phil-
'osophico-poetically written, and philosophico-poetically
'read.' 'Nay,' adds he, 'were the speculative scientific
'Truth even known, you still, in this inquiring age, ask
'yourself, Whence came it, and Why, and How? — and
'rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped-
'out an answer; and either in the authentic lineaments
'of Fact, or the forged ones of Fiction, a complete
'picture and Genetical History of the Man and his spirit-
'ual Endeavour lies before you. But why,' says the Hof-
rath, and indeed say we, 'do I dilate on the uses of our
'Teufelsdröckh's Biography? The great Herr Minister
'von Goethe has penetratingly remarked that "Man is
'properly the *only* object that interests man:" thus I too
'have noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole conversa-
'tion is little or nothing else but Biography or Auto-Biog-
'raphy; ever humano-anecdotical (*menschlich-anecdotisch*).
'Biography is by nature the most universally profitable,
'universally pleasant of all things; especially Biography
'of distinguished individuals.

'By this time, *mein Verehrtester* (my Most Esteemed),'
continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words
be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as
we suspect, is well nigh unaccountable, 'by this time you
'are fairly plunged (*vertieft*) in that mighty forest of
'Clothes-Philosophy; and looking round, as all readers
'do, with astonishment enough. Such portions and
'passages as you have already mastered, and brought
'to paper, could not but awaken a strange curiosity
'touching the mind they issued from; the perhaps un-
'paralleled psychical mechanism, which manufactured
'such matter, and emitted it to the light of day. Had
'Teufelsdröckh also a father and mother; did he, at one
'time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on spoon-meat? Did he

'ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a friend's bosom to his; 'looks he also wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the 'Past, where only winds, and their low harsh moan, 'give inarticulate answer? Has he fought duels; — good 'Heaven! how did he comport himself when in Love? 'By what singular stair-steps, in short, and subterranean 'passages, and sloughs of Despair, and steep Pisgah hills, 'has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron (a true 'Old-Clothes Jewry) where he now dwells?

'To all these natural questions the voice of Public 'History is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, 'and is, a Pilgrim, and Traveller from a far Country; more 'or less footsore and travel-soiled; has parted with road-'companions; fallen among thieves, been poisoned by 'bad cookery, blistered with bugbites; nevertheless, at 'every stage (for they have let him pass), has had the 'Bill to discharge. But the whole particulars of his Route, 'his Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches he 'took, though all regularly jotted down (in indelible 'sympathetic-ink by an invisible interior Penman), are 'these nowhere forthcoming? Perhaps quite lost: one 'other leaf of that mighty Volume (of human Memory) 'left to fly abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, 'as waste paper; and rot, the sport of rainy winds?

'No, *verehrtester Herr Herausgeber*, in no wise! I here, 'by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, 'send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography: at 'least the materials for such; wherefrom, if I misreckon 'not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight: and so 'the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes will 'stand clear to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, 'through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal 'New Holland, finally conquer (*einnehmen*) great part of 'this terrestrial Planet!'

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with 'fullest insight,' we find — Six considerable PAPER BAGS, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and oftener Shreds and Snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible *cursiv-schrift;* and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals and then in the most enigmatic manner.

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here speaking in the third person calls himself, 'the Wanderer,' is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, 'Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine,' or, 'The continued Possibility of Prophecy,' we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of 'P. P. Clerk of this Parish.' Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order, appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag *Capricorn*, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's-Hat,' lie wash-bills, marked *bezahlt* (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-

Advertisements of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still 't, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed *cursiv-schrift;* collating them with the almost equally unimaginable Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished-up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there

another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath: nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be swallowed up.

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving? Forward with us, courageous reader; be it towards failure, or towards success! The latter thou sharest with us, the former also is not all our own.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

GENESIS.

In a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any: so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility); whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

'In the village of Entepfuhl,' thus writes he, in the Bag *Libra*, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, 'dwelt Andreas Futteral and his wife; childless, 'in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging 'towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, 'and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederick the 'Great; but now, quitting the halbert and ferule for the 'spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on

'the produce of which, he Cincinnatus-like, lived not 'without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, 'with other varieties came in their season; all which 'Andreas knew how to sell: on evenings he smoked 'largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental School- 'master), and talked to neighbours that would listen 'about the Victory of Rossbach; and how Fritz the Only '(*der Einzige*) had once with his own royal lips spoken 'to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as 'camp-sentinel demanded the pass-word, "*Schweig' Hund* '(Peace, hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could 'answer. "*Das nenn' ich mir einen König*, There is what 'I call a King," would Andreas exclaim; "but the 'smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes."

'Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the 'deeds rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, 'lived not in altogether military subordination; for, as 'Andreas said, "the womankind will not drill (*wer kann 'die Weiberchen dressiren?*):" nevertheless she at heart 'loved him both for valour and wisdom; to her a Prus- 'sian grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's Schoolmaster 'was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what you see, 'yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was 'not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, 'downrightness (*Geradheit*); that understood Büsching's 'Geography, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and 'left for dead in the camisade of Hochkirch? The good 'Gretchen, for all her fretting, watched over him and 'hovered around him, as only a true housemother can: 'assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured for him; 'so that not only his old regimental sword and grenadier- 'cap, but the whole habitation and environment, where 'on pegs of honour they hung, looked ever trim and gay: 'a roomy painted Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and

'forest-trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-'coloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers strug-'gling-in through the very windows; under its long pro-'jecting eaves nothing but garden-tools in methodic piles '(to screen them from rain), and seats where, especially 'on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and 'smoke, and call it his. Such a *Bauergut* (Copyhold) 'had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, 'and long-disused gardening talent, had made it what 'you saw.

'Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow 'evening or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from ter-'restrial Entepfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and 'radiant along the celestial Balance (*Libra*), it was that 'a Stranger of reverend aspect entered; and, with grave 'salutation, stood before the two rather astonished house-'mates. He was close-muffled in a wide mantle; which 'without farther parley unfolding, he deposited there-'from what seemed some Basket, overhung with green 'Persian silk; saying only: *Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe 'ein unschätzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorg-'fältigst benützt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren 'Zinsen, wird's einst zurückgefordert.* "Good Christian 'people, here lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all 'heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high 'recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day 'be required back." Uttering which singular words, in 'a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, the Stranger 'gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, 'gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either 'question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of 'doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had 'vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate 'stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and

'always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in 'the autumn stillness and twilight, so gentle, noiseless, 'that the Futterals could have fancied it all a trick of 'Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. 'Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagi- 'nation nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still 'stood visible and tangible on their little parlour-table. 'Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, 'hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to 'see what invaluable it hid, they descried there amid 'down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt Diamond or 'Hapsburg Regalia, but in the softest sleep, a little red- 'coloured Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs 'the exact amount of which was never publicly known; 'also a *Taufschein* (baptismal certificate), wherein unfort- 'unately nothing but the Name was decipherable; other 'documents or indication none whatever.

'To wonder and conjecture was unavailing, then and 'always thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the 'morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had 'passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and- 'four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the 'way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas 'and his wife, the grand practical problem was: What to 'do with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant? Amid 'amazements and curiosities, which had to die away with- 'out external satisfying, they resolved, as in such circum- 'stances charitable prudent people needs must, on nurs- 'ing it, though with spoon-meat, into whiteness, and if 'possible, into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their 'endeavour: thus has that same mysterious Individual 'ever since had a status for himself in this visible Uni- 'verse, some modicum of victual and lodging and par-

'ade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, faculty, and 'knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES 'TEUFELSDRÖCKH, professes or is ready to profess, per- 'haps not altogether without effect, in the new University 'of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.'

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'pro- 'duced on the boyish heart and fancy a quite indelible 'impression. Who this reverend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was 'in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided out 'again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love 'and of sadness, has often since struggled within me to 'shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my loneli- 'ness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing (*sehnsuchtsvoll*), 'to that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, per- 'haps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to 'his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a 'woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out 'from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly 'Space, wend to and fro among the crowd of the living? 'Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the 'Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, 'through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms 'need not strive to reach? Alas! I know not, and in 'vain vex myself to know. More than once, heart- 'deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble- 'looking Stranger; and approached him wistfully, with 'infinite regard; but he too had to repel me, he too was 'not thou.

'And yet, O Man born of Woman,' cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, 'wherein is my 'case peculiar? Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father

'whom thou knowest? The Andreas and Gretchen, or 'the Adam and Eve, who led thee into Life, and for a 'time suckled and pap-fed thee there, whom thou namest 'Father and Mother; these were, like mine, but thy 'nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginning 'and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye 'thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.'

'The little green veil,' adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, 'I yet keep; 'still more inseparably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. 'From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now 'quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On 'the name I have many times meditated and conjectured; 'but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my 'unknown Father's name I must hesitate to believe. To 'no purpose have I searched through all the Herald's 'Books, in and without the German Empire, and through 'all manner of Subscriber-Lists (*Pränumeranten*), Militia-'Rolls, and other Name-catalogues; extraordinary names 'as we have in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except 'as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again 'what may the unchristian rather than Christian "Diog-'enes" mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend 'by such designation, to shadow forth my future destiny, 'or his own present malign humour? Perhaps the latter, 'perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an 'Ostrich hadst to leave thy ill-starred offspring to be 'hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of 'Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? 'Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or in-'deed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. 'Often have I fanced how, in thy hard life-battle, thou 'wert shot at and slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, ham-'strung, browbeaten and bedevilled, by the Time-Spirit

'(*Zeitgeist*) in thyself and others, till the good soul first 'given thee was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst 'nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant appeal 'to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the 'Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of 'Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and Pro- 'test, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps quite 'lost in air.

'For indeed as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is 'much, nay almost all, in Names. The Name is the ear- 'liest garment you wrap round the earth-visiting ME; to 'which it thenceforth cleaves, more tenaciously (for there 'are Names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than 'the very skin. And now from without, what mystic in- 'fluences does it not send inwards, even to the centre; 'especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole 'soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seed-grain 'will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? 'Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the 'most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater 'Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Sci- 'ence, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, 'than a right *Naming*. Adam's first task was giving 'names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a 'continuation of the same; be the Appearances exotic- 'vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements '(as in Science), or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, ca- 'lamities, God-attributes, Gods?— In a very plain sense 'the Proverb says, *Call one a thief, and he will steal;* in 'an almost similar sense, may we not perhaps say, *Call 'one Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and he will open the Philoso- 'phy of Clothes?*'

'Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all 'ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was open-

'ing his eyes to the kind Light; sprawling-out his ten 'fingers and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, 'by all his Five Senses, still more by his sixth Sense of 'Hunger, and a whole infinitude of inward, spiritual, half-'awakened Senses, endeavouring daily to acquire for 'himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where 'he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infi-'nite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months, he 'could perform the miracle of—Speech! To breed a 'fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) 'Egg; wherein as yet all is formless, powerless; yet by 'degrees organic elements and fibres shoot through the 'watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation, grows 'Thought, grow Fantasy and Force, and we have Phil-'osophies, Dynasties, nay Poetries and Religions!

'Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by 'such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, 'travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick 'yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and 'moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave-'out that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some 'sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's dis-'tant Prussian birth-land; of whom, as of her indigent 'sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Ente-'pfuhl. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his 'spoon-meat, and throve. I have heard him noted as a 'still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above 'all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that 'time was precious; that he had other work cut-out for 'him than whimpering.'

Such, after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh's genealogy. More

imperfect, more enigmatic it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him: but seems it not conceivable that, by the 'good Gretchen Futteral,' or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Entepfuhl Circulating-Library, some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Timbuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the mysterious basket-bearing stranger, who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists; and gently force even him to disclose himself; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride?

CHAPTER II.

IDYLLIC.

'HAPPY season of Childhood!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that 'visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and 'for thy Nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of Love 'and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers, 'danced-round (*umgaukelt*) by sweetest Dreams! If the 'paternal Cottage still shuts us in, its roof still screens 'us; with a Father we have as yet a prophet, priest and 'king, and Obedience that makes us free. The young 'spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows not what

'we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying 'stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child 'are as ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower 'or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the uni- 'versal World-fabric, from the granite mountain to the 'man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless 'Universe, we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirl- 'ing Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. 'Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at 'hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, 'but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, 'with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: '"Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest 'in?" Celestial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer 'empires, and an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee 'not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own ac- 'cord, on the eyelids, on the heart of every mother's 'child. For as yet, sleep and waking are one: the fair 'Life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere are 'dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope; which bud- 'ding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grow to flowers, will 'in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded 'stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.'

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood; the historical details of which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on, with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing 'in trustful derangement' among the woody slopes; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below; the little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau, into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe; and how 'the brave old Linden,' stretching

like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered-up from the central *Agora* and *Campus Martius* of the Village, like its Sacred Tree; and how the old men sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening), and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious summer twilights,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the Sun like a proud Conqueror and Imperial 'Taskmaster turned his back, with his gold-purple em-'blazonry, and all his fireclad body-guard (of Prismatic 'Colours); and the tired brickmakers of this clay Earth 'might steal a little frolic, and those few meek Stars 'would not tell of them!'

Then we have long details of the *Weinlesen* (Vintage) the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhl Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden'? Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the 'sports of Children, were it only in their wanton break-'ages and defacements, you shall discern a creative in-'stinct (*schaffenden Trieb*): the Mankin feels that he is a 'born Man, that his vocation is to work. The choicest 'present you can make him is a Tool; be it knife or pen-'gun, for construction or for destruction; either way it 'is for Work, for Change. In gregarious sports of skill 'or strength, the Boy trains himself to Coöperation, for 'war or peace, as governor or governed: the little Maid 'again, provident of her domestic destiny, takes with 'preference to Dolls.'

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it: 'My first short-clothes were 'of yellow serge; or rather, I should say, my first short-'cloth, for the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching 'from neck to ankle, a mere body with four limbs: of 'which fashion how little could I then divine the architectural, how much less the moral significance!'

More graceful is the following little picture: 'On fine 'evenings I was wont to carry-forth my supper (bread-'crumb boiled in milk), and eat it out-of-doors. On the 'coping of the Orchard-wall, which I could reach by 'climbing, or still more easily if Father Andreas would 'set-up the pruning-ladder, my porringer was placed: 'there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant 'western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my 'evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that 'hush of World's expectation as Day died, were still a 'Hebrew Speech for me; nevertheless, I was looking 'at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their 'gilding.'

With 'the little one's friendship for cattle and poultry,' we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a 'certain deeper sympathy with animated Nature'; but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical Documents, such a piece as this: 'Impressive enough (*bedeutungsvoll*) was it to hear, 'in early morning, the Swineherd's horn; and know that 'so many hungry happy quadrupeds were, on all sides, 'starting in hot haste to join him, for breakfast on the 'Heath. Or to see them, at eventide, all marching-in 'again, with short squeak, almost in military order; and 'each, topographically correct, trotting-off in succession 'to the right or left, through its own lane, to its own 'dwelling; till old Kunz, at the Village-head, now left

'alone, blew his last blast, and retired for the night. We 'are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham; 'yet did not these bristly thick-skinned beings here mani-'fest intelligence, perhaps humour of character; at any 'rate, a touching, trustful submissiveness to man, — who 'were he but a Swineherd, in darned gabardine, and 'leather breeches more resembling slate or discoloured-'tin breeches, is still the Hierarch of this lower world?'

It is maintained, by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closefolded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserver: the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development; that of the other, crushed-down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. 'With which opinion,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'I should as 'soon agree as with this other, that an acorn might, by 'favourable or unfavourable influences of soil and climate, 'be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into an 'oak.

'Nevertheless,' continues he, 'I too acknowledge the 'all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby 'we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-tower-'ing, wide-shadowing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, 'or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the 'duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note-'down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of 'their Education, what furthered, what hindered, what in 'any way modified it: to which duty, nowadays so press-

'ing for many a German Autobiographer, I also zeal-
'ously address myself.'—Thou rogue! Is it by short-
clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an
infant of genius is educated? And yet, as usual, it ever
remains doubtful whether he is laughing in his sleeve at
these Autobiographical times of ours, or writing from
the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he con-
tinues: 'If among the ever-streaming currents of Sights,
'Hearings, Feelings for Pain or Pleasure, whereby, as in
'a Magic Hall, young Gneschen went about environed, I
'might venture to select and specify, perhaps these fol-
'lowing were also of the number:

'Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, Ac-
'tivity, so the young creature's Imagination was stirred
'up, and a Historical tendency given him by the narra-
'tive habits of Father Andreas; who, with his battle-
'reminiscences, and grey austere yet hearty patriarchal
'aspect, could not but appear another Ulysses and
'"much-enduring Man." Eagerly I hung upon his tales,
'when listening neighbours enlivened the hearth: from
'these perils and these travels, wild and far almost as
'Hades itself, a dim world of Adventure expanded itself
'within me. Incalculable also was the knowledge I
'acquired in standing by the Old Men under the Linden-
'tree: the whole of Immensity was yet new to me; and
'had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough, been
'employed in partial surveys thereof for nigh fourscore
'years? With amazement I began to discover that En-
'tepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World;
'that there was such a thing as History, as Biography;
'to which I also, one day, by hand and tongue, might
'contribute.

'In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-Coach),
'which, slow-rolling under its mountains of men and lug-

'gage, wended through our Village: northwards, truly, in 'the dead of night; yet southwards visibly at eventide. 'Not till my eighth year, did I reflect that this Postwagen 'could be other than some terrestrial Moon, rising and 'setting by mere Law of Nature, like the heavenly one; 'that it came on made highways, from far cities towards 'far cities; weaving them like a monstrous shuttle into 'closer and closer union. It was then that, independently of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite 'insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things): '*Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the 'end of the World!*

'Why mention our Swallows, which, out of far Africa 'as I learned, threading their way over seas and mountains, corporate cities and belligerent nations, yearly 'found themselves, with the month of May, snug-lodged 'in our Cottage Lobby? The hospitable Father (for cleanliness' sake) had fixed a little bracket plumb under 'their nest: there they built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred; and all, I chiefly, from the heart loved 'them. Bright, nimble creatures, who taught *you* the 'mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic 'incorporation, almost social police? For if, by ill 'chance, and when time pressed, your House fell, have I 'not seen five neighbourly Helpers appear next day; and 'swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn 'chirpings, and activity almost super-hirundine, complete 'it again before nightfall?

'But undoubtedly the grand summary of Entepfuhl 'child's culture, where as in a funnel its manifold influences were concentrated and simultaneously poured-'down on us, was the annual Cattle-fair. Here, assembling from all the four winds, came the elements of an 'unspeakable hurly-burly. Nutbrown maids and nut-

'brown men, all clear-washed, loud-laughing, bedizened 'and beribanded; who came for dancing, for treating, 'and if possible, for happiness. Topbooted Graziers 'from the North; Swiss Brokers, Italian Drovers, also 'topbooted, from the South; these with their subalterns 'in leather jerkins, leather skull-caps, and long oxgoads; 'shouting in half-articulate speech, amid the inarticulate 'barking and bellowing. Apart stood Potters from far 'Saxony, with their crockery in fair rows; Nürnberg 'Pedlars, in booths that to me seemed richer than Ormuz 'bazaars; Showmen from the Lago Maggiore; detach- 'ments of the *Wiener Schub* (Offscourings of Vienna) 'vociferously superintending games of chance. Ballad- 'singers brayed, Auctioneers grew hoarse; cheap New 'Wine (*heuriger*) flowed like water, still worse confound- 'ing the confusion; and high over all, vaulted, in ground- 'and-lofty tumbling, a particoloured Merry-Andrew, like 'the genius of the place and of Life itself.'

'Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; under 'the deep heavenly Firmament; waited-on by the four 'golden Seasons with their vicissitudes of contribution, 'for even grim Winter brought its skating-matches and 'shooting-matches, its snow-storms and Christmas-carols, '—did the Child sit and learn. These things were the 'Alphabet, whereby in after-time he was to syllable and 'partly read the grand Volume of the World: what mat- 'ters it whether such Alphabet be in large gilt letters or 'in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it? 'For Gneschen, eager to learn, the very act of looking 'thereon was a blessedness that gilded all: his existence 'was a bright, soft element of Joy; out of which, as in 'Prospero's Island, wonder after wonder bodied itself 'forth, to teach by charming.

'Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, that 'even then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all, 'come down from Heaven into the Earth. Among the 'rainbow colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in 'childhood a dark ring of Care, as yet no thicker than a 'thread, and often quite overshone; yet always it reap-'peared, nay ever waxing broader and broader; till in 'after-years it almost over-shadowed my whole canopy, 'and threatened to engulf me in final night. It was 'the ring of Necessity, whereby we are all begirt; happy 'he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it into a 'ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful pris-'matic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for 'our whole being, it is there.

'For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprentice-'ship, we have not much work to do; but, boarded and 'lodged gratis, are set down mostly to look about us over 'the workshop, and see others work, till we have under-'stood the tools a little, and can handle this and that. 'If good Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and 'good Activity together, were the thing wanted, then was 'my early position favourable beyond the most. In all 'that respects openness of Sense, affectionate Temper, 'ingenuous Curiosity, and the fostering of these, what 'more could I have wished? On the other side, how-'ever, things went not so well. My Active Power (*That-'kraft*) was unfavourably hemmed-in; of which misfor-'tune how many traces yet abide with me! In an orderly 'house, where the litter of children's sports is hateful 'enough, your training is too stoical; rather to bear and 'forbear than to make and do. I was forbid much: 'wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce; every-'where a strait bond of Obedience inflexibly held me 'down. Thus already Freewill often came in painful

'collision with Necessity; so that my tears flowed, and 'at seasons the Child itself might taste that root of bit- 'terness, wherewith the whole fruitage of our life is min- 'gled and tempered.

'In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was be- 'yond measure safer to err by excess than by defect. 'Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein 'whoso will not bend must break: too early and too 'thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, 'in this world of ours, is as mere zero to Should, and for 'most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall. 'Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly Discretion, 'nay, of Morality itself. Let me not quarrel with my up- 'bringing! It was rigorous, too frugal, compressively 'secluded, every way unscientific: yet in that very strict- 'ness and domestic solitude might there not lie the root 'of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble 'fruit must grow? Above all, how unskilful soever, it 'was loving, it was well-meant, honest; whereby every 'deficiency was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I 'must ever love the good Gretchen, did me one altogether 'invaluable service: she taught me, less indeed by word 'than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her 'own simple version of the Christian Faith. Andreas 'too attended Church; yet more like a parade duty for 'which he in the other world expected pay with arrears, '— as, I trust, he has received; but my Mother, with a 'true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, 'was in the strictest acceptation Religious. How inde- 'structibly the Good grows, and propagates itself, even 'among the weedy entanglements of Evil! The highest 'whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with 'awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such 'things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very

'core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies 'build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps; and 'Reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying 'from its mean envelopment of Fear. Wouldst thou 'rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so 'rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man; or a 'duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty 'quarters on the family-coach?'

To which last question we must answer: Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride!

CHAPTER III.

PEDAGOGY.

HITHERTO we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of yellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop; but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto, accordingly, his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract: perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the Special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet foreshadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen, as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy (at least all the pigments are there); yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity; how, when, to use his own words,

'he understands the tools a little, and can handle this or that,' he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher's history, there is something of an almost Hindoo character: nay, perhaps in that so well fostered and everyway excellent 'Passivity' of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in after-days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted, Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a No-man; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost superabundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography! Now as heretofore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools of any complicacy which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books. On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he 'cannot remember ever to have learned'; so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally: 'Of the insignifi-'cant portion of my Education, which depended on 'Schools, there need almost no notice be taken. I 'learned what others learn; and kept it stored-by in a 'corner of my head, seeing as yet no manner of use in it. 'My Schoolmaster, a downbent, brokenhearted, under-'foot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, 'except discover that he could do little: he, good soul, 'pronounced me a genius, fit for the learned professions;

'and that I must be sent to the Gymnasium, and one day 'to the University. Meanwhile, what printed thing so-'ever I could meet with I read. My very copper pocket-'money I laid-out on stall-literature; which, as it accumu-'lated, I with my own hands sewed into volumes. By 'this means was the young head furnished with a consid-'erable miscellany of things and shadows of things: His-'tory in authentic fragments lay mingled with Fabulous 'chimeras, wherein also was reality; and the whole not 'as dead stuff, but as living pabulum, tolerably nutritive 'for a mind as yet so peptic.'

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following? 'It struck me much, as I 'sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and watched 'it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet 'had flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather 'and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of History. 'Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded 'Jordan; even as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless 'with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* 'dry, — this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas 'or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet 'unnamed, unseen: here, too, as in the Euphrates and 'the Ganges, is a vein or veinlet of the grand World-'circulation of Waters, which, with its atmospheric arte-'ries, has lasted and lasts simply with the World. Thou 'fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a

mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six-thousand 'years of age.' In which little thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the beginning of those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of TIME, and its relation to ETERNITY, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes?

Over his Gymnasic and Academic years the Professor by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood. Green sunny tracts there are still; but intersected by bitter rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes of discontent. 'With my first view 'of the Hinterschlag Gymnasium,' writes he, 'my evil 'days began. Well do I still remember the red sunny 'Whitsuntide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the 'side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the 'place, and saw its steeple-clock (then striking Eight) and '*Schuldthurm* (Jail), and the aproned or disaproned Burgh-'ers moving-in to breakfast: a little dog, in mad terror, 'was rushing past; for some human imps had tied a tin-'kettle to its tail; thus did the agonised creature, loud-'jingling, career through the whole length of the Borough, 'and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many a 'Conquering Hero, to whom Fate (wedding Fantasy to 'Sense, as it often elsewhere does) has malignantly ap-'pended a tin-kettle of Ambition, to chase him on; 'which, the faster he runs, urges him the faster, the more 'loudly and more foolishly! Fit emblem also of much 'that awaited myself, in that mischievous Den; as in 'the world, whereof it was a portion and epitome!

'Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were hidden 'in the distance: I was among strangers, harshly, at best 'indifferently, disposed towards me; the young heart felt, 'for the first time, quite orphaned and alone.' His school-fellows, as is usual, persecuted him: 'They were Boys,'

he says, 'mostly rude Boys, and obeyed the impulse of 'rude Nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any 'stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death any broken-'winged brother or sister, and on all hands the strong 'tyrannise over the weak.' He admits that though 'perhaps in an unusual degree morally courageous,' he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it; a result, as it would appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons, he was 'incredibly nimble'), than to his 'virtuous principles': 'if 'it was disgraceful to be beaten,' says he 'it was only a 'shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought; thus 'was I drawn two ways at once, and in this important 'element of school-history, the war-element, had little 'but sorrow.' On the whole, that same excellent 'Passivity,' so notable in Teufelsdröckh's childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. 'He wept 'often; indeed to such a degree that he was nicknamed '*Der Weinende* (the Tearful), which epithet, till towards 'his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite unmerited. 'Only at rare intervals did the young soul burst-forth 'into fire-eyed rage, and, with a Stormfulness (*Ungestüm*) 'under which the boldest quailed, assert that he too had 'Rights of Man, or at least of Mankin.' In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reed-grass, and ignoble shrubs; and forced, if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards; into a *height* quite sickly, and disproportioned to its *breadth*?

We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin were 'mechanically' taught; Hebrew scarce even mechanically; much else which they called History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy; and he

himself 'went about, as was of old his wont, among the Craftsmen's workshops, there learning many things;' and farther lighted on some small store of curious reading, in Hans Wachtel the Cooper's house, where he lodged, — his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor had not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag *Scorpio*, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shews himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My teachers,' says he, 'were hide-bound Pedants, 'without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's; or 'of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-'books. Innumerable dead Vocables (no dead Language, 'for they themselves knew no Language) they crammed 'into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. 'How can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder, the 'like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manu-'factured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the 'growth of anything; much more of Mind, which grows, 'not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with 'etymological compost), but like a Spirit, by mysterious 'contact of Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire 'of living Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in 'whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is 'burnt-out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinter-'schlag Professors knew syntax enough; and of the 'human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called 'Memory, and could be acted-on through the muscular 'integument by appliance of birch-rods.

'Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the 'Hodman is discharged, or reduced to hodbearing; and 'an Architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged;

'till communities and individuals discover, not without 'surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by 'Knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bod-'ies to pieces by Gunpowder; that with Generals and 'Fieldmarshals for killing, there should be world-honoured 'Dignitaries, and were it possible, true God-ordained 'Priests, for teaching. But as yet, though the Soldier 'wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, 'nowhere, far as I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster 'make show of his instructing-tool: nay were he to walk 'abroad with birch girt on thigh, as if he therefrom ex-'pected honour, would there not, among the idler class, 'perhaps a certain levity be excited?'

In the third year of this Gymnasic period, Father Andreas seems to have died: the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. 'The dark bottomless Abyss, that lies un-'der our feet, had yawned open; the pale kingdoms of 'Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and gen-'erations stood before him; the inexorable word, NEVER! 'now first shewed its meaning. My Mother wept, and 'her sorrow got vent; but in my heart there lay a whole 'lake of tears, pent-up in silent desolation. Neverthe-'less the unworn Spirit is strong; Life is so healthful 'that it even finds nourishment in Death: these stern 'experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagina-'tion, rose there to a whole cypress-forest, sad but beauti-'ful; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxu-'riance, in the hottest sunshine, through long years of 'youth:—as in manhood also it does, and will do; for 'I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree; the 'Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by 'the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments,

'and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly 'enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a 'still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the 'noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep 'for and never help; and ye, who wide-scattered still 'toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the 'flinty ground with your blood,—yet a little while, and 'we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will 'screen us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's 'fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and 'inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us 'any more!'

Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant); with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler: the whole of which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster-son that he was not at all of this kindred; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. 'Thus was I 'doubly orphaned,' says he; 'bereft not only of Posses- 'sion, but even of Remembrance. Sorrow and Wonder, 'here suddenly united, could not but produce abundant 'fruit. Such a disclosure, in such a season, struck its 'roots through my whole nature; ever till the years of 'mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, 'was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and night- 'dreams grew. A certain poetic elevation, yet also a 'corresponding civic depression, it naturally imparted: '*I was like no other;* in which fixed-idea, leading some- 'times to highest, and oftener to frightfullest results, may

'there not lie the first spring of tendencies, which in my 'Life have become remarkable enough? As in birth, 'so in action, speculation, and social position, my fellows 'are perhaps not numerous.'

In the Bag *Sagittarius*, as we at length discover, Teufelsdröckh has become a University man; though how, when, or of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers; not even the total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In *Sagittarius*, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to shew himself even more than usually Sibylline: fragments of all sorts; scraps of regular Memoir, College-Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimoniums, Milkscores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent years; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see; darkly, as through the foliage of some wavering thicket: a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigorously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables,' and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet nowise with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting; for 'the

'good Gretchen, who in spite of advices from not disin-
'terested relatives has sent him hither, must after a time
'withdraw her willing but too feeble hand.' Nevertheless in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time, and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo of a Paper-bag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag *Scorpio*, Teufelsdröckh had not already expectorated his antipedagogic spleen; as if, from the name *Sagittarius*, he had thought himself called upon to shoot arrows, we here again fall-in with such matter as this: 'The University where I was educated still stands 'vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name 'well; which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It 'is my painful duty to say that, out of England and 'Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered 'Universities. This is indeed a time when right Education is, as nearly as may be, impossible: however, 'in degrees of wrongness there is no limit: nay, I can 'conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless itself: as poisoned victual may be worse than absolute 'hunger.

'It is written, When the blind lead the blind, both 'shall fall into the ditch; wherefore, in such circum-

'stances, may it not sometimes be safer, if both leader 'and led simply — sit still? Had you, anywhere in Crim 'Tartary, walled-in a square enclosure; furnished it with 'a small, ill-chosen Library; and then turned loose into 'it eleven-hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about 'as they listed, from three to seven years: certain per- 'sons, under the title of Professors, being stationed at 'the gates, to declare aloud that it was a University, and 'exact considerable admission-fees, — you had, not in- 'deed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, 'some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary. I 'say, imperfect; for if our mechanical structure was quite 'other, so neither was our result altogether the same: 'unhappily, we were not in Crim Tartary, but in a cor- 'rupt European city, full of smoke and sin; moreover, in 'the middle of a Public, which, without far costlier ap- 'paratus, than that of the Square Enclosure, and Decla- 'ration aloud, you could not be sure of gulling.

'Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are; 'and gulled, with the most surprising profit. Towards 'any thing like a *Statistics of Imposture*, indeed, little as 'yet has been done: with a strange indifference, our Econ- 'omists, nigh buried under Tables for minor Branches 'of Industry, have altogether overlooked the grand all- 'overtopping Hypocrisy Branch; as if our whole arts of 'Puffery, of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the 'innumerable other crafts and mysteries of that genus, 'had not ranked in Productive Industry at all! Can any 'one, for example, so much as say, What moneys, in Lit- 'erature and Shoeblacking, are realised by actual In- 'struction and actual jet Polish; what by fictitious-per- 'suasive Proclamation of such; specifying, in distinct 'items, the distributions, circulations, disbursements, in- 'comings of said moneys, with the smallest approach to

'accuracy? But to ask, How far, in all the several infi-
'nitely-complected departments of social business, in
'government, education, in manual, commercial, intellect-
'ual fabrication of every sort, man's Want is supplied by
'true Ware; how far by the mere appearance of true
'Ware: — in other words, To what extent, by what
'methods, with what effects, in various times and coun-
'tries, Deception takes the place and wages of Perform-
'ance: here truly is an Inquiry big with results for the
'future time, but to which hitherto only the vaguest
'answer can be given. If for the present, in our Europe,
'we estimate the ratio of Ware to Appearance of Ware so
'high even as at One to a Hundred (which considering
'the Wages of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, or English Game-
'Preserver, is probably not far from the mark), — what
'almost prodigious saving may there not be anticipated,
'as the *Statistics of Imposture* advances, and so the man-
'ufacturing of Shams (that of Realities rising into clearer
'and clearer distinction therefrom) gradually declines,
'and at length becomes all but wholly unnecessary!

'This for the coming golden ages. What I had to
'remark, for the present brazen one, is, that in several
'provinces, as in Education, Polity, Religion, where so
'much is wanted and indispensable, and so little can as
'yet be furnished, probably Imposture is of sanative,
'anodyne nature, and man's Gullibility not his worst
'blessing. Suppose your sinews of war quite broken;
'I mean your military chest insolvent, forage all but
'exhausted; and that the whole army is about to mutiny,
'disband, and cut your and each other's throat, — then
'were it not well could you, as if by miracle, pay them in
'any sort of fairy-money, feed them on coagulated water,
'or mere imagination of meat; whereby, till the real sup-
'ply came up, they might be kept together and quiet?

'Such perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing 'without aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, with this 'his so omnipotent or rather omnipatient Talent of being 'Gulled.

'How beautifully it works, with a little mechanism; 'nay, almost makes mechanism for itself! These Pro- 'fessors in the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by 'a mere Reputation constructed in past times, and then 'too with no great effort by quite another class of per- 'sons. Which Reputation, like a strong brisk-going un- 'dershot wheel, sunk into the general current, bade fair, 'with only a little annual repainting on their part, to hold 'long together, and of its own accord assiduously grind 'for them. Happy that it was so, for the Millers! They 'themselves needed not to work; their attempts at work- 'ing, at what they called Educating, now when I look 'back on it, fill me with a certain mute admiration.

'Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational Uni- 'versity; in the highest degree hostile to Mysticism; 'thus was the young vacant mind furnished with much 'talk about Progress of the Species, Dark Ages, Preju- 'dice, and the like; so that all were quickly enough 'blown out into a state of windy argumentativeness; 'whereby the better sort had soon to end in sick, impo- 'tent Scepticism; the worser sort explode (*crepiren*) in 'finished Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become 'dead.—But this too is portion of mankind's lot. If our 'era is the Era of Unbelief, why murmur under it; is 'there not a better coming, nay come? As in long-drawn 'systole and long-drawn diastole, must the period of 'Faith alternate with the period of Denial; must the 'vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all Opinions, 'Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, 'and again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter disso-

'lution. For man lives in Time, has his whole earthly 'being, endeavour, and destiny shaped for him by Time: 'only in the transitory Time-Symbol is the ever-motionless 'Eternity we stand on made manifest. And yet, in such 'winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the nobler-minded per- 'haps a comparative misery to have been born, and to be 'awake and work; and for the duller a felicity, if, like 'hibernating animals, safe-lodged in some Salamanca 'University, or Sybaris City, or other superstitious or vol- 'uptuous Castle of Indolence, they can slumber-through, 'in stupid dreams, and only awaken when the loud-roar- 'ing hailstorms have all done their work, and to our pray- 'ers and martyrdoms the new Spring has been vouch- 'safed.'

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth, Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease, cannot be doubtful. 'The hungry young,' he says, 'looked 'up to their spiritual Nurses; and, for food, were bidden 'eat the east-wind. What vain jargon of controversial 'Metaphysic, Etymology, and mechanical Manipulation 'falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed 'learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven- 'hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting 'some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a 'certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by 'instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting (*re- 'nommiren*), than to thinking and reading, which latter 'also I was free to do. Nay from the chaos of that Li- 'brary, I succeeded in fishing-up more books perhaps 'than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The 'foundation of a Literary Life was hereby laid: I learned, 'on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all culti- 'vated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences; 'farther, as man is ever the prime object to man, already

'it was my favourite employment to read character in 'speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. 'A certain groundplan of Human Nature and Life began 'to fashion itself in me; wondrous enough, now when I 'look back on it; for my whole Universe, physical and 'spiritual, was as yet a Machine! However, such a con- 'scious, recognised groundplan, the truest I had, *was* 'beginning to be there, and by additional experiments, 'might be corrected and indefinitely extended.'

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth; thus in the destitution of the wild desert, does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters. Teufelsdröckh gives us long details of his 'fever-paroxysms of Doubt;' his Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the Evidences of religious Faith; and how 'in the silent night-watches, still 'darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast 'himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers, 'cried vehemently for Light, for deliverance from Death 'and the Grave. Not till after long years, and unspeaka- 'ble agonies, did the believing heart surrender; sink into 'spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, Unbelief; and, 'in this hag-ridden dream, mistake God's fair living world 'for a pallid, vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. 'But through such Purgatory pain,' continues he, 'it is 'appointed us to pass; first must the dead Letter of 'Religion own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, 'if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this its char- 'nel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and 'with new healing under its wings.'

To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money,

want of hope ; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means, — do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within ; the fire of genius struggling-up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame ?

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice : certain established men are aware of his existence ; and, if stretching-out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes upon him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law ; — whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate. But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation ; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras-picture of these University years.

'Here also it was that I formed acquaintance with 'Herr Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better written, Herr 'Toughgut ; a young person of quality (*von Adel*), from 'the interior parts of England. He stood connected, by 'blood and hospitality, with the Counts von Zähdarm, in 'this quarter of Germany ; to which noble Family I likewise was, by his means, with all friendliness, brought 'near. Towgood had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated ; with considerable humour of character : and, 'bating his total ignorance, for he knew nothing except 'Boxing and a little Grammar, showed less of that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury, than for most part 'belongs to Travellers of his nation. To him I owe my 'first practical knowledge of the English and their ways ;

'perhaps also something of the partiality with which I 'have ever since regarded that singular people. Tow-'good was not without an eye, could he have come at any 'light. Invited doubtless by the presence of the Zäh-'darm Family, he had travelled hither, in the almost 'frantic hope of perfecting his studies; he, whose studies 'had as yet been those of infancy, hither to a University 'where so much as the notion of perfection, not to say 'the effort after it, no longer existed! Often we would 'condole over the hard destiny of the Young in this era: 'how, after all our toil, we were to be turned-out into the 'world, with beards on our chins indeed, but with few 'other attributes of manhood; no existing thing that we 'were trained to Act on, nothing that we could so much 'as Believe. "How has our head on the outside a pol-'ished Hat," would Towgood exclaim, "and in the inside 'Vacancy, or a froth of Vocables and Attorney-Logic! 'At a small cost men are educated to make leather into 'shoes; but at a great cost, what am I educated to make? 'By Heaven, Brother! what I have already eaten and 'worn, as I came thus far, would endow a considerable 'Hospital of Incurables." — "Man, indeed," I would 'answer, "has a Digestive Faculty, which must be kept 'working, were it even partly by stealth. But as for our 'Miseducation, make not bad worse; waste not the time 'yet ours, in trampling on thistles because they have 'yielded us no figs. *Frisch zu, Bruder!* Here are Books, 'and we have brains to read them; here is a whole Earth 'and a whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them: '*Frisch zu!*"

'Often also our talk was gay; not without brilliancy, 'and even fire. We looked-out on Life, with its strange 'scaffolding, where all at once harlequins dance, and men 'are beheaded and quartered: motley, not unterrific was

'the aspect; but we looked on it like brave youths. For 'myself, these were perhaps my most genial hours. To- 'wards this young warmhearted, strongheaded and wrong- 'headed Herr Towgood, I was even near experiencing 'the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship. Yes, foolish 'Heathen that I was, I felt that, under certain condi- 'tions, I could have loved this man, and taken him to 'my bosom, and been his brother once and always. By 'degrees, however, I understood the new time, and its 'wants. If man's *Soul* is indeed, as in the Finnish Lan- 'guage, and Utilitarian Philosophy, a kind of *Stomach*, 'what else is the true meaning of Spiritual Union but an 'Eating together? Thus we, instead of Friends, are 'Dinner-guests; and here as elsewhere have cast away 'chimeras.'

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived-under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader 'in the interior parts of England' know of such a man?

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

'THUS nevertheless,' writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, 'was there realised Somewhat; 'namely, I, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: a visible Temporary 'Figure (*Zeitbild*), occupying some cubic feet of Space, 'and containing within it Forces both physical and spir- 'itual; hopes, passions, thoughts; the whole wondrous

'furniture, in more or less perfection, belonging to that 'mystery, a Man. Capabilities there were in me to give 'battle, in some small degree, against the great Empire of 'Darkness: does not the very Ditcher and Delver, with 'his spade, extinguish many a thistle and puddle; and so 'leave a little Order, where he found the opposite? Nay 'your very Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and ever 'organises something (into its own Body, if no otherwise), 'which was before Inorganic; and of mute dead air makes 'living music, though only of the faintest, by humming.

'How much more, one whose capabilities are spiritual; 'who has learned, or begun learning, the grand thauma-'turgic art of Thought! Thaumaturgic I name it; 'for hitherto all Miracles have been wrought thereby, 'and henceforth innumerable will be wrought; whereof 'we, even in these days, witness some. Of the Poet's 'and Prophet's inspired Message, and how it makes and 'unmakes whole worlds, I shall forbear mention; but 'cannot the dullest hear Steam-engines clanking around 'him? Has he not seen the Scottish Brassmith's IDEA '(and this but a mechanical one) travelling on fire-wings 'round the Cape, and across two Oceans; and stronger 'than any other Enchanter's Familiar, on all hands un-'weariedly fetching and carrying: at home, not only 'weaving Cloth; but rapidly enough overturning the 'whole old system of Society; and, for Feudalism and 'Preservation of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but 'sure methods, Industrialism and the Government of the 'Wisest? Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the 'Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one 'announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder 'through the Nether Empire; and new Emissaries are 'trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, 'and hoodwink and handcuff him.

'With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the 'Universe, been called. Unhappy it is, however, that 'though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, 'with no less than sovereign right of Peace and War 'against the Time-Prince (*Zeitfürst*), or Devil, and all his 'Dominions, your coronation-ceremony costs such trouble, 'your sceptre is so difficult to get at, or even to get eye 'on!'

By which last wiredrawn similitude, does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call 'getting under way'? 'Not what I Have,' continues he, 'but what I Do is my Kingdom. To each 'is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward En- 'vironment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination 'of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. But 'the hardest problem were ever this first: To find by 'study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what 'your combined inward and outward Capability specially 'is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with Capa- 'bilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true 'one. Always too the new man is in a new time, under 'new conditions; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no 'prior one, but is by its nature original. And then how 'seldom will the outward Capability fit the inward: 'though talented wonderfully enough, we are poor, un- 'friendly, dyspeptical, bashful; nay, what is worse than 'all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of Cap- 'abilities, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which 'is ours, and often clutch the wrong one: in this mad 'work must several years of our small term be spent, till 'the purblind Youth, by practice, acquire notions of dis- 'tance, and become a seeing Man. Nay, many so spend 'their whole term, and in ever-new expectation, ever-new 'disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and

'from side to side: till at length, as exasperated strip-
'lings of threescore-and-ten, they shift into their last
'enterprise, that of getting buried.

'Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, would
'be the general fate; were it not that one thing saves
'us: our Hunger. For on this ground, as the prompt
'nature of Hunger is well known, must a prompt choice
'be made: hence have we, with wise foresight, Inden-
'tures and Apprenticeships for our irrational young;
'whereby, in due season, the vague universality of a Man
'shall find himself ready-moulded into a specific Crafts-
'man; and so thenceforth work, with much or with little
'waste of Capability as it may be; yet not with the worst
'waste, that of time. Nay even in matters spiritual, since
'the spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like
'certain other creatures, receive sight in nine days, but
'far later, sometimes never, — is it not well that there
'should be what we call Professions, or Bread-studies
'(*Brodzwecke*), preappointed us? Here, circling like the
'gin-horse, for whom partial or total blindness is no evil,
'the Bread-artist can travel contentedly round and round,
'still fancying that it is forward and forward; and realise
'much: for himself victual; for the world an additional
'horse's power in the grand corn-mill or hemp-mill of
'Economic Society. For me too had such a leading-
'string been provided; only that it proved a neck-halter,
'and had nigh throttled me, till I broke it off. Then, in
'the words of Ancient Pistol, did the World generally be-
'come mine oyster, which I, by strength or cunning, was
'to open, as I would and could. Almost had I deceased
'(*fast wär' ich umgekommen*), so obstinately did it continue
'shut.'

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer; the histor-

ical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this Bag *Pisces*, and those that follow. A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, 'breaks-off his neck-halter,' and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced-in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye; but to him they are forbidden pasture: either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand; or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone-walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way: not indeed into luxuriant and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom, though waited on by Scarcity, is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown-up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, *No Object and no Rest;* must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his 'neck-halter' sat nowise easy on him; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man's civic position, in this Nameless capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can discern well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly; and can even

boast that the *Examen Rigorosum* need not have frightened him: but though he is hereby 'an *Auscultator* of respectability' what avails it? There is next to no employment to be had. Neither for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation very hopeful in itself; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. 'My fellow Auscultators,' he says, 'were Aus-'cultators: they dressed, and digested, and talked artic-'ulate words; other vitality shewed they almost none. 'Small speculation in those eyes, that they did glare 'withal! Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, 'nor for aught human or divine, save only for the faintest 'scent of coming Preferment.' In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps too what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride, though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? 'Like 'a very young person, I imagined it was with Work alone, 'and not also with Folly and Sin, in myself and others, 'that I have been appointed to struggle.' Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, to-

wards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as 'a man of genius:' against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests. 'As if,' says he, 'the higher did not presuppose the lower; 'as if he who can fly into heaven, could not also walk 'post if he resolved on it! But the world is an old 'woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; 'whereby being often cheated she will thenceforth trust 'nothing but the common copper.'

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean while, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen seems to have vanished from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty, or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that 'the prompt nature of Hunger being well known,' we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition, in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, 'does the young Adventurer hitherto suspect in himself 'any literary gift; but at best earns bread-and-water 'wages, by his wide faculty of Translation. Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that I subsisted is clear, for you 'find me even now alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb, that 'there is always life for a living one,' we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money; but, like an independent Hearthholder, if not House-holder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes,

which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot; and runs to this effect: 'The (*Inkblot*), tied-down by previ-'ous promise, cannot, except by best wishes, forward the 'Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on the Assessorship in 'question; and sees himself under the cruel necessity of 'forbearing, for the present, what were otherwise his 'duty and joy, to assist in opening the career for a man 'of genius, on whom far higher triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead, yet which once lived and beneficently worked. We give it in the original: '*Herr* '*Teufelsdröckh wird von der Frau Gräfinn, auf Donners-*'*tag, zum* Æsthetischen Thee *schönstens eingeladen.*'

Thus in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes epigrammatically enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid *Æsthetic Tea!* How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps in expressive silence, and abstinence: otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chickenweed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the *Zähdarm House*, she can be no other than the Countess and mistress of the same; whose intellectual tendencies, and good will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer, though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain; enough for him if he here

obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. 'The Zähdarms,' says he, 'lived in the soft, sumptuous 'garniture of Aristocracy; whereto Literature and Art, 'attracted and attached from without, were to serve as 'the handsomest fringing. It was to the *Gnädigen Frau* '(her Ladyship) that this latter improvement was due: 'assiduously she gathered, dexterously she fitted-on, what 'fringing was to be had; lace or cobweb, as the place 'yielded.' Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or 'cobweb; or promising to be such? 'With his *Excellenz* '(the Count),' continues he, 'I have more than once had 'the honour to converse; chiefly on general affairs, and 'the aspect of the world, which he, though now past 'middle life, viewed in no unfavourable light; finding 'indeed, except the Outrooting of Journalism (*die aus-'zurottende Journalistik*), little to desiderate therein. On 'some points, as his *Excellenz* was not uncholeric, I 'found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, his 'occupation being that of Owning Land, there might be 'faculties enough, which, as superfluous for such use, 'were little developed in him.'

That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides 'the Outrooting of Journalism,' might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Auscultatorship from without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The Universe,' he says, 'was as a mighty 'Sphinx-riddle, which I knew so little of, yet must rede, 'or be devoured. In red streaks of unspeakable gran-'deur, yet also in the blackness of darkness, was Life to 'my too-unfurnished Thought, unfolding itself. A strange 'contradiction lay in me; and I as yet knew not the

'solution of it; knew not that spiritual music can spring 'only from discords set in harmony; that but for Evil 'there were no Good, as victory is only possible by 'battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, 'by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were 'a real increase of human happiness, could all young men 'from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or 'rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow 'their lawful studies and callings, till they emerged, sad-'der and wiser, at the age of twenty-five. With which 'suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a prac-'tical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coincide. 'Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies '(*Mädchen*) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful 'in those years; so young gentlemen (*Bübchen*) do then 'attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks '(*Gecken*) are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with 'such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, 'obstreperous, vain-glorious; in all senses, so froward and 'so forward. No mortal's endeavour or attainment will, 'in the smallest, content the as yet unendeavouring, un-'attaining young gentleman; but he could make it all 'infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere 'is the most manageable matter, simply as a question in 'the Rule-of-Three: multiply your second and third term 'together, divide the product by the first, and your quo-'tient will be the answer, — which you are but an ass if 'you cannot come at. The booby has not yet found-out, 'by any trial, that, do what one will, there is ever a cursed 'fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer 'quotient so much as to be thought of.'

In which passage does there not lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward

obstructions, had an inward, still greater, to contend with; namely, a certain temporary, youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head? Alas, on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. 'It continues 'ever true,' says he, 'that Saturn, or Chronos, or what we 'call TIME, devours all his Children: only by incessant 'Running, by incessant Working, may you (for some 'threescore-and-ten years) escape him; and you too he 'devours at last. Can any Sovereign, or Holy Alliance 'of Sovereigns, bid Time stand still; even in thought, 'shake themselves free of Time? Our whole terrestrial 'being is based on Time, and built of Time; it is wholly 'a Movement, a Time-impulse; Time is the author of 'it, the material of it. Hence also our Whole Duty, 'which is to move, to work, — in the right direction. 'Are not our Bodies and our Souls in continual move-'ment, whether we will or not; in a continual Waste, 'requiring a continual Repair? Utmost satisfaction of 'our whole outward and inward Wants were but satisfac-'tion for a space of Time; thus, whatso we have done, 'is done, and for us annihilated, and ever must we go 'and do anew. O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed 'and imprisoned us, and sunk us so deep in thy troub-'lous dim Time-Element, that, only in lucid moments, 'can so much as glimpses of our upper Azure Home 'be revealed to us! Me, however, as a Son of Time, 'unhappier than some others, was Time threatening to 'eat quite prematurely; for, strive as I might, there 'was no good Running, so obstructed was the path, so 'gyved were the feet.' That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufels-dröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, 'to work, — in the right direction,' and that no work was to be had; whereby he became wretched enough. As

was natural: with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras's sword by rust,

> To eat into itself, for lack
> Of something else to hew and hack!

But on the whole, that same 'excellent Passivity,' as it has all along done, is here again vigorously flourishing; in which circumstance may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. 'So far hitherto,' he says, 'as I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, 'if for any thing, for a certain stillness of manner, which, 'as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill 'express the keen ardour of my feelings. I, in truth, 'regarded men with an excess both of love and of fear. 'The mystery of a Person, indeed, is ever divine, to him 'that has a sense for the Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed, and by half-strangers hated, for my 'so-called Hardness (*Härte*), my Indifferentism towards 'men; and the seemingly ironic tone I had adopted, as 'my favourite dialect in conversation. Alas, the panoply 'of Sarcasm was but as a buckram case, wherein I had 'striven to envelope myself; that so my own poor Person might live safe there, and in all friendliness, being 'no longer exasperated by wounds. Sarcasm I now see 'to be, in general, the language of the Devil; for which 'reason I have long since as good as renounced it. But 'how many individuals did I, in those days, provoke into 'some degree of hostility thereby! An ironic man, with

'his sly stillness, and ambuscading ways, more especially 'an ironic young man, from whom it is least expected, 'may be viewed as a pest to society. Have we not seen 'persons of weight and name, coming forward, with gent- 'lest indifference, to tread such a one out of sight, as an 'insignificancy and worm, start ceiling-high (*balkenhoch*), 'and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne home 'on shutters, not without indignation, when he proved 'electric and a torpedo!'

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life; where the first problem, as Teufelsdröckh too admits, is 'to unite yourself with some one, and with somewhat (*sich anzuschliessen*)'? Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too, that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zähdarm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the death of the 'not uncholeric' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*, huddled into the present Bag, among so much else; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By request of 'that worthy Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I under- 'took to compose his Epitaph; and not unmindful of my 'own rules, produced the following; which however, for 'an alleged defect of Latinity, a defect never yet fully 'visible to myself, still remains unengraven;'—wherein, we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader:

HIC JACET
PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,
ZAEHDARMI COMES
EX IMPERII CONCILIO,
VELLERIS AUREI, PERISCELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI
EQUES.
QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,
QUINQUIES MILLE PERDRICES
PLUMBO CONFECIT:
VARII CIBI
CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,
PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,
HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,
IN STERCUS
PALAM CONVERTIT.
NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM
OPERA SEQUUNTUR.
SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,
FIMETUM ADSPICE.
PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECIT [*sub dato*]; POSTREMUM [*sub dato*].

CHAPTER V.

ROMANCE.

'For long years,' writes Teufelsdröckh, 'had the poor 'Hebrew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully 'toiled, baking bricks without stubble, before ever the 'question once struck him with entire force: For what?

'*Beym Himmel!* For Food and Warmth! And are 'Food and Warmth nowhere else, in the whole wide 'Universe, discoverable?—Come of it what might, I 'resolved to try.'

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not *a Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas; and for thyself find that shorter Northwest Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere?—A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

'If in youth,' writes he once, 'the Universe is majesti-'cally unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself 'on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven 'on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young 'Maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, 'it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have 'often said, a Person (*Persönlichkeit*) is ever holy to us; 'a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* 'with all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this approx-'imation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly at-'traction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns-

'out into a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think 'you, indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish 'to be made one with him; to unite him to us, by grati- 'tude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, 'unite ourselves to him? But how much more, in this 'case of the Like-Unlike! Here is conceded us the 'higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in 'our Earth; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, 'flames-forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spir- 'itual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and 'woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

'In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, 'there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, 'cheered by some fairest Eve; nor, in the stately vistas, 'and flowerage and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of 'Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, 'wanting. Perhaps too the whole is but the lovelier, if 'Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all foot- 'steps of men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, 'only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of vir- 'tuous youth, when shame is still an impassable celestial 'barrier; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not 'shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality; and man, 'by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

'As for our young Forlorn,' continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, 'in his secluded way of life, 'and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it 'burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his 'feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and 'indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity 'dwelt in them; to our young Friend all women were 'holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting 'past, in their many-coloured angel-plumage; or hover- 'ing mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic*

'*Tea:* all of air they were, all Soul and Form; so lovely, 'like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the in- 'visible Jacob's-ladder, whereby man might mount into 'very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever 'win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*) — *Ach* 'Gott! how could he hope it; should he not have died 'under it? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the 'thought.

'Thus, was the young man, if all-sceptical of Demons 'and Angels such as the vulgar had once believed in, 'nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Sky-born, 'who visibly and audibly hovered round him wheresoever 'he went; and they had that religious worship in his 'thought, though as yet it was by their mere earthly and 'trivial name that he named them. But now, if on a soul 'so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incorporated 'into tangibility and reality, should cast any electric 'glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, "Thou too may- 'est love and be loved;" and so kindle him, — good 'Heaven, what a volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-con- 'suming fire were probably kindled!'

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst-forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes; as indeed how could it fail? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour enough; the whole lying in such hot neighbour-hood, close by 'a reverberating furnace of Fantasy:' have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze-up? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving 'the outskirts of

Æsthetic Tea,' flit nigher; and by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed-off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love; till the whole were safely burnt out; and the young soul relieved, with little damage! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion; painfully lacerating the heart itself; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death); or at best, bursting the thin walls of your 'reverberating furnace,' so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness): till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the 'crater of an extinct volcano!'

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love; here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give way. He loved once; not wisely but too well. And once only: for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt; whom the grand-climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle-garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art; of Celestial Art, indeed; which celestial pieces he

glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, demeans himself; with what specialties of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes-off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then? But what was her surname, or had she none? Of what station in Life was she; of what parentage, fortune, aspect? Specially, by what Preëstablished Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world; how did they behave in such meeting? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit of Blumine 'should intersect the low sublunary one of our Forlorn; 'that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy the 'upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether 'sphere of Shadows; and finding himself mistaken, make 'noise enough.'

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin; highborn and of high spirits; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living, perhaps, on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the

arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved 'Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last '*Relatio ex Actis* he would ever write, but must have 'paused to wonder! Noble Mansion! There stoodest 'thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous 'lawns, in thy serene solitude; stately, massive, all of 'granite; glittering in the western sunbeams, like a palace 'of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful 'rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian 'Hills: of the greenest was their sward, embossed with 'its dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious 'Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the 'Libyan Waste; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his 'Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze; 'in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed-in his *Relatio ex Actis;* been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gardenhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers: if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the stillness live.' Scarcely, it would seem, is the Gardenhouse inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion

itself. 'Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and 'the hues and odours of thousand flowers, here sat that 'brave company; in front, from the wide-opened doors, 'fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and 'velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the re- 'mote Mountain peaks: so bright, so mild, and every- 'where the melody of birds and happy creatures: it was 'all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the 'bosom-vesture of Summer herself. How came it that the 'Wanderer advanced thither with such forecasting heart '(*ahndungsvoll*), by the side of his gay host? Did he 'feel that to these soft influences his hard bosom ought 'to be shut; that here, once more, Fate had it in view to 'try him; to mock him, and see whether there were 'Humour in him?

'Next moment he finds himself presented to the party; 'and especially by name to — Blumine! Peculiar among 'all dames and damosels, glanced Blumine, there in her 'modesty, like a star among earthly lights. Noblest 'maiden! whom he bent to, in body and in soul; yet 'scarcely dared look at, for the presence filled him with 'painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

'Blumine's was a name well known to him; far and 'wide was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, 'her caprices: from all which vague colourings of Ru- 'mour, from the censures no less than from the praises, 'had our Friend painted for himself a certain imperious 'Queen of Hearts, and blooming warm Earth-angel, much 'more enchanting than your mere white Heaven-angels 'of women, in whose placid veins circulates too little 'naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places; 'that light, yet so stately form; those dark tresses, shad- 'ing a face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest 'deeps: but all this he had seen only as a magic vision,

'for him inaccessible, almost without reality. Her sphere 'was too far from his; how should she ever think of 'him; O Heaven! how should they so much as once 'meet together?' And now that Rose-goddess sits in the 'same circle with him; the light of *her* eyes has smiled 'on him; if he speak, she will hear it! Nay, who knows, 'since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but 'Blumine herself, might have aforetime noted the so 'unnotable; perhaps from his very gainsayers, as he had 'from hers, gathered wonder, gathered favour for him? 'Was the attraction, the agitation mutual, then; pole and 'pole trembling towards contact, when once brought into 'neighbourhood? Say rather, heart swelling in presence 'of the Queen of Hearts; like the Sea swelling when 'once near its Moon! With the Wanderer it was even 'so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at the 'touch of a Seraph's wand, his whole soul is roused from 'its deepest recesses; and all that was painful and that 'was blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole 'Past and a whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies 'within him.

'Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend 'shrunk forcibly together; and shrouded-up his tremors 'and flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of 'Silence, and perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, 'then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, 'he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into 'fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding Genius '(*Dämon*) that inspired him; he must go forth and meet 'his Destiny. Show thyself now, whispered it, or be for- 'ever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety 'becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself 'able to transcend it; that she rises above it, in fiery 'victory; and borne on new-found wings of victory,

'moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly. 'Always must the Wanderer remember, with a certain 'satisfaction and surprise, how in this case he sat not 'silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of conversa-'tion; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not 'a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. 'Surely, in those hours, a certain inspiration was im-'parted him, such inspiration as is still possible in our 'late era. The self-secluded unfolds himself in noble 'thoughts, in free, glowing words; his soul is as one sea 'of light, the peculiar home of Truth and Intellect; 'wherein also Fantasy bodies-forth form after form, radi-'ant with all prismatic hues.'

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked one 'Philistine;' who even now, to the general weariness, was dominantly pouring-forth Philistinism (*Philistriositäten*); little witting what hero was here entering to demolish him! We omit the series of Socratic, or other Diogenic utterances, not unhappy in their way, whereby the monster, 'persuaded into silence,' seems soon after to have withdrawn for the night. 'Of which 'dialectic marauder,' writes our hero, 'the discomfiture 'was visibly felt as a benefit by most: but what were all 'applauses to the glad smile, threatening every moment 'to become a laugh, wherewith Blumine herself repaid 'the victor? He ventured to address her, she answered 'with attention: nay, what if there were a slight tremor 'in that silver voice; what if the red glow of evening 'were hiding a transient blush!

'The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought 'called forth another: it was one of those rare seasons, 'when the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels 'himself brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful 'abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle;

for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapour; and the poor claims of *Me* 'and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed 'softly into one another; and Life lay all harmonious, 'many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sover- 'eign and owner of which were Love only. Such music 'springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of 'place and time. And yet as the light grew more aërial 'on the mountain-tops, and the shadows fell longer over 'the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed 'through the heart; and, in whispers more or less audi- 'ble, reminded every one that as this bright day was 'drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of 'Man's Existence decline into dusk and darkness; and 'with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, 'sink in the still Eternity.

'To our Friend the hours seemed moments; holy was 'he and happy: the words from those sweetest lips came 'over him like dew on thirsty grass; all better feelings 'in his soul seemed to whisper, It is good for us to be 'here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his: in 'the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he 'spoke something of meeting again, which was not con- 'tradicted; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, 'and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily 'withdrawn.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit: the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her; and there, by art-magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love is not altogether a Delirium,' says he elsewhere; 'yet has it many points in common therewith. I 'call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of

'the Idea made Real; which discerning again may be 'either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspira- 'tion or Insanity. But in the former case too, as in com- 'mon Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to 'sight; on the so petty domain of the Actual plants its 'Archimedes-lever, whereby to move at will the infinite 'Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate 'and Hell-gate of man: his sensuous life is but the small 'temporary stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon thick-streaming in- 'fluences from both these far yet near regions meet visi- 'bly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can support 'herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteen- 'pence a day; but for Fantasy planets and solar-systems 'will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the 'world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had be- 'fore.' Alas! witness also your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verging towards Insanity, for prize of a 'high-souled Brunette,' as if the Earth held but one and not several of these!

He says that, in Town, they met again: 'day after 'day, like his heart's sun, the blooming Blumine shone 'on him. Ah! a little while ago, and he was yet in all 'darkness: him what Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? 'Disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned 'to believe in himself. Withdrawn, in proud timidity, 'within his own fastnesses; solitary from men, yet baited 'by night-spectres enough, he saw himself, with a sad 'indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest hopes 'of existence. And now, O now! "She looks on thee," 'cried he; "she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes 'tell thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven's-Mes- 'senger! All Heaven's blessings be hers!" Thus 'did soft melodies flow through his heart; tones of an 'infinite gratitude; sweetest intimations that he also

'was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had 'been provided.

'In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, 'laughter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic 'speech of Music; such was the element they now lived 'in; in such a many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this 'fairest of Orient Light-bringers must our Friend be 'blandished, and the new Apocalypse of Nature unrolled 'to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even as a Star, all 'Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incarnate! 'Was there so much as a fault, a "caprice," he could 'have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed 'a Morning-Star; did not her presence bring with it airs 'from Heaven? As from Æolian Harps in the breath 'of dawn, as from the Memnon's Statue struck by the 'rosy finger of Aurora, unearthly music was around him, 'and lapped him into untried balmy Rest. Pale Doubt 'fled away to the distance; Life bloomed-up with happi-'ness and hope. The past, then, was all a haggard 'dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then, and 'could not discern it! But lo now! the black walls of 'his prison melt away; the captive is alive, is free. If 'he loved his Disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole 'heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he 'named it Love: existence was all a Feeling, not yet 'shaped into a Thought.'

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped; for neither Disenchanter nor Disenchantress, mere 'Children of Time,' can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, 'how in 'her soft, fervid bosom, the Lovely found determination, 'even on hest of Necessity, to cut-asunder these so 'blissful bonds.' He even appears surprised at the 'Duenna Cousin,' whoever she may have been, 'in whose

'meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young 'hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.' We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question: What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one? Thou foolish 'absolved Auscultator,' before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known 'religion of young hearts' keep the human kitchen warm? Pshaw! thy divine Blumine, when she 'resigned herself to wed some richer,' shows more philosophy, though but 'a woman of genius,' than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised? Besides, of what profit were it? We view, with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star: but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself: considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, under-

went such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene:

'One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed 'and dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she 'seemed to have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morn-'ing-star, but a troublous skyey Portent, announcing that 'the Doomsday had dawned! She said, in a tremulous 'voice, They were to meet no more.' The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to himself in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the passionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and hasten to the catastrophe. '"Farewell, then, Madam!" said he, 'not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. 'She put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears 'started to her eyes: in wild audacity he clasped her to 'his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like 'two dew-drops, rushed into one,—for the first time, and 'for the last!' Thus was Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—'thick curtains of 'Night rushed over his soul, as rose the immeasurable 'Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a shivered 'Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.'

CHAPTER VI.

SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

We have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, matters must often be expected to take a course of their own; that in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might

be channels, both for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychologist had seldom noted; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion, neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh, precipitated through 'a shivered Universe' in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do: Establish himself in Bedlam; begin writing Satanic Poetry; or blow-out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough; breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smitings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), 'old business being 'soon wound-up'; and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous Globe! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling; above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush-out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial: but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs-to again; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it; for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second

time. Singular Diogenes! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. 'One highest hope, seemingly legible 'in the eyes of an Angel, had recalled him as out of 'Death-shadows into celestial life: but a gleam of Tophet 'passed over the face of his Angel; he was rapt away in 'whirlwinds, and heard the laughter of Demons. It was 'a Calenture,' adds he, 'whereby the Youth saw green 'Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean-waters: a lying vision, 'yet not wholly a lie, for *he* saw it.' But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gneschen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the Journals: only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon, there was not a touch of latent Insanity; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim;

internal Unrest seems his sole guidance; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were 'made like unto a wheel.' Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paper-bags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip: 'A peculiar 'feeling it is that will rise in the Traveller, when turning 'some hill-range in his desert road, he descries lying far 'below, embosomed among its groves and green natural 'bulwarks, and all diminished to a toybox, the fair Town, 'where so many souls, as it were seen and yet unseen, 'are driving their multifarious traffic. Its white steeple 'is then truly a starward-pointing finger; the canopy of 'blue smoke seems like a sort of Life-breath: for always, 'of its own unity, the soul gives unity to whatsoever it looks 'on with love; thus does the little Dwellingplace of men, 'in itself a congeries of houses and huts, become for us 'an individual, almost a person. But what thousand 'other thoughts unite thereto, if the place has to our-'selves been the arena of joyous or mournful experiences; 'if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still stands 'there, if our Loving ones still dwell there, if our Buried 'ones there slumber!' Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birth-land, — fly first, in this extremity, towards his native Entepfuhl; but reflecting that there no help awaits him, takes but one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhither?

Little happier seems to be his next flight: into the wilds of Nature; as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some

considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing noteworthy:

'Mountains were not new to him; but rarely are Mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. 'The rocks are of that sort called Primitive by the miner-'alogists, which always arrange themselves in masses of 'a rugged, gigantic character; which ruggedness, how-'ever, is here tempered by a singular airiness of form, 'and softness of environment: in a climate favourable to 'vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, 'shoots-up through a garment of foliage or verdure; and 'white, bright cottages, tree-shaded, cluster round the 'everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, Beauty alter-'nates with Grandeur: you ride through stony hollows, 'along strait passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by 'high walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy 'chasms, and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging 'into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects 'itself into a Lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in 'the bosom of Strength.

'To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, can 'the Son of Time not pretend: still less if some Spectre 'haunt him from the Past; and the Future is wholly a 'Stygian darkness, spectre-bearing. Reasonably might 'the Wanderer exclaim to himself: Are not the gates of 'this world's Happiness inexorably shut against thee; 'hast thou a hope that is not mad? Nevertheless, one 'may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek 'if that suit thee better: "Whoso can look on Death will 'start at no shadows."

'From such meditations is the Wanderer's attention 'called outwards; for now the Valley closes-in abruptly, 'intersected by a huge mountain mass, the stony water-

'worn ascent of which is not to be accomplished on horse-
'back. Arrived aloft, he finds himself again lifted into
'the evening sunset light; and cannot but pause, and
'gaze round him, some moments there. An upland ir-
'regular expanse of wold, where valleys in complex branch-
'ings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent
'towards every quarter of the sky. The mountain-ranges
'are beneath your feet, and folded together: only the
'loftier summits look down here and there as on a second
'plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest in their solitude.
'No trace of man now visible; unless indeed it were he
'who fashioned that little visible link of Highway, here, as
'would seem, scaling the inaccessible, to unite Province
'with Province. But sunwards, lo you! how it towers
'sheer up, a world of Mountains, the diadem and centre
'of the mountain region! A hundred and a hundred sav-
'age peaks, in the last light of Day; all glowing, of gold
'and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness; there
'in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night
'when Noah's Deluge first dried! Beautiful, nay solemn,
'was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed
'over those stupendous masses with wonder, almost with
'longing desire; never till this hour had he known Na-
'ture, that she was One, that she was his Mother and
'divine. And as the ruddy glow was fading into clear-
'ness in the sky, and the Sun had now departed, a mur-
'mur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and of Life,
'stole through his soul; and he felt as if Death and Life
'were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit
'of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and his
'own spirit were therewith holding communion.

'The spell was broken by a sound of carriage-wheels.
'Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into
'the hidden Southward, came a gay Barouche-and-four:

'it was open; servants and postillions wore wedding-'favours: that happy pair, then, had found each other, it 'was their marriage evening! Few moments brought 'them near: *Du Himmel!* It was Herr Towgood and '—— Blumine! With slight unrecognising salutation 'they passed me; plunged down amid the neighbouring 'thickets, onwards, to Heaven, and to England; and I, 'in my friend Richter's words, *I remained alone, behind 'them, with the Night.*'

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great *Clothes-Volume*, where it stands with quite other intent: 'Some time before Small-pox was extir-'pated,' says the Professor, 'there came a new malady of 'the spiritual sort on Europe: I mean the epidemic, now 'endemical, of View-hunting. Poets of old date, being 'privileged with Senses, had also enjoyed external 'Nature; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which 'holds good or bad liquor for us; that is to say, in 'silence, or with slight incidental commentary: never, as 'I compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter*, was there 'man found who would say: Come let us make a De-'scription! Having drunk the liquor, come let us eat the 'glass! Of which endemic the Jenner is unhappily still 'to seek.' Too true!

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor's Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered-up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him: Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God, in some European capital, you may next find him as Hadjee in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing; as if our Traveller, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing-carpet, or Fortunatus' Hat. The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street-Advertisements); with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed: little light-islets in the world of haze! So that, from this point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap; and, as a mad-foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and plashes; yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and

plashes, and trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. Teufelsdröckh, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan Mahmoud, the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present; a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage, — the answer is more distinct than favourable. 'A nameless Unrest,' says he, 'urged me forward; to which the outward motion was some momentary lying solace. Whither should 'I go? My Loadstars were blotted out; in that canopy of 'grim fire shone no star. Yet forward must I; the ground 'burnt under me; there was no rest for the sole of my 'foot. I was alone, alone! Ever too the strong inward 'longing shaped Fantasms for itself: towards these, one 'after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I 'had, that for my fever-thirst there was and must be 'somewhere a healing Fountain. To many fondly im-'agined Fountains, the Saints' Wells of these days, did I 'pilgrim; to great Men, to great Cities, to great Events:

'but found there no healing. In strange countries, as in 'the well-known; in savage deserts, as in the press of 'corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same: how could 'your Wanderer escape from — *his own Shadow?* Never- 'theless still Forward! I felt as if in great haste; to do 'I saw not what. From the depths of my own heart, it 'called to me, Forwards! The winds and the streams, 'and all Nature sounded to me, Forwards! *Ach Gott*, 'I was even, once for all, a Son of Time.'

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic School was still active enough? He says elsewhere: 'The *Enchiridion of Epictetus* I had ever with me, often 'as my sole rational companion; and regret to mention 'that the nourishment it yielded was trifling.' Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh! How could it else? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus much: *The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought*, though it were the noblest?

'How I lived?' writes he once: 'Friend, hast thou 'considered the "rugged all-nourishing Earth," as Soph- 'ocles well names her; how she feeds the sparrow on the 'house-top, much more her darling, man? While thou 'stirrest and livest, thou hast a probability of victual. 'My breakfast of tea has been cooked by a Tartar 'woman, with water of the Amur, who wiped her earthen 'kettle with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild-eggs in the 'sand of Sahara; I have awakened in Paris *Estrapades* 'and Vienna *Malzleins*, with no prospect of breakfast be- 'yond elemental liquid. That I had my Living to seek 'saved me from Dying, — by suicide. In our busy Eu- 'rope, is there not an everlasting demand for Intellect, 'in the chemical, mechanical, political, religious, educa- 'tional, commercial departments? In Pagan countries, 'cannot one write Fetishes? Living! Little knowest

'thou what alchemy is in an inventive Soul; how, as with 'its little finger, it can create provision enough for the 'body (of a Philosopher); and then, as with both hands, 'create quite other than provision; namely, spectres to 'torment itself withal.'

Poor Teufelsdröckh! Flying with Hunger always parallel to him; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear; so that the countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend's! Thus must he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering Jew, — save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffering the pains of guilt, — wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the earth (by foot-prints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh;* even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*, before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape 'from his own Shadow'! Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first descries himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete, — what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise: your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon* Opera, in all-too stupendous style; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration; his rhyme and reci-

tative are the tramp of embattled Hosts and the sound of falling Cities. — Happier is he who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only; and also survive the writing thereof!

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVERLASTING NO.

UNDER the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the 'Son of Time,' in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition: his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raving within; coruscations of which flash out: as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity;' but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing

granted: till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since the first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality: 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, 'he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his 'is emphatically the Place of Hope.' What then was our Professor's possession? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all around into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious: 'Doubt had dark-'ened into Unbelief,' says he; 'shade after shade goes 'grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tar-'tarean black.' To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, 'that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the 'one thing needful; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise 'weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; 'and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, 'by suicide in the midst of luxury': to such, it will be

clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship, and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way: 'Is there no God, then; but at 'best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first 'Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe, and *see*ing it 'go? Has the word Duty no meaning; is what we call 'Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly 'Fantasm, made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations 'from the Gallows and from Doctor Graham's Celestial 'Bed? Happiness of an approving Conscience! Did 'not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have since 'named Saint, feel that *he* was "the chief of sinners," 'and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit (*wohlgemuth*), spend 'much of his time in fiddling? Foolish Wordmonger, 'and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly 'mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind 'me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure, — I tell thee, 'Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vinctus of a 'man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretched-'ness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself 'the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. What 'then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but 'some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in 'the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I 'know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, 'then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound diges-'tion man may front much. But what, in these dull un-'imaginative days are the terrors of Conscience to the 'diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cook-'ery, let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our

'frying-pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the 'Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided 'for his Elect!'

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. 'But what boots it (*was thut's*)?' cries he; 'it is but the common lot in this era. Not 'having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de* '*Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a Loghead '(*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole 'world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief; their old Temples 'of the Godhead, which for long have not been rainproof, 'crumble down; and men ask now: Where is the God-'head; our eyes never saw him?'

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. 'One circum-'stance I note,' says he: 'after all the nameless woe that 'Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genu-'ine Love of Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still 'loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my allegiance to 'her. "Truth!" I cried, "though the Heavens crush me 'for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celes-'tial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy." In con-'duct it was the same. Had a divine Messenger from 'the clouds, or miraculous Handwriting on the wall, con-

'vincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with what 'passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have 'done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire. 'Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical 'Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite 'nature of Duty still dimly present to me: living without 'God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly be-'reft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable 'longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my 'heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still 'stood legible and sacred there.'

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! 'The painfullest feeling,' writes he, 'is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); 'ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true 'misery. And yet of your Strength there is and can be 'no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, 'by what you have done. Between vague wavering 'Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a 'difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness 'dwells dimly in us; which only our Works can render 'articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are 'the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural linea-'ments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Pre-'cept, *Know thyself;* till it be translated into this par-'tially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*

'But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, 'the net-result of my Workings amounted as yet simply 'to — Nothing. How then could I believe in my 'Strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? 'Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite 'frivolous question, remain to me insoluble: Hast thou

'a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the 'most have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of 'these modern times? Alas! the fearful Unbelief is un- 'belief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not 'my first, last Faith in myself, when even to me the 'Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been 'all-too cruelly belied? The speculative Mystery of Life 'grew ever more mysterious to me; neither in the prac- 'tical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but 'been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously 'cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening 'Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, 'whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible 'yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me 'from all living: was there, in the wide world, any true 'bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O Heaven, 'No, there was none! I kept a lock upon my lips: why 'should I speak much with that shifting variety of so- 'called Friends, in whose withered, vain and too-hungry 'souls, Friendship was but an incredible tradition? In 'such cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little 'mostly from the Newspapers. Now when I look back, 'it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and 'women around me, even speaking with me, were but 'Figures: I had, practically, forgotten that they were 'alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst 'of their crowded streets, and assemblages, I walked soli- 'tary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, 'that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his 'jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like 'a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of 'the Devil; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though 'only diabolic Life, were more frightful: but in our age 'of Down-pulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been

'pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. 'To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of 'Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, im- 'measurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indif- 'ference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast 'gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death! Why 'was the Living banished thither companionless, con- 'scious? Why, if there is no Devil; nay, unless the 'Devil is your God?'

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example: 'How beautiful to die of broken- 'heart, on Paper! Quite another thing in practice; 'every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as 'it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure 'ray can enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; the 'foredone soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!'

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough? 'From 'Suicide a certain aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christian- 'ity withheld me: perhaps also a certain indolence of 'character; for, was not that a remedy I had at any time 'within reach? Often, however, was there a question 'present to me: Should some one now, at the turning of 'that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the 'other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot, — how 'were it? On which ground, too, I have often, in sea- 'storms and sieged cities and other death-scenes, exhib- 'ited an imperturbability, which passed, falsely enough, 'for courage.'

'So had it lasted,' concludes the Wanderer, 'so had it 'lasted, as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long 'years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly 'dewdrop, was smouldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no 'tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den er im 'Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in Battle's 'splendour), and thought that of this last Friend even I 'was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me 'not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite 'fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if 'it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, 'though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I 'might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely 'enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; 'tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not 'what: it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above 'and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the 'Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of 'a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited to 'be devoured.

'Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man 'in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry 'Dog-day, after much perambulation, toiling along the 'dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere, and over pavements 'hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless 'my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, 'there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: "What '*art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou 'for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the 'worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death;

'and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil 'and Man may, will, or can do against thee! Hast thou 'not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, 'as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet 'itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it 'come, then; I will meet it and defy it!" And as I so 'thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my 'whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me 'forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, 'almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my 'misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was 'it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.

'Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) 'pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my 'Being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME 'stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with em- 'phasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most 'important transaction in Life, may that same Indigna- 'tion and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be 'fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: "Behold, 'thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine '(the Devil's);" to which my whole ME now made 'answer: "*I* am not thine, but Free, and forever hate 'thee!"

'It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual 'New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I di- 'rectly thereupon began to be a Man.'

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

THOUGH, after this 'Baphometic Fire-baptism' of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, 'Indignation and Defiance,' especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometic Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault; and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit; — whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the mean while, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinise these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many 'Saints' Wells,' and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is

ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to 'eat his own heart;' and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

'Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed 'not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see 'thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; 'to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earli- 'est Past brought safe into the Present, and set before 'your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of 'Culinary Fire put down, say only two-thousand years 'ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with 'such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still 'burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. 'Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital 'Fire was then also put down there; and still miracu- 'lously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes 'thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Churchyards), and 'its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest; 'and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, 'and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

'Of Man's Activity and Attainment the chief results 'are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only: 'such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority 'they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth- 'Habits and of Soul-habits; much more his collective 'stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired 'of manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispens- 'able and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be 'fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on 'impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand 'sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible 'Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from

'Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your 'accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manu-'facturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on 'the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays (by Hearing and 'Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite 'spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are 'the LAWS; where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt 'thou go to Schönbrunn, to Downing Street, to the Palais 'Bourbon: thou findest nothing there, but brick or stone 'houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. 'Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised almighty 'GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Every-'where, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is 'a thing aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and 'miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily 'Life: all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, in-'visible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's 'Palace, air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from 'the great mystic Deep.

'Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I 'reckon-up to the extent of three: Cities, with their 'Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to 'both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges may 'belong; and thirdly —— Books. In which third truly, 'the last-invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the 'two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true 'Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, 'yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then 'a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, 'it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we 'have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty 'human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of 'leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Politi-'cal Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Jour-

'nalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and 'thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art 'able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or 'oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom 'they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom 'they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a 'Conqueror and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over 'the Devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble 'and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, 'a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto 'all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. — Fool! why 'journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervour, 'to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza or the clay ones 'of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, 'idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, 'for the last three-thousand years: but canst thou not 'open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's Version 'thereof?'

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field; which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram: so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

'Horrible enough! A whole Marchfeld strewed with 'shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead 'men and horses; stragglers still remaining not so much 'as buried. And those red mould heaps: ay, there lie 'the Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue 'has been blown; and now they are swept together, and 'crammed-down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells! — 'Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his 'mould-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian 'Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, 'richest level, — intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a corn-

'bearing Nursery, whereon her children might be 'nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they might the more 'commodiously be throttled and tattered? Were thy 'three broad highways, meeting here from the ends of 'Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons, then? Were thy 'Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Case-'mates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with 'artillery, and with artillery be battered? König Ottokar, 'amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf's truncheon; 'here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon's: 'within which five centuries, to omit the others, how hast 'thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled! The 'greensward is torn-up and trampled-down; man's fond 'care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant 'dwellings, blown-away with gunpowder; and the kind 'seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Sculls.— 'Nevertheless, Nature is at work; neither shall these 'Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her: 'but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded-in, ab-'sorbed into manure; and next year the Marchfeld will 'be green, nay greener. Thrifty unwearied Nature, 'ever out of our great waste educing some little profit of 'thy own, — how dost thou, from the very carcass of the 'Killer, bring Life for the Living!

'What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-'purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for 'example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of 'Dumdrudge, usually some five-hundred souls. From 'these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there 'are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty 'able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has 'suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty 'and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained 'them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build,

'another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty 'stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping 'and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and 'shipped away, at the public charges, some two-thousand 'miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there 'till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of 'Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French 'Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, 'after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual jux-'taposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with 'a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is 'given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and 'in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has 'sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed 'tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the 'Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; 'were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, 'there was even unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual 'helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! 'their Governors had fallen-out; and, instead of shooting 'one another, had the cunning to make these poor block-'heads shoot. — Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hith-'erto in all other lands; still as of old, "what devilry 'soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!" — In 'that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final 'Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed 'forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take 'each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the 'same, and smoke in one another's faces till the weaker 'gives in: but from such predicted Peace-Era, what 'blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may 'still divide us!'

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured

world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough: in these so boundless Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire!

'I have read in most Public Libraries,' says he, 'including those of Constantinople and Samarcand: in 'most Colleges, except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I 'have studied, or seen that there was no studying. Un-'known languages have I oftenest gathered from their 'natural repertory, the Air, by my organ of Hearing; 'Statistics, Geographics, Topographics came, through the 'Eye, almost of their own accord. The ways of Man, 'how he seeks food, and warmth, and protection for him-'self, in most regions, are ocularly known to me. Like 'the great Hadrian, I meted-out much of the terraqueous 'Globe with a pair of Compasses that belonged to myself 'only.

'Of great Scenes, why speak? Three summer days, 'I lingered reflecting, and composing (*dichtete*), by the 'Pine-chasms of Vaucluse; and in that clear lakelet 'moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-trees 'of Tadmor; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. 'The great Wall of China I have seen; and can testify

'that it is of grey brick, coped and covered with granite, 'and shews only second-rate masonry. — Great events, 'also, have not I witnessed? Kings sweated-down (*aus-'gemergelt*) into Berlin-and-Milan Customhouse-Officers; 'the World well won, and the World well lost; oftener 'than once a hundred-thousand individuals shot (by each 'other) in one day. All kindreds and peoples and na-'tions dashed together, and shifted and shovelled into 'heaps, that they might ferment there, and in time unite. 'The birth-pangs of Democracy, wherewith convulsed 'Europe was groaning in cries that reached Heaven, 'could not escape me.

'For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilec-'tion; and can perhaps boast that few such in this era 'have wholly escaped me. Great Men are the inspired '(speaking and acting) Texts of that divine BOOK OF 'REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from 'epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY; to which 'inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your 'innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse 'exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, 'heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, 'the inspired Texts themselves! Thus did not I, in very 'early days, having disguised me as a tavern-waiter, 'stand behind the field-chairs, under that shady Tree at 'Treisnitz by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great 'Schiller and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have 'not forgotten. For ——'

—— But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurelled, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy

of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang, and the 'White Water-roses' (Chinese Carbonari) with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an 'Ideologist.' 'He himself,' says the Professor, 'was among the completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists: in the Idea '(*in der Idee*) he lived, moved and fought. The man 'was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it; 'and preached, through the cannon's throat, that great 'doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to 'him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Politi-'cal Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie. Madly 'enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first 'Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid 'much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the 'case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American 'Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, 'and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely 'forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, 'notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as 'he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a 'light-blue Spanish cloak' hanging round him, as his 'most commodious, principal, indeed

sole upper-garment;' and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he; 'for Midnight, even in 'the Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the 'granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that 'slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost 'North the great Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too 'were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of 'crimson and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over 'the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shoot-'ing downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my 'feet. In such moments, Solitude also is invaluable; 'for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind 'him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the 'watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity, and 'Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-'lamp?

'Nevertheless, in this solemn moment, comes a man, 'or monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows; 'and, shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean Bear, hails me 'in Russian speech: most probably, therefore, a Russian 'Smuggler. With courteous brevity, I signify my indif-'ference to contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet 'strong wish to be private. In vain: the monster, count-'ing doubtless on his superior stature, and minded to 'make sport for himself, or perhaps profit, were it with 'murder, continues to advance; ever assailing me with 'his importunate train-oil breath; and now has advanced, 'till we stand both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea 'rippling greedily down below. What argument will 'avail? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic reasoning, 'seraphic eloquence were lost. Prepared for such ex-

'tremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside one step; draw 'out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient Birmingham 'Horse-pistol, and say, "Be so obliging as retire, Friend '(*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with promptitude!" 'This logic even the Hyperborean understands: fast 'enough, with apologetic, petitionary growl, he sidles off; 'and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal purposes, 'need not return.

'Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: 'that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, 'cleverer than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but 'no *Body* whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art 'the taller. Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, 'and the David resistless; savage Animalism is nothing, 'inventive Spiritualism is all.

'With respect to Duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. 'Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with 'more surprise. Two little visual Spectra of men, hover- 'ing with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the 'UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, 'very soon, — make pause at the distance of twelve paces 'asunder; whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cun- 'ningest mechanism, explode one another into Dissolu- 'tion; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant! Deuce 'on it (*verdammt*), the little spitfires! — Nay, I think with 'old Hugo von Trimberg: "God must needs laugh out- 'right, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous Mani- 'kins here below."'

But amid these specialties, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here: How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting? Does Legion still lurk in him, though re- pressed; or has he exorcised that Devil's Brood? We

can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor; and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room; whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

'At length, after so much roasting,' thus writes our Autobiographer, 'I was what you might name calcined. 'Pray only that it be not rather, as is the more frequent 'issue, reduced to a *caput-mortuum!* But in any case, 'by mere dint of practice, I had grown familiar with 'many things. Wretchedness was still wretched; but I 'could now partly see through it, and despise it. Which 'highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found 'a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted; and, when I looked 'through his brave garnitures, miserable enough? Thy 'wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I: but what, 'had they even been all granted! Did not the Boy 'Alexander weep because he had not two Planets to 'conquer; or a whole Solar System; or after that, a 'whole Universe? *Ach Gott*, when I gazed into these 'Stars, have they not looked-down on me as if with pity, 'from their serene spaces; like Eyes glistening with 'heavenly tears over the little lot of man! Thousands 'of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been 'swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck of 'them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and 'the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and 'young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the 'plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry little Dog-

'cage of an Earth; what art thou that sittest whining 'there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true; but who, 'then, is Something, Somebody? For thee the Family of 'Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a 'dissevered limb: so be it; perhaps it is better so!'

Too-heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh? Yet surely his bands are loosening; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free and with a second youth.

'This,' says our Professor, 'was the CENTRE OF INDIF-'FERENCE I had now reached; through which whoso 'travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must 'necessarily pass.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVERLASTING YEA.

'TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh: 'Have we not all to be tried with such? Not 'so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be 'dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Neces-'sity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than 'Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have we a war-'fare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. 'For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies 'mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic Charac-'ters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, 'till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in 'our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And 'as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the 'same time persuasively proclaims itself through every 'nerve,—must there not be a confusion, a contest, before 'the better Influence can become the upper?

'To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son 'of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically 'stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished 'or vanquish, — should be carried of the spirit into grim 'Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest 'battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he 'yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without 'visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and 'sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness 'and baseness, — to such Temptation are we all called. 'Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but Half-'men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed 'forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendour; but quivers 'dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull 'pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours! — Our Wilder-'ness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our 'Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: 'nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me 'also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of 'Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or 'faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted 'forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it 'was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my 'way into the higher sunlit slopes — of that Mountain 'which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven 'only!'

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: 'Has not thy 'Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) 'thou hast known in this generation? An outflush of 'foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, 'wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs: this all 'parched away, under the Droughts of practical and 'spiritual Unbelief, as Disappointment, in thought and

'act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradu-'ally settled into Denial! If I have had a second-crop, 'and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under 'umbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt); 'herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without 'examples, and even exemplars.'

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a 'glorious revolution:' these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying 'Temptation in the Wilderness,' before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was 'that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*,' then, properly the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds;* and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?* — Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric; no clear logical Picture. 'How paint to the sensual eye,' asks he once, 'what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's 'Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, 'speak even afar-off of the unspeakable?' We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says: 'The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself 'out; its howl went silent within me; and the long-'deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild

'wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider;
'for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed
'to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then,
'false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will
'believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of
'Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a
'lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-
'weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to
'live is alike to me; alike insignificant.'—And again:
'Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE;
'cast, doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a
'healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away,
'and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The
'first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbst-*
'*tödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my
'mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.'

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same 'healing sleep;' that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on 'the high table-land;' and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire:

'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent,
'musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front
'of the Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome,
'and around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—
'namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-
'fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the
'fair Castles, that stood sheltered in these Mountain

'hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames 'and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-'roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking 'bread, with her children round her: — all hidden and 'protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds; yet there and 'alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as 'fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my 'mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to 'speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; 'and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by 'repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horo-'logue, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the 'smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, mid-'day, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and 'ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or 'simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly 'as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting 'ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the 'whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-'mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in minia-'ture, and could cover it all with your hat. — If, in my 'wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business 'of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place 'for combining it into general propositions, and deducing 'inferences therefrom.

'Often also could I see the black Tempest marching 'in anger through the distance: round some Schreck-'horn, as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, 'and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad 'witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the 'clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-'white, for the vapour had held snow. How thou fer-'mentest and elaboratest in thy great fermenting-vat and 'laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature! —

'Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? 'Art thou not the "Living Garment of God"? O Heav- 'ens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through 'thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves 'in me?

'Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that 'Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over 'my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked 'in Nova Zembla; ah, like the mother's voice to her 'little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown 'tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my 'too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Uni- 'verse is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with 'spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!

'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow 'man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, 'wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and 'beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou 'bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou 'not so weary, so heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is 'but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I 'shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from 'thy eyes! — Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, 'in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, 'was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; 'like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, 'which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor 'Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, 'not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants 'and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me; 'and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first 'named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch 'of that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow;*" by strange, steep ways, 'had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred

'gates would open, and the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie 'disclosed to me.'

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable contro- 'versy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called 'Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, 'since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, 'that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeav- 'ouring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our 'time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete 'enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few, some 'Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, 'such Solution comes-out in different terms; and ever 'the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is 'found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change 'his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it 'though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of 'our present century has not yet fallen into my hands: 'meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to 'elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I con- 'strue, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an 'Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot 'quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance 'Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of mod- 'ern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make 'one Shoeblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, 'above an hour or two: for the Shoeblack also has a 'Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, 'if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and 'saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: '*God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to 'enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. 'Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus:

'speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as 'nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grum- 'bles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him 'with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to 'quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and de- 'clares himself the most maltreated of men. — Always 'there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I 'said, the *Shadow of Ourselves.*

'But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat 'thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own 'striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial 'lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of inde- 'feasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of 'our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint; 'only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Hap- 'piness; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that 'we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and 'what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us, — do 'you wonder that the balance should so often dip the 'wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what 'a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used! — I 'tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what 'thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy 'that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), 'thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that 'thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a 'luxury to die in hemp.

'So true it is, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life 'can be increased in value not so much by increasing your 'Numerator as by lessening your Denominator.* Nay, un- 'less my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by '*Zero* will give *Infinity.* Make thy claim of wages a zero, 'then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the 'Wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation

'(*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to 'begin."

'I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest 'years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lament- 'ing and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a 'word: is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because 'the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, 'nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish 'soul! What Act of Legislature was there that *thou* 'shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst no 'right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and pre- 'destined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art 'thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest 'through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat;* 'and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not 'given thee? Close thy *Byron;* open thy *Goethe.*'

'*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of 'Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead 'thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth 'this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and 'the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bear- 'ing testimony, through life and through death, of the 'Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only 'has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired 'Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O 'Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflic- 'tions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, 'thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet 'remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee 'needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-parox- 'ysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Dis- 'ease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows 'of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into

'the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. 'This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction 'is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with 'him.'

And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the 'Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek 'Zeno trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it 'injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this 'a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. 'Knowest thou that "*Worship of Sorrow*"? The 'Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, 'now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation 'of doleful creatures: nevertheless, venture forward; in 'a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest 'the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially 'burning.'

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character; unsuited to the general apprehension; nay, wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendour; on the 'perennial continuance of Inspiration'; on Prophecy; that there are 'true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day:' with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.

'Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,' thus apostrophises the Professor: 'shut thy sweet voice; for 'the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently 'hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or 'otherwise: That the Mythus of the Christian Religion 'looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the 'eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the 'six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and fly-

'ing sheets or reams, printed before and since on the 'same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! 'But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the 'divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new 'vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like 'perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in 'that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for 'building? Take our thanks, then, and —— thyself 'away.

'Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or 'is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which 'Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute 'into me? To the "*Worship of Sorrow*" ascribe what 'origin and genesis thou pleasest, *has* not that Worship 'originated, and been generated; is it not *here?* Feel it 'in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This 'is Belief; all else is Opinion, — for which latter whoso 'will, let him worry and be worried.'

'Neither,' observes he elsewhere, 'shall ye tear-out 'one another's eyes, struggling over "Plenary Inspira- 'tion," and such-like: try rather to get a little even 'Partial Inspiration, each of you for himself. One Bible 'I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so 'much as possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the 'God's-Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but 'Leaves, — say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker 'faculty.'

Or to give the wearied reader relief, and, bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

'To me, in this our life,' says the Professor, 'which 'is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other 'warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a 'Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well

'what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the 'bottom, it is simply this: "Fellow, see! thou art taking 'more than thy share of Happiness in the world, some- 'thing from *my* share: which, by the Heavens, thou shalt 'not; nay, I will fight thee rather." — Alas, and the 'whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly 'a "feast of shells," for the substance has been spilled 'out: not enough to quench one Appetite; and the col- 'lective human species clutching at them! — Can we not, 'in all such cases, rather say: "Take it, thou too-rave- 'nous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a 'share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so want- 'est; take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I had 'enough for thee!" — If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre* be, '"to a certain extent, Applied Christianity," surely to a 'still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a 'Whole Duty of Man, yet a Half Duty, namely, the Pas- 'sive half: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

'But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is 'worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay, prop- 'erly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as 'all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex 'amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of 'Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and 'so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a 'wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot 'be removed except by Action." On which ground, too, 'let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain 'light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen 'into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to 'me was of invaluable service: "*Do the Duty which lies 'nearest thee*," which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy 'second Duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual

'Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, 'wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and 'inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed 'and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement 'enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your '"America is here or nowhere"? The Situation that 'has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by 'man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, des-'picable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or 'nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and work-'ing, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, 'the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but 'the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what 'matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the 'Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that 'pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bit-'terly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and 'create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is 'already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only 'see!

'But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the 'beginning of Creation is — Light. Till the eye have 'vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine mo-'ment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the 'wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be light! 'Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not 'miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under sim-'pler figures, to the simplest and least. The mad prime-'val Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting 'elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments: 'deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath; and the 'skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above: in-'stead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, 'fertile, Heaven-encompassed World.

'I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, 'but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! 'Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a 'Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost 'thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatso- 'ever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. 'Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, 'wherein no man can work.'

CHAPTER X.

PAUSE.

THUS have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entanglement, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. 'Blame not the word, says he; 'rejoice rather that such a word, signifying 'such a thing, has come to light in our modern Era, 'though hidden from the wisest Ancients. The Old 'World knew nothing of Conversion; instead of an *Ecce* '*Homo*, they had only some *Choice of Hercules*. It was a 'new-attained progress in the Moral Development of 'man: hereby has the Highest come home to the bosoms 'of the most Limited; what to Plato was but a hallucina- 'tion, and to Socrates a chimera, is now clear and certain 'to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and the poorest of 'their Pietists and Methodists.'

It is here, then, that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdröckh commences: we are henceforth to see him 'work

in well-doing,' with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself: 'Tools? Thou hast no Tools? Why, there is not a Man, 'or a Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of 'created animalcules, the Spider itself, has a spinning-'jenny, and warping-mill, and power-loom within its 'head: the stupidest of Oysters has a Papin's-Digester, 'with stone-and-lime house to hold it in: every being 'that can live can do something: this let him *do*.—Tools? 'Hast thou not a Brain, furnished, furnishable with some 'glimmerings of Light; and three fingers to hold a Pen 'withal? Never since Aaron's Rod went out of practice, 'or even before it, was there such a wonder-working 'Tool: greater than all recorded miracles have been 'performed by Pens. For strangely in this so solid-'seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual rest-'less flux, it is appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the 'most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all 'things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in 'this world; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*. 'Awake, arise! Speak forth what is in thee; what God 'has given thee, what the Devil shall not take away. 'Higher task than that of Priesthood was allotted to no 'man: wert thou but the meanest in that sacred Hie-'rarchy, is it not honour enough therein to spend and be 'spent?

'By this Art, which whoso will may sacrilegiously de-'grade into a handicraft,' adds Teufelsdröckh, 'have I 'thenceforth abidden. Writings of mine, not indeed 'known as mine (for what am *I*?), have fallen, perhaps 'not altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of Opinion; 'fruits of my unseen sowing gratifyingly meet me here and

'there. I thank the Heavens that I have now found my 'Calling; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I 'am minded diligently to persevere.

'Nay, how knowest thou,' cries he, 'but this and the 'other pregnant Device, now grown to be a world-re- 'nowned far-working Institution; like a grain of right 'mustard-seed once cast into the right soil, and now 'stretching-out strong boughs to the four winds, for the 'birds of the air to lodge in, — may have been properly 'my doing? Some one's doing, it without doubt was; 'from some Idea, in some single Head, it did first of all 'take beginning: 'why not from some Idea in mine?' Does Teufelsdröckh here glance at that 'SOCIETY FOR 'THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY (*Eigenthums-conser-* '*virende Gesellschaft*),' of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paper-bags? 'An Institution,' hints he, 'not unsuitable 'to the wants of the time; as indeed such sudden exten- 'sion proves: for already can the Society number, among 'its office-bearers or corresponding members, the highest 'Names, if not the highest Persons, in Germany, England, 'France; and contributions, both of money and of medi- 'tation, pour in from all quarters; to, if possible, enlist 'the remaining Integrity of the world, and, defensively 'and with forethought, marshal it round this Palladium.' Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* ('Owndom-conserving') *Gesellschaft;* and, if so, what, in the Devil's name, is it? He again hints: 'At a time 'when the divine Commandment, *Thou shalt not steal*, 'wherein truly, if well understood, is comprised the whole 'Hebrew Decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus's Con- 'stitutions, Justinian's Pandects, the Code Napoléon, and 'all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities whatsoever

'that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with Altar-'fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance: at a 'time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all-but 'faded away from the general remembrance; and, with 'little disguise, a new opposite Commandment, *Thou 'shalt steal*, is everywhere promulgated, — it perhaps 'behoved, in this universal dotage and deliration, the 'sound portion of mankind to bestir themselves and rally. 'When the widest and wildest violations of that divine 'right of Property, the only divine right now extant or 'conceivable, are sanctioned and recommended by a 'vicious Press, and the world has lived to hear it asserted 'that *we have no Property in our very Bodies but only an 'accidental Possession and Life-rent*, what is the issue to 'be looked for? Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by their 'noose-gins and baited fall-traps, keep down the smaller 'sort of vermin; but what, except perhaps some such 'Universal Association, can protect us against whole 'meat-devouring and man-devouring hosts of Boa-con-'strictors? If, therefore, the more sequestered Thinker 'have wondered, in his privacy, from what hand that per-'haps not ill-written *Program* in the Public Journals, with 'its high *Prize-Questions* and so liberal *Prizes*, could have 'proceeded, — let him now cease such wonder; and, with 'undivided faculty, betake himself to the *Concurrenz* '(Competition).'

We ask: Has this same 'perhaps not ill-written *Program*,' or any other authentic Transaction of that Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any Journal, foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions;* what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper-leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paper-bags! Or is the whole business one other of those

whimsicalities, and perverse inexplicabilities, whereby Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast-and-loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion, which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm, that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours, and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion, in one word, that these Autobiographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little better than a Fiction; if here we had no direct Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor's History; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing forth the same! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax, was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel to an English Editor and a German Hofrath; and not rather deceptively *in*lock both Editor and Hofrath in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered-ways of said citadel (having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip, formerly thrown aside

as blank, the ink being all-but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher the following: 'What are your 'historical Facts; still more your biographical? Wilt 'thou know a Man, above all, a Mankind, by stringing-'together beadrolls of what thou namest Facts? The 'Man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did, but 'what he became. Facts are engraved Hierograms, for 'which the fewest have the key. And then how your 'Blockhead (*Dummkopf*) studies not their Meaning; but 'simply whether they are well or ill cut, what he calls 'Moral or Immoral! Still worse is it with your Bungler '(*Pfuscher*): such I have seen reading some Rousseau, 'with pretences of interpretation; and mistaking the ill-'cut Serpent-of-Eternity for a common poisonous Reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of-Eternity in like manner? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop? We say not with certainty; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our Suspicion be wholly unfounded let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.

But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paperbags, for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if 'not what he did, yet what he became:' the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche: and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what complex gyrations

(flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes herself in civic Titles, without altering her now fixed nature, — would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspicious of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's-Leap, we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough that by survey of certain 'pools and plashes,' we have ascertained its general direction; do we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained-down again into a stream; and even now, at Weissnichtwo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon? Over much invaluable matter, that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper-catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and somewhat will demand insertion at the right place: meanwhile, be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate: Through many a little loophole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh; his strange mystic, almost magic Dia-

gram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on TIME, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature; the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature. How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment,' woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time;' is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy;* at least the arena it is to work in? Remark, too, that the Character of the Man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic: amid so much tumultuous obscurity, almost like diluted madness, do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built?

Nay further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biography, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man, as it were preappointed for Clothes-Philosophy? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task: that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearfullest destruction: only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves, can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking-through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a

Philosophy of Clothes? Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound: nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting between whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of this Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible: and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic mysticism. What the man ultimately purposed by thus casting his Greek-fire into the general Wardrobe of the Universe; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilised Life and Speculation, should lead to: the rather as he was no Adamite, in any sense, and could not, like Rousseau, recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity, and a return to the savage state: all this our readers are now bent to discover; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved, as detected to lie ready for evolving. We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and shew them the mines; nowise to dig-out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible. Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand-out here and there; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole: to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected: this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at:

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern His-
'tory,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of Worms,
'still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo,
'or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly
'over by most Historians, and treated with some degree
'of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to
'himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the
'Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those,
'to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of
'the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across
'all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine
'through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty,
'on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted
'Prophets, God-possessed; or even Gods, as in some
'periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working

'on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-'bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, 'nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an 'antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a 'window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial 'Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even 'with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mas-'tership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Third-'borough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful 'sewing, — was nowise satisfaction enough to such a 'mind: but ever amid the boring and hammering came 'tones from that far country, came Splendours and Ter-'rors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; 'and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as man he had 'been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

'The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watch-'ers and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened 'with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised 'him, as the solution of such doubts, to "drink beer, and 'dance with the girls." Blind leaders of the blind! For 'what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what 'were their shovel-hats scooped-out, and their surplices 'and cassock-aprons girt-on; and such a church-repair-'ing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, 'held over that spot of God's Earth, — if Man were but 'a Patent Digester, and the Belly with its adjuncts the 'grand Reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and 'a sacred scorn, back to his Leather-parings and his 'Bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna, 'had been heaped over that Spirit: but it was a Spirit, 'and would not lie buried there. Through long days and 'nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a 'man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved 'and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them

'to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of 'Heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, 'was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.— '"So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in," groaned 'he, "with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tat- 'ters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my 'own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and 'Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, 'if thou hast power of Thought! Why not; what binds 'me here? Want, want!—Ha, of what? Will all the 'shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that 'far Land of Light? Only Meditation can, and devout 'Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a 'tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed me; and for Clothes, 'cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather?"

'Historical Oil-painting,' continues Teufelsdröckh, 'is 'one of the Arts I never practised; therefore shall I not 'decide whether this subject were easy of execution on 'the canvas. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such 'first outflashing of man's Freewill, to lighten, more and 'more into Day, the Chaotic Night that threatened to 'engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were 'properly the only grandeur there is in History. Let 'some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and under- 'standing heart, picture George Fox on that morning, 'when he spreads-out his cutting-board for the last time, 'and cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitches 'them together into one continuous all-including Case, 'the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble 'Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking 'into the heart of Slavery, and World-worship, and the 'Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer- 'strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the 'Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds her Workhouse

'and Ragfair, into lands of true Liberty; were the work 'done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou 'art he!

'Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the 'loftiest height; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been 'published. Surely, if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illus- 'trious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of An- 'tiquity, only that he wanted Decency, then by stronger 'reason is George Fox the greatest of the Moderns, and 'greater than Diogenes himself: for he too stands on 'the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting aside all 'props and shoars; yet not, in half-savage Pride, under- 'valuing the Earth; valuing it rather, as a place to yield 'him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his 'Earth, and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship, 'with a still Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise 'witness. Great, truly, was that Tub; a temple from 'which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached 'abroad; but greater is the Leather Hull, for the same 'sermon was preached there, and not in Scorn but in 'Love.'

George Fox's 'perennial suit,' with all that it held, has been worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries: why, in a discussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*, reproduce it now? Not out of blind sectarian partisanship: Teufelsdröckh himself is no Quaker; with all his pacific tendencies, did we not see him, in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler, exhibit fire-arms?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more meant in this passage than meets the ear. At the same time, who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Bœotian simplicity (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which that 'Incident' is here brought

forward; and, in the Professor's ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in Weissnichtwo, recommended to imitation! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'Mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hoodwinked sufficiently, — will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*levelling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh!), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences, — be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a waterproof suit of Russia Leather; and the high-born Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy: the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world; and so all the old Distinctions be reëstablished?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof?

CHAPTER II.

CHURCH-CLOTHES.

NOT less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*, which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire:

'By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised, that I 'mean infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices; and 'do not at all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes 'that men go to Church in. Far from it! Church-'Clothes are, in our vocabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, 'under which men have at various periods embodied and 'represented for themselves the Religious Principle; that 'is to say, invested the Divine Idea of the World with a 'sensible and practically active Body, so that it might 'dwell among them as a living and life-giving WORD.

'These are unspeakably the most important of all the 'vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are 'first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of 'wonders, SOCIETY; for it is still only when "two or 'three are gathered together," that Religion, spiritually 'existent, and indeed indestructible, however latent, in 'each, first outwardly manifests itself (as with "cloven 'tongues of fire"), and seeks to be embodied in a visible 'Communion, and Church Militant. Mystical, more than 'magical, is that Communing of Soul with Soul, both 'looking heavenward: here properly Soul first speaks 'with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in 'what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does 'what we can call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to 'be possible. How true is that of Novalis: "It is cer-'tain, my Belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can 'convince another mind thereof"! Gaze thou in the

'face of thy Brother, in those eyes where plays the lam-
'bent fire of Kindness, or in those where rages the lurid
'conflagration of Anger; feel how thy own so quiet Soul
'is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye
'blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one
'limitless confluent flame (of embracing Love, or of
'deadly-grappling Hate); and then say what miraculous
'virtue goes out of man into man. But if so, through all
'the thick-plied hulls of our Earthly Life; how much
'more when it is of the Divine Life we speak, and
'inmost ME is, as it were, brought into contact with in-
'most ME!

'Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first
'spun and woven by Society; outward Religion origi-
'nates by Society, Society becomes possible by Religion.
'Nay, perhaps, every conceivable Society, past and pres-
'ent, may well be figured as properly and wholly a
'Church, in one or other of these three predicaments:
'an audibly preaching and prophesying Church, which is
'the best; second, a Church that struggles to preach
'and prophesy, but cannot as yet, till its Pentecost
'come; and third and worst, a Church gone dumb with
'old age, or which only mumbles delirium prior to disso-
'lution. Whoso fancies that by Church is here meant
'Chapterhouses and Cathedrals, or by preaching and
'prophesying, mere speech and chanting, let him,' says
the oracular Professor, 'read on, light of heart (*getrosten*
'*Muthes*).

'But with regard to your Church proper, and the
'Church-Clothes specially recognised as Church-Clothes,
'I remark, fearlessly enough, that without such Vestures
'and sacred Tissues Society has not existed, and will not
'exist. For if Government is, so to speak, the outward
'SKIN of the Body Politic, holding the whole together

'and protecting it; and all your Craft-Guilds, and Asso-
'ciations for Industry, of hand or of head, are the
'Fleshly Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues,
'(lying *under* such SKIN), whereby Society stands and
'works; — then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and
'Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circula-
'tion to the whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue
'the Bones and Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or ani-
'mated only by a Galvanic vitality: the SKIN would
'become a shrivelled pelt, or fast-rotting raw-hide; and
'Society itself a dead carcass, — deserving to be buried.
'Men were no longer Social, but Gregarious; which
'latter state also could not continue, but must gradually
'issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage isola-
'tion, and dispersion; — whereby, as we might continue
'to say, the very dust and dead body of Society would
'have evaporated and become abolished. Such, and so
'all-important, all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes, to
'civilised or even to rational man.

'Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those same
'Church-Clothes have gone sorrowfully out-at-elbows:
'nay, far worse, many of them have become mere hol-
'low Shapes, or Masks, under which no living Figure or
'Spirit any longer dwells; but only spiders and unclean
'beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade; and
'the mask still glares on you with its glass-eyes, in
'ghastly affectation of Life, — some generation-and-half
'after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in un-
'noticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures,
'wherewith to reappear, and bless us, or our sons or
'grandsons. As a Priest, or Interpreter of the Holy, is
'the noblest and highest of all men, so is a Sham-priest
'(*Schein-priester*) the falsest and basest; neither is it
'doubtful that his Canonicals, were they Popes' Tiaras,

'will one day be torn from him, to make bandages for the 'wounds of mankind; or even to burn into tinder, for 'general scientific or culinary purposes.

'All which, as out of place here, falls to be handled in 'my Second Volume, *On the Palingenesia, or Newbirth of* 'Society; which volume, as treating practically of the 'Wear, Destruction, and Retexture of Spiritual Tissues, 'or Garments, forms, properly speaking, the Transcen- 'dental or ultimate Portion of this my Work *on Clothes*, 'and is already in a state of forwardness.'

And herewith, no farther exposition, note, or commentary being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and must his Editor now, terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes!

CHAPTER III.

SYMBOLS.

PROBABLY it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*. To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass: nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of 'Fantasy being the organ of the Godlike;' and how 'Man thereby, 'though based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does 'nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps of the 'Invisible, of which Invisible, indeed, his Life is properly 'the bodying forth.' Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the Paper-bags or the Printed Volume) what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into

such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks:

'The benignant efficacies of Concealment,' cries our Professor, 'who shall speak or sing? SILENCE and 'SECRECY! Altars might still be raised to them (were 'this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Si- 'lence is the element in which great things fashion them- 'selves together; that at length they may emerge, full- 'formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which 'they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent 'only, but all the considerable men I have known, and 'the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore 'to babble of what they were creating and projecting. 'Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but '*hold thy tongue for one day:* on the morrow, how much 'clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and 'rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept 'away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is 'too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of 'concealing Thought; but of quite stifling and suspend- 'ing Thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech 'too is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss In- 'scription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* '(Speech is silvern, Silence is golden); or as I might 'rather express it: Speech is of Time, Silence is of 'Eternity.

'Bees will not work except in darkness; Thought will 'not work except in Silence: neither will Virtue work 'except in Secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what 'thy right hand doeth! Neither shalt thou prate even to 'thy own heart of "those secrets known to all." Is not 'Shame (*Schaam*) the soil of all Virtue, of all good manners 'and good morals? Like other plants, Virtue will not 'grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the

'sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay, do but look at it 'privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad 'thee. O my Friends, when we view the fair clustering 'flowers that overwreathe, for example, the Marriage-'bower, and encircle man's life with the fragrance and 'hues of Heaven, what hand will not smite the foul 'plunderer that grubs them up by the roots, and, with 'grinning, grunting satisfaction, shows us the dung they 'flourish in! Men speak much of the Printing-Press 'with its Newspapers: *du Himmel!* what are these to 'Clothes and the Tailor's Goose?'

'Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Conceal-'ment, and connected with still greater things, is the 'wondrous agency of *Symbols*. In a Symbol there is 'concealment and yet revelation: here, therefore, by 'Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a double 'significance. And if both the Speech be itself high, and 'the Silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union 'be! Thus in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-'emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us pro-'claimed with quite new emphasis.

'For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonder-'land plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and 'becomes incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, 'what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less 'distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation 'of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with 'the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable 'there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and 'commanded, made happy, made wretched. He every-'where finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recog-'nised as such or not recognised: the Universe is but 'one vast Symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what 'is man himself but a Symbol of God: is not all that he

'does symbolical; a revelation to Sense of the mystic 'god-given force that is in him; a "Gospel of Freedom," 'which he, the "Messias of Nature," preaches, as he can, 'by act and word? Not a Hut he builds but is the 'visible embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible 'record of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental 'sense, symbolical as well as real.'

'Man,' says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal contrast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here cut-short on the verge of the inane, 'Man is by 'birth somewhat of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owl-'eries that ever possessed him, the most owlish, if we 'consider it, is that of your actually existing Motive-Mill-'wrights. Fantastic tricks enough has man played, in 'his time; has fancied himself to be most things, down 'even to an animated heap of Glass: but to fancy him-'self a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleas-'ures on, was reserved for this his latter era. There 'stands he, his Universe one huge Manger, filled with 'hay and thistles to be weighed against each other; and 'looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil! spectres 'are appointed to haunt him: one age he is hagridden, 'bewitched; the next, priestridden, befooled; in all ages, 'bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism smoth-'ers him worse than any Nightmare did; till the Soul is 'nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, 'Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he 'can see nothing but Mechanism; has fear for nothing 'else, hope in nothing else: the world would indeed 'grind him to pieces; but cannot he fathom the Doc-'trine of Motives, and cunningly compute these, and 'mechanise them to grind the other way?

'Were he not, as has been said, purblinded by enchant-'ment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look.

'In which country, in which time, was it hitherto that 'man's history, or the history of any man, went-on by 'calculated or calculable "Motives"? What make ye of 'your Christianities, and Chivalries, and Reformations, 'and Marseillese Hymns, and Reigns of Terror? Nay, 'has not perhaps, the Motive-grinder himself been *in* '*Love?* Did he never stand so much as a contested 'Election? Leave him to Time, and the medicating 'virtue of Nature.'

'Yes, Friends,' elsewhere observes the Professor, 'not 'our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative 'one is King over us; I might say, Priest and Prophet 'to lead us heavenward; or Magician and Wizard to lead 'us hellward. Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what 'is Sense but the implement of Fantasy; the vessel it 'drinks out of? Ever in the dullest existence, there is a 'sheen either of Inspiration or of Madness (thou partly 'hast it in thy choice, which of the two), that gleams-in 'from the circumambient Eternity, and colours with its 'own hues our little islet of Time. The Understanding 'is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst not make it; 'but Fantasy is thy eye, with its colour-giving retina, 'healthy or diseased. Have not I myself known five-'hundred living soldiers sabred into crows'-meat for a 'piece of glazed cotton, which they called their Flag; 'which, had you sold it at any market-cross, would not 'have brought above three groschen? Did not the whole 'Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous moon-'stirred Atlantic, when Kaiser Joseph pocketed their Iron 'Crown; an implement, as was sagaciously observed, in 'size and commercial value little differing from a horse-'shoe? It is in and through *Symbols* that man, con-'sciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his 'being: those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest

'which can the best recognise symbolical worth, and prize 'it the highest. For is not a Symbol ever, to him who 'has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of 'the Godlike?

'Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have 'both an extrinsic and intrinsic value; oftenest the former 'only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, 'which the peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in 'their *Bauernkrieg* (Peasants' War)? Or in the Wallet-'and-staff round which the Netherland *Gueux*, glorying 'in that nickname of Beggars, heroically rallied and pre-'vailed, though against King Philip himself? Intrinsic 'significance these had none: only extrinsic; as the acci-'dental Standards of multitudes more or less sacredly 'uniting together; in which union itself, as above noted, 'there is ever something mystical and borrowing of the 'Godlike. Under a like category, too, stand, or stood, 'the stupidest heraldic Coats-of-arms; military Banners 'everywhere; and generally all national or other sectarian 'Costumes and Customs: they have no intrinsic, neces-'sary divineness, or even worth; but have acquired an 'extrinsic one. Nevertheless through all these there 'glimmers something of a Divine Idea; as through mili-'tary Banners themselves, the Divine Idea of Duty, of 'heroic Daring; in some instances, of Freedom, of Right. 'Nay, the highest ensign that men ever met and embraced 'under, the Cross itself, had no meaning save an acci-'dental extrinsic one.

'Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has 'intrinsic meaning, and is of itself *fit* that men should 'unite round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to 'Sense; let but Eternity look, more or less visibly, 'through the Time-figure (*Zeitbild*)! Then is it fit that 'men unite there; and worship together before such

'Symbol; and so from day to day, and from age to age, 'superadd to it new divineness.

'Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art: in them '(if thou know a Work of Art from a Daub of Artifice) 'wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time; the 'Godlike rendered visible. Here too may an extrinsic 'value gradually superadd itself: thus certain *Iliads*, and 'the like, have, in three-thousand years, attained quite 'new significance. But nobler than all in this kind are 'the Lives of heroic god-inspired Men; for what other 'Work of Art is so divine? In Death too, in the Death 'of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art, may 'we not discern symbolic meaning? In that divinely 'transfigured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the be-'loved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou 'canst for tears) the confluence of Time with Eternity, 'and some gleam of the latter peering through.

'Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist 'or Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recog-'nise a present God, and worship the same: I mean 'religious Symbols. Various enough have been such 'religious Symbols, what we call *Religions;* as men stood 'in this stage of culture or the other, and could worse or 'better body-forth the Godlike: some Symbols with a 'transient intrinsic worth; many with only an extrinsic. 'If thou ask to what height man has carried it in this 'manner, look on our divinest Symbol: on Jesus of 'Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what 'followed therefrom. Higher has the human thought not 'yet reached: this is Christianity and Christendom; a 'Symbol of quite perennial, infinite character; whose 'significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, 'and anew made manifest.

'But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacred-

'ness of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length 'defaces, or even desecrates them; and Symbols, like all 'terrestrial Garments, wax old. Homer's Epos has not 'ceased to be true; yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but 'shines in the distance, if clearer and clearer, yet also 'smaller and smaller, like a receding Star. It needs a 'scientific telescope, it needs to be reinterpreted and 'artificially brought near us, before we can so much as 'know that it *was* a Sun. So likewise a day comes when 'the Runic Thor, with his Eddas, must withdraw into 'dimness; and many an African Mumbo-Jumbo, and 'Indian Pawaw be utterly abolished. For all things, even 'Celestial Luminaries, much more atmospheric meteors, 'have their rise, their culmination, their decline.'

'Small is this which thou tellest me, that the Royal 'Sceptre is but a piece of gilt-wood; that the Pyx has 'become a most foolish box, and truly, as Ancient Pistol 'thought, "of little price." A right Conjuror might I 'name thee, couldst thou conjure back into these wooden 'tools the divine virtue they once held.'

'Of this thing, however, be certain: wouldst thou plant 'for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties 'of man, his Fantasy and Heart: wouldst thou plant for 'Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial facul-'ties, his Self-love and Arithmetical Understanding, what 'will grow there? A Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of 'the World will we call him, the Poet and inspired Maker; 'who, Prometheus-like, can shape new Symbols, and 'bring new Fire from Heaven to fix it there. Such too 'will not always be wanting; neither perhaps now are. 'Meanwhile, as the average of matter goes, we account 'him Legislator and wise who can so much as tell when 'a Symbol has grown old, and gently remove it.

'When, as the last English Coronation was preparing,'

concludes this wonderful Professor, 'I read in their 'Newspapers that the "Champion of England," he who 'has to offer battle to the Universe for his new King, 'had brought it so far that he could now "mount his 'horse with little assistance," I said to myself: Here also 'we have a Symbol well-nigh superannuated. Alas, move 'whithersoever you may, are not the tatters and rags of 'superannuated worn-out Symbols (in this Ragfair of a 'World) dropping off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter, 'to tether you; nay, if you shake them not aside, threat- 'ening to accumulate, and perhaps produce suffocation?'

CHAPTER IV.

HELOTAGE.

At this point we determine on adverting shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population;* which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*. Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in the right place here.

Into the Hofrath's *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus; and so zealous for the doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath; something like a fixed-idea; un-

doubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light; nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger; open mouths opening wider and wider; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation: by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath founds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity; that the Zähdarm palaces and courtesies have not made him forgetful of the Futteral cottages. On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract, we find the following indistinctly engrossed:

'Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn 'Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously 'conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable 'to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein not-'withstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as 'of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the 'rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude 'intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. 'O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even 'because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-'entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us 'were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou 'wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting 'our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-'created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted 'must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements 'of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know

'freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be 'out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indis- 'pensable, for daily bread.

'A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him 'who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not 'daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his 'duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; reveal- 'ing this, by act or by word, through all his outward en- 'deavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when 'his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when 'we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, 'but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement 'conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil 'that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil 'for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, 'Freedom, Immortality? — These two, in all their degrees, 'I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind 'blow whither it listeth.

'Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find 'both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly 'for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly 'for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing 'than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met 'with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; 'thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from 'the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in 'great darkness.'

And again: 'It is not because of his toils that I lament 'for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we 'name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman 'finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and 'athirst: but for him also there is food and drink: he is 'heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens 'send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a

'clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glit-
'terings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn
'over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no
'ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should
'visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two
'spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas,
'while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the
'Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated!
'Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in
'Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! — That
'there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity
'for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen
'more than twenty times in the minute, as by some com-
'putations it does. The miserable fraction of Science
'which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nes-
'cience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence,
'imparted to all?'

Quite in an opposite strain is the following: 'The old
'Spartans had a wiser method; and went out and hunted-
'down their Helots, and speared and spitted them, when
'they grew too numerous. With our improved fashions
'of hunting, Herr Hofrath, now after the invention of fire-
'arms, and standing-armies, how much easier were such a
'a hunt! Perhaps in the most thickly-peopled country,
'some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the
'able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the
'year. Let Governments think of this. The expense
'were trifling: nay, the very carcasses would pay it.
'Have them salted and barrelled; could not you victual
'therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm
'Paupers, in workhouses and elsewhere, as enlightened
'Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to
'keep alive?'

'And yet,' writes he farther on, 'there must be some-

'thing wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, 'bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friedrichs 'd'or: such is his worth to the world. A full-formed 'Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the 'world could afford him a round sum would he simply 'engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of 'the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as 'an Engine? Good Heavens! A white European Man, 'standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered 'Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his 'shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred 'Horses!'

'True, thou Gold-Hofrath,' cries the Professor elsewhere: 'too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion 'of this inconsiderable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more? How 'thick stands your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America; round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa; on both slopes of the Altaic chain, in 'the central Platform of Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, 'Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kildare? One man, in 'one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, 'will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are 'the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, 'will enlist, and, like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour; equipped, 'not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the 'steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are they? — 'Preserving their Game!'

CHAPTER V.

THE PHŒNIX.

PUTTING which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war! He says expressly: 'For the last three centuries, above all for the 'last three quarters of a century, that same Pericardial 'Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies 'the Life-essence of Society, has been smote-at and per-'forated, needfully and needlessly; till now it is quite rent 'into shreds; and Society, long pining, diabetic, con-'sumptive, can be regarded as defunct; for those spas-'modic, galvanic sprawlings are not life; neither indeed 'will they endure, galvanise as you may, beyond two 'days.'

'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where there is 'no longer any Social Idea extant; not so much as the 'Idea of a common Home, but only of a common, over-'crowded Lodging-house? Where each, isolated, regard-'less of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, 'clutches what he can get, and cries "Mine!" and calls 'it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scram-'ble, no steel knives, but a far cunninger sort, can be 'employed? Where Friendship, Communion, has become 'an incredible tradition; and your holiest Sacramental 'Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for

'Evangelist? Where your Priest has no tongue but for 'plate-licking: and your high Guides and Governors can- 'not guide; but on all hands hear it passionately pro- 'claimed: *Laissez faire;* Leave us alone of *your* guidance, 'such light is darker than darkness; eat you your wages, 'and sleep!

'Thus, too,' continues he, 'does an observant eye dis- 'cern everywhere that saddest spectacle: The Poor 'perishing, like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of 'Hunger and Over-work; the Rich, still more wretchedly, 'of Idleness, Satiety, and Over-growth. The Highest in 'rank, at length, without honour from the Lowest; 'scarcely, with a little mouth-honour, as from tavern- 'waiters who expect to put it in the bill. Once-sacred 'Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men 'grudge even the expense; a World becoming disman- 'tled: in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from 'obesity and apoplexy; the STATE shrunken into a 'Police-Office, straitened to get its pay!'

We might ask, are there many 'observant eyes,' be- longing to practical men, in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena; or is it only from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse* that such won- ders are visible? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a 'deceased or expiring Society' fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. 'What, for 'example,' says he, 'is the universally-arrogated Virtue, 'almost the sole remaining Catholic Virtue, of these 'days? For some half century, it has been the thing you 'name "Independence." Suspicion of "Servility," of 'reverence for Superiors, the very dogleech is anxious to 'disavow. Fools! Were your Superiors worthy to 'govern, and you worthy to obey, reverence for them 'were even your only possible freedom. Independence,

'in all kinds, is rebellion; if unjust rebellion, why parade 'it, and everywhere prescribe it?'

But what then? Are we returning, as Rousseau prayed, to the state of Nature? 'The Soul Politic 'having departed,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'what can follow 'but that the Body Politic be decently interred, to avoid 'putrescence? Liberals, Economists, Utilitarians enough 'I see marching with its bier, and chanting loud pæans, 'towards the funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from 'some, and saturnalian revelries from the most, the 'venerable Corpse is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, 'that these men, Liberals, Utilitarians, or whatsoever 'they are called, will ultimately carry their point, and 'dissever and destroy most existing Institutions of 'Society, seems a thing which has some time ago ceased 'to be doubtful.

'Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand Utili- 'tarian Armament come to light even in insulated Eng- 'land? A living nucleus, that will attract and grow, 'does at length appear there also; and under curious 'phasis; properly as the inconsiderable fag-end, and so 'far in the rear of the others as to fancy itself the van. 'Our European Mechanisers are a sect of boundless dif- 'fusion, activity, and coöperative spirit: has not Utilitari- 'anism flourished in high places of Thought, here among 'ourselves, and in every European country, at some time 'or other, within the last fifty years? If now in all 'countries, except perhaps England, it has ceased to 'flourish, or indeed to exist, among Thinkers, and sunk 'to Journalists and the popular mass, — who sees not 'that, as hereby it no longer preaches, so the reason is, 'it now needs no Preaching, but is in full universal 'Action, the doctrine everywhere known, and enthusias- 'tically laid to heart? The fit pabulum, in these times,

'for a certain rugged workshop intellect and heart, no-'wise without their corresponding workshop strength and 'ferocity, it requires but to be stated in such scenes to 'make proselytes enough. — Admirably calculated for 'destroying, only not for rebuilding! It spreads like 'a sort of Dog-madness; till the whole World-kennel will 'be rabid; then woe to the Huntsmen, with or without 'their whips! They should have given the quadrupeds 'water,' adds he; 'the water, namely, of Knowledge and 'of Life, while it was yet time.'

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are at this hour in a most critical condition; beleaguered by that boundless 'Armament of Mechanisers' and Unbelievers, threatening to strip us bare! 'The World,' says he, 'as it needs must, is under a process of devasta-'tion and waste, which, whether by silent assiduous cor-'rosion, or open quicker combustion, as the case chances, 'will effectually enough annihilate the past Forms of 'Society; replace them with what it may. For the pres-'ent, it is contemplated that when man's whole Spiritual 'Interests are once *divested*, these innumerable stript-off 'Garments shall mostly be burnt; but the sounder Rags 'among them be quilted together into one huge Irish 'watchcoat for the defence of the Body only!' — This, we think, is but Job's-news to the humane reader.

'Nevertheless,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'who can hinder 'it; who is there that can clutch into the wheel-spokes of 'Destiny, and say to the Spirit of the Time: Turn back, 'I command thee? — Wiser were it that we yielded to 'the Inevitable and Inexorable, and accounted even this 'the best.'

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same

'Inevitable and Inexorable' heartily enough; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical Indifference, if not even Placidity? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a 'huge Ragfair,' and the 'rags and tatters of old Symbols' were raining-down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him? What with those 'unhunted Helots' of his; and the uneven *sic vos non vobis* pressure, and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things; what with the so hateful 'empty Masks,' full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass eyes, 'with a ghastly affectation of life,' — we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently! Safe himself in that 'Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo,' he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster UTILITARIA, held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modification of rope, should go forth to do her work; — to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

'Society,' says he, 'is not dead: that Carcass, which 'you call dead Society, is but her mortal coil which 'she has shuffled-off, to assume a nobler; she herself, 'through perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer 'development, has to live till Time also merge in Eternity. 'Wheresoever two or three Living Men are gathered 'together, there is Society; or there it will be, with its 'cunning mechanisms and stupendous structures, over-'spreading this little Globe, and reaching upwards to 'Heaven and downwards to Gehenna: for always, under 'one or the other figure, it has two authentic Revelations.

'of a God and of a Devil; the Pulpit, namely, and the 'Gallows.'

Indeed, we already heard him speak of 'Religion, in unnoticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vestures;'— Teufelsdröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon's, concerning which and whom so much were to be said: '*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradi-* '*tion a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est devant nous;* The 'golden age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed 'in the Past, is Before us.'— But listen again:

'When the Phœnix is fanning her funeral pyre, will 'there not be sparks flying! Alas, some millions of 'men, and among them such as a Napoleon, have already 'been licked into that high-eddying Flame, and like 'moths consumed there. Still also have we to fear that 'incautious beards will get singed.

'For the rest, in what year of grace such Phœnix-cre-'mation will be completed, you need not ask. The law 'of Perseverance is among the deepest in man: by 'nature he hates change; seldom will he quit his old 'house till it has actually fallen about his ears. Thus 'have I seen Solemnities linger as Ceremonies, sacred 'Symbols as idle Pageants, to the extent of three-'hundred years and more after all life and sacredness 'had evaporated out of them. And then, finally, what 'time the Phœnix Death-Birth itself will require, depends 'on unseen contingencies.— Meanwhile, would Destiny 'offer Mankind, that after, say two centuries of convul-'sion and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-crea-'tion should be accomplished, and we find ourselves 'again in a Living Society, and no longer fighting but 'working,— were it not perhaps prudent in Mankind to 'strike the bargain?'

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society should be deliberately burnt (alas, with quite other fuel than spice-wood); in the faith that she is a Phœnix; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator, shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think: From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind) but books, tobacco and gukguk, we expected more gratitude to his benefactress; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot-and-lot in a Christian country.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD CLOTHES.

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a Sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant; his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness: a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries: like sunlight, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds; nay, brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head:

'Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by

'the rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, 'from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers 'the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on 'its own rights, I discern no special connexion with 'wealth or birth: but rather that it lies in human nature 'itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a 'truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth 'anything when there, this, with so much else, would be 'reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neigh- 'bour's schoolmaster; till at length a rude-visaged un- 'mannered Peasant could no more be met with, than a 'Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who 'felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

'For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, 'art thou not ALIVE; is not this thy brother ALIVE? "There 'is but one Temple in the world," says Novalis, "and 'that Temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier 'than this high Form. Bending before men is a rever- 'ence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch 'Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body."

'On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than 'most do; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed 'to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would 'bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat 'whatever. Is he not a Temple, then; the visible Mani- 'festation and Impersonation of the Divinity? And yet, 'alas, such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For there 'is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too 'often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would 'go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis 'of the Devil, in these times); therefore must we with- 'hold it.

'The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence 'to those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein

'no devilish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure 'emblem and effigies of Man: I mean, to Empty, or even 'to Cast Clothes. Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men 'do reverence: to the fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to 'the "straddling animal with bandy legs" which it holds, 'and makes a Dignitary of? Who ever saw any Lord 'my-lorded in tattered blanket, fastened with wooden 'skewer? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such worship 'a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception: for how 'often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the 'Cloth only! Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is 'the essence of all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a 'different course. That reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion when the Clothes are 'full, may have free course when they are empty. Even 'as, for Hindoo Worshippers, the Pagoda is not less sacred 'than the God; so do I too worship the hollow cloth Garment with equal fervour, as when it contained the Man: 'nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself 'or of others.

'Did not King *Twomtabard*, or, in other words, John 'Baliol, reign long over Scotland; the man John Baliol 'being quite gone, and only the "Toom Tabard" (Empty 'Gown) remaining? What still dignity dwells in a suit 'of Cast Clothes! How meekly it bears its honours! No 'haughty looks, no scornful gesture: silent and serene it 'fronts the world; neither demanding worship nor afraid 'to miss it. The Hat still carries the physiognomy of its 'Head: but the vanity and the stupidity, and goose-speech 'which was the sign of these two, are gone. The Coat-'arm is stretched out, but not to strike; the Breeches, in 'modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at last have 'a graceful flow; the Waistcoat hides no evil passion, 'no riotous desire; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it.

'Thus all is purged from the grossness of sense, from 'the carking cares and foul vices of the World; and rides 'there, on its Clothes-horse; as, on a Pegasus, might 'some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting 'our low Earth.

'Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity 'of Civilized Life, the Capital of England; and meditated, 'and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, 'black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth; and 'was one lone Soul amid those grinding millions;—often 'have I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. 'With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth 'Street, with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of 'stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their 'silence: the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and 'Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless 'tumult of Good and Evil in "the Prison men call Life." 'Friends! trust not the heart of that man for whom old 'Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, 'that bearded Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse voice, 'like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four 'winds! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats, '—a real triple tiara; on either hand are the similitude 'of wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to 'alight; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds 'forth his deep fateful note, as if through a trumpet he 'were proclaiming: "Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment!" 'Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts: he will purify you in his 'Purgatory, with fire and with water; and, one day, new-'created ye shall reappear. O, let him in whom the 'flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never 'worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and 'repace, with austerest thought, the pavement of Mon-'mouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes

'still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering 'rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius' Ear, where, 'in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which 'Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has 'left them there cast-out and trodden under foot of Want, 'Darkness and the Devil, — then is Monmouth Street a 'Mirza's Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant 'of Existence passes awfully before us; with its wail and 'jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and 'gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood, — the Bed-'lam of Creation!'

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street, but with little feeling of 'Devotion:' probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers, who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation. Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, 'pacing and repacing in austerest thought' that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the 'Ghosts of Life' rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paper-bag Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in

London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English 'ink-sea,' that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul, — as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

CHAPTER VII.

ORGANIC FILAMENTS.

For us, who happen to live while the World-Phœnix is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done 'within two centuries,' there seems to lie but an ashy prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. 'In the living subject,' says he, 'change is wont to be gradual: thus, while the 'serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed 'beneath. Little knowest thou of the burning of a 'World-Phœnix, who fanciest that she must first burn-'out, and lie as a dead cinereous heap; and therefrom 'the young one start-up by miracle, and fly heavenward. 'Far otherwise! In that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and 'Destruction proceed together; ever as the ashes of the

'Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New 'mysteriously spin themselves: and amid the rushing and 'the waving of the Whirlwind-element, come tones of a 'melodious Deathsong, which end not but in tones of a 'more melodious Birthsong. Nay, look into the Fire-'whirlwind with thy own eyes, and thou wilt see.' Let us actually look, then: to poor individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general:

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou *art* 'my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those 'foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour: 'what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a 'Steam-engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies 'of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, 'whether badly or well.

'Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and 'all; whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron 'chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More 'than once have I said to myself, of some perhaps whim-'sically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical 'thoughts: "Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly 'covered-up within the largest imaginable Glass-bell,— 'what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for the 'world! Post Letters, more or fewer, from all the four 'winds, impinge against thy Glass walls, but have to drop 'unread: neither from within comes there question or 'response into any Postbag; thy thoughts fall into no 'friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no purchas-'ing hand: thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial 'Heart, that, taking and giving, circulatest through all 'Space and all Time: there has a Hole fallen-out in the

'immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be 'darned-up again!"

'Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal 'Messages, paper and other Packages, going out from 'him and coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to 'the eye: but the finer nervous circulation, by which all 'things, the minutest that he does, minutely influence all 'men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses 'whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing 'or new cursing: all this you cannot see, but only imagine. 'I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winni-'pic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world 'must smart for it: will not the price of beaver rise? It 'is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble 'from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the Uni-'verse.

'If now an existing generation of men stand so woven 'together, not less indissolubly does generation with 'generation. Hast thou ever meditated on that word, 'Tradition: how we inherit not Life only, but all the 'garniture and form of Life; and work, and speak, and 'even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grand-'fathers, from the beginning, have given it us?—Who 'printed thee, for example, this unpretending Volume on 'the Philosophy of Clothes? Not the Herren Stillschwei-'gen and Company: but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of 'Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. 'Had there been no Mœsogothic Ulfila, there had been 'no English Shakspeare, or a different one. Simpleton! 'it was Tubalcain that made thy very Tailor's needle, and 'sewed that court-suit of thine.

'Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible 'whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects 'and creates Nature, without which Nature were not

'As palpable life-streams in that wondrous Individual 'Mankind, among so many life-streams that are not 'palpable, flow on those main-currents of what we call 'Opinion; as preserved in Institutions, Polities, Churches, 'above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand and 'know that a Thought did never yet die; that as thou, 'the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it 'from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the 'whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the 'seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us 'of the latest; that the Wise Man stands ever encom- 'passed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses 'and brothers; and there is a living, literal *Communion 'of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History 'of the World.

'Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of 'this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into 'Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome 'Mankind: Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin 'bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise re- 'freshed for new advancement. What the Father has 'made, the Son can make and enjoy; but has also work 'of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and 'roll onwards; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing 'is completed, but ever completing. Newton has learned 'to see what Kepler saw; but there is also a fresh heaven- 'derived force in Newton; he must mount to still higher 'points of vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due 'time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the 'business of Destruction, as this also is from time to 'time a necessary work, thou findest a like sequence and 'perseverance: for Luther it was as yet hot enough to 'stand by that burning of the Pope's Bull; Voltaire could 'not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required

'quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig 'has, in the second generation, become an English Radi- 'cal; who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will 'become an English Rebuilder. Find Mankind where 'thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress 'faster or slower: the Phœnix soars aloft, hovers with 'outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music; or, as 'now, she sinks, and with spheral swan-song immolates 'herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing 'the clearer.'

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles:

'Remark, not without surprise,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from Fight- 'ing. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies; 'your Earl (*Jarl*) is Strong Man; your Marshal, cavalry 'Horse-shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and 'Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and be- 'coming now daily more and more indubitable, may it not 'be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be 'palatable, and new and higher need to be devised?

'The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace 'eternity, is that of King. *König* (King), anciently '*Könning*, means Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is the 'same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of 'Mankind be fitly entitled King.'

'Well, also,' says he elsewhere, 'was it written by 'Theologians: a King rules by divine right. He carries 'in him an authority from God, or man will never give it 'him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my 'own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I 'may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose

'will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in 'Heaven. Neither except in such Obedience to the 'Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.'

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable; much so disastrous, ghastly; your very radiances, and straggling light-beams, have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise; at least so we interpret the following: 'Satisfy yourselves,' he says, 'by universal, in-'dubitable experiment, even as ye are now doing or will 'do, whether FREEDOM, heavenborn and leading heaven-'ward, and so vitally essential for us all, cannot per-

'adventure be mechanically hatched and brought to light 'in that same Ballot-Box of yours; or at worst in some 'other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-'mechanism. It were a mighty convenience; and beyond 'all feats of manufacture witnessed hitherto.' Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly? — He says, under another figure: 'But after 'all, were the problem, as indeed it now everywhere is, 'To rebuild your old House from the top downwards '(since you must live in it the while), what better, what 'other, than the Representative Machine will serve your 'turn? Meanwhile, however, mock me not with the name 'of Free, "when you have but knit-up my chains into 'ornamental festoons."' — Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this: 'The lower people everywhere desire War. Not so un-'wisely; there is then a demand for lower people — to be 'shot!'

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our best, for 'organic filaments,' we ask, may not this, touching 'Hero-Worship,' be of the number? It seems of a cheerful character; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes:

'True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all 'things, only not obey. True likewise that whoso cannot 'obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the 'inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the 'equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man 'has lost his faculty of Reverence; that if it slumber in 'him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same 'rebellious Independence, when it has become inevitable;

'only in loving companionship with his fellows does he 'feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the 'Higher does he feel himself exalted.

'Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay 'even in this: that man had forever cast away Fear, 'which is the lower; but not yet risen into perennial 'Reverence, which is the higher and highest?

'Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature 'ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey he cannot 'but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike 'did he ever stand irreverent; least of all, when the God- 'like showed itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is 'there a true religious Loyalty forever rooted in his heart; 'nay, in all ages, even in ours, it manifests itself as a 'more or less orthodox *Hero-worship*. In which fact, 'that Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever 'exist, universally among Mankind, mayest thou discern 'the corner-stone of living-rock, whereon all Polities for 'the remotest time may stand secure.'

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims, 'Or hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire? How 'the aged, withered man, though but a Sceptic, Mocker, 'and millinery Court-poet, yet because even he seemed 'the Wisest, Best, could drag mankind at his chariot- 'wheels, so that princes coveted a smile from him, and 'the loveliest of France would have laid their hair be- 'neath his feet! All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero- 'worship; though their Divinity, moreover, was of feature 'too apish.

'But if such things,' continues he, 'were done in the 'dry tree, what will be done in the green? If, in the 'most parched season of Man's History, in the most 'parched spot of Europe, when Parisian life was at best

'but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*, bedizened with some 'Italian Gumflowers, such virtue could come out of it; 'what is to be looked for when life again waves leafy and 'bloomy, and your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing ape-'like, but be wholly human? Know that there is in man 'a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds of 'Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. 'Shew the dullest clodpole, shew the haughtiest feather-'head, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; 'were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and 'worship.'

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage:

'There is no Church, sayest thou? The voice of 'Prophecy has gone dumb? This is even what I dis-'pute: but, in any case, hast thou not still Preaching 'enough? A Preaching Friar settles himself in every 'village; and builds a pulpit, which he calls Newspaper. 'Therefrom he preaches what most momentous doctrine 'is in him, for man's salvation; and dost not thou listen, 'and believe? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new 'Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some 'almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach 'and preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the 'love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols; 'and, though themselves too often reprobate, as idol-'breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new 'Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to 'follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, 'Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself 'beneath it?'

Perhaps also in the following; wherewith we now hasten to knit-up this ravelled sleeve:

'But there is no Religion?' reiterates the Professor. 'Fool! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well considered 'all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name 'LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homi-* 5 '*letic* lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay 'fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And 'knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environ- 'ment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the God- 'like had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest 10 'forms of the Common; and by him been again pro- 'phetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in 'these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life 'again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Know- 'est thou none such? I know him, and name him — 15 'Goethe.

'But thou as yet standest in no Temple; joinest in no 'Psalm-worship; feelest well that, where there is no 'ministering Priest, the people perish? Be of comfort! 'Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not 20 'of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, 'accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou 'be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously 'together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, 'as a sacred *Miserere;* their heroic Actions also, as a 25 'boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say 'that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not 'God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Im- 'mensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's 'History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ- 30 'music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars 'sing together.'

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

IT is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; 'Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,' of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. 'Courage, then!' may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but, on the contrary, to be clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

'Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,' thus quietly begins the Professor; 'far deeper perhaps

'than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions 'were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King 'of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had car- 'ried with him an air-pump and vial of vitriolic ether, 'might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who 'unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a 'miracle, and magical "*Open sesame!*" every time I please 'to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlag- 'baum*, or shut Turnpike?

'"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the 'Laws of Nature?" ask several. Whom I answer by this 'new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me 'perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no viola- 'tion of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far 'deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual 'Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear 'on us with its Material Force.

'Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: 'On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, 'come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? 'To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declara- 'tion were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, 'of the First Century, was full of meaning.

'"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be 'constant?" cries an illuminated class: "Is not the Ma- 'chine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable 'rules?" Probable enough, good friends: nay, I too, 'must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men 'assert to be "without variableness or shadow of turn- 'ing," does indeed never change; that Nature, that the 'Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be 'prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the 'most unalterable rules. And now of you too I make 'the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules,

'forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may 'possibly be?

'They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; 'in the accumulated records of man's Experience? — Was 'Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, 'to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific 'individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the 'Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker 'take them into His counsel; that they read His ground-'plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This 'stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas! 'not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been 'nowhere but where we also are; have seen some hand-'breadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infi-'nite, without bottom as without shore.

'Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that 'certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our 'worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest 'good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in 'detecting, — is to me as precious as to another. But is 'this what thou namest "Mechanism of the Heavens," 'and "System of the World;" this, wherein Sirius and 'the Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns 'per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, 'and inert Balls had been — looked at, nicknamed, and 'marked in the Zodiacal Way-bill; so that we can now 'prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their 'What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

'System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his 'vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite 'infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits 'itself to some few computed centuries, and measured 'square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this 'our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us:

'but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; 'what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle 'revolves on? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, 'and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may 'have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand 'the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-'winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all 'which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and 'may, from time to time (*un*miraculously enough), be 'quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is Man; 'his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasur-'able All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the 'mysterious Course of Providence through Æons of 'Æons.

'We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Vol-'ume it is, — whose Author and Writer is God. To read 'it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the 'Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and 'grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, 'spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of 'Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in 'celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing; of which 'even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line 'and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Acade-'mies of Science, they strive bravely; and, from amid 'the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwisted hieroglyphic 'writing, pick out, by dextrous combination, some Letters 'in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this 'and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. 'That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of 'such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-'Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this 'manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

'Custom,' continues the Professor, 'doth make dotards

'of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is 'the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raiment for all 'the Spirits of the Universe: whereby indeed these dwell 'with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses 'and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to 'the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that 'Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do 'everything by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very 'Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are 'oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard 'questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a 'continual battle against Custom; an ever-renewed effort 'to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become 'Transcendental?

'Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks 'of Custom: but of all these perhaps the cleverest is her 'knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple 'repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this 'means we live; for man must work as well as wonder: 'and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him 'to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or 'rather we are false foolish nurslings, when, in our resting 'and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. 'Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, 'because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two- 'million times? There is no reason in Nature or in Art 'why I should: unless, indeed, I am a mere Work- 'Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were 'no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the 'Steam-engine; a power whereby cotton might be spun, 'and money and money's worth realised.

'Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find 'the potency of Names: which indeed are but one kind 'of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witch-

'craft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, 'we have now named Madness, and Diseases of the 'Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question 'comes upon us: What is Madness, what are Nerves? 'Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious- 'terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether 'Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Crea- 'tion, which swims thereon, which we name the Real. 'Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, 'whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without 'it? In every the wisest Soul lies a whole world of 'internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of 'which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively 'built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foun- 'dations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

'But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding 'Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand 'fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and 'TIME. These, as spun and woven for us from before 'Birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling 'here, and yet to blind it, — lie all-embracing, as the 'universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor 'Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint 'themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you en- 'deavour to strip them off; you can, at best, but rend 'them asunder for moments, and look through.

'Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put 'on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. 'By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, 'he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, 'but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, 'in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of 'this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have 'of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the

'street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his 'fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make 'Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it 'with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To 'clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were 'Any*where*, straightway to be *There!* Next to clap-on 'your other felt, and simply by wishing that you were 'Any*when*, and straightway to be *Then!* This were in- 'deed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Crea- 'tion of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here his- 'torically present in the First Century, conversing face to 'face with Paul and Seneca; there prophetically in the 'Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other 'Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the 'depth of that late Time!

'Or thinkest thou, it were impossible, unimaginable? 'Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future 'non-extant or only future? Those mystic faculties of 'thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already 'through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded 'summonest both Past and Future, and communest with 'them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. 'The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of 'Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both '*are*. Pierce through the Time-Element, glance into the 'Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the 'sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all 'ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space 'are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it 'is a universal HERE, so it is an everlasting NOW.

'And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY? '—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, 'who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us 'there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mourn-

'fully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome un-
'cheered miles we have journeyed on alone, — but a pale
'spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously
'Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God! —
'Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have
'perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of what-
'ever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even
'now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new,
'thou mayst ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty
'years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou
'must; understand it thou canst not.

'That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein,
'once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should
'condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings,
'conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, — seems alto-
'gether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should,
'furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Medi-
'tation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying
'close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time
'to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay, even, if
'thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and
'consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises
'hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus,
'were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand,
'and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch
'forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and
'swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby,
'then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance,
'or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that
'the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this,
'that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free
'Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of
'this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupe-
'factions, which Space practises on us.

'Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand 'anti-magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same 'lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, 'to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a 'World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic 'Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But 'unhappily we have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool 'that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without 'one.

'Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or 'Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound 'of his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of 'Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, 'to dance along from the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Trog- 'lodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); 'and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, 'squared ashlar houses, and noble streets? Was it not 'the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past 'centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in 'civilising man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, 'eighteen hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing 'in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of 'men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows 'and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompani- 'ments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; 'and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a 'wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease 'to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not 'only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus; but 'without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city 'ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

'Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou 'have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant 'Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a

'whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if 'the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? 'O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport 'thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how 'were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in 'the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou 'that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province 'thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; 'that through every star, through every grass-blade, and 'most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present 'God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vest-'ure of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him 'from the foolish.

'Again, could anything be more miraculous than an 'actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, 'all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to 'Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped 'on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the 'mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him 'into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he 'never so much as look into Himself? The good Doc-'tor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could 'wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the 'streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the 'illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into 'three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? 'Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an 'Appearance; and that fade away again into air and 'Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple, scien-'tific *fact:* we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and 'are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, 'is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and 'æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from 'celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls?

'And again, do not we squeak and gibber (in our dis-
'cordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings);
'and glide bodeful and feeble, and fearful; or uproar
'(*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead, —
'till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still
'Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day?
'Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel
'Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and
'Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished
'utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too,
'and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns!
'Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which
'has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous,
'flitted away? — Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-
'million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-
'hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have
'arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

'O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider
'that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him;
'but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence
'had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its
'burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a
'Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein through
'some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be re-
'vealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-
'horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his
'arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision;
'a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the
'Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is
'but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse
'sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy
'herself will not follow them. A little while ago they were
'not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes
'are not.

'So it has been from the beginning, so will it be to the 'end. Generation after generation takes to itself the 'Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian 'Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and 'Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of 'Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine 'heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the 'rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the 'Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, 'and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. 'Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of 'Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND 'thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding 'grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a 'God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from 'the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; 'then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains 'are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can 'the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits 'which have reality and are alive? On the hardest 'adamant some foot-print of us is stamped-in; the last 'Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. 'But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; 'Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to 'Mystery, from God and to God.

"We *are such stuff*
'As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"'

CHAPTER IX.

CIRCUMSPECTIVE.

HERE, then, arises the so momentous question: Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them? Long and adventurous has the journey been: from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space themselves! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrappages, begin in any measure to reveal itself? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable? Does that Earth-Spirit's speech in *Faust*, —

> 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
> 'And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by;'

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakspeare, —

> 'And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> 'The cloudcapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
> 'The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
> 'And all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> 'And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> 'Leave not a wrack behind;'

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phœnix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zigzag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few! little band of Friends! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout; the hand can stretch itself forth to work there: it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive; new Bridges will be built; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career: not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping-hand should be held out; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected

us, — can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader been, as now, demanding, with something like a snarl: Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles, — then art thou profited beyond money's worth; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay, farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing-apparel (for the Religious Idea)? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit: that it takes

scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the theory of the British Constitution ; nay, rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and consecrate, and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental Portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society), — we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest, is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science ; nothing even of those 'architectural ideas' which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions, — let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Habilatory Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live, — let us but turn the reader's attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted, without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANDIACAL BODY.

First, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action; shews himself in peculiar guise to mankind; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal Worth of Clothes. We call him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet

to his mistress' eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha Virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoölogist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care: when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed,

properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep: for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted, however, that here, as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency; our readers shall judge which:

'In these distracted times,' writes he, 'when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies 'unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing 'and silently working there towards some new Revela'tion; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a 'disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation, — 'into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and 'Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast 'itself! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for 'the while without Exponent; yet does it continue inde'structible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the 'great chaotic deep: thus Sect after Sect, and Church 'after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into 'new metamorphosis.

'Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the 'wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, 'offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of 'Darkness), in which such moon-calves and monstrosities 'are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that

'country, one of the most notable, and closely connected 'with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies;* con- 'cerning which, what little information I have been able 'to procure may fitly stand here.

'It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men gen- 'erally without sense for the Religious Principle, or judg- 'ment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enigmatic 'notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, 'and not a Religious one; nevertheless, to the psycho- 'logic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character 'plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the 'class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships or Poly- 'theisms, or to what other class, may in the present state 'of our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A 'certain touch of Manicheism, not indeed in the Gnostic 'shape, is discernible enough: also (for human Error 'walks in a cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not-in- 'considerable resemblance to that Superstition of the 'Athos Monks, who by fasting from all nourishment, and 'looking intensely for a length of time into their own 'navels, came to discern therein the true Apocalypse of 'Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my own surmise, it 'appears as if this Dandiacal Sect were but a new modi- 'fication, adapted to the new time, of that primeval Super- 'stition, *Self-worship;* which Zerdusht, Quangfoutchee, 'Mohamed, and others, strove rather to subordinate and 'restrain than to eradicate; and which only in the purer 'forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. Where- 'fore, if any one chooses to name it revived Ahrimanism, 'or a new figure of Demon-Worship, I have, so far as is 'yet visible, no objection.

'For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of 'a new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what 'force there is in man's nature, though never so enslaved.

'They affect great purity and separatism; distinguish 'themselves by a particular costume (whereof some 'notices were given in the earlier part of this Volume); 'likewise, so far as possible, by a particular speech (ap- 'parently some broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French); 'and, on the whole, strive to maintain a true Nazarene 'deportment, and keep themselves unspotted from the 'world.

'They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the 'Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis; and is 'named *Almack's*, a word of uncertain etymology. They 'worship principally by night; and have their Highpriests 'and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not continue for 'life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic 'sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, 'are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting 'to the Sect; these they call *Fashionable Novels:* how- 'ever, the Canon is not completed, and some are canon- 'ical and others not.

'Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured 'myself some samples; and in hope of true insight, and 'with the zeal which beseems an Inquirer into Clothes, 'set to interpret and study them. But wholly to no pur- 'pose: that tough faculty of reading, for which the world 'will not refuse me credit, was here for the first time 'foiled and set at naught. In vain that I summoned my 'whole energies (*mich weidlich anstrengte*), and did my 'very utmost; at the end of some short space, I was uni- 'formly seized with not so much what I can call a drum- 'ming in my ears, as a kind of infinite, unsufferable, 'Jews-harping and scrannel-piping there; to which the 'frightfullest species of Magnetic Sleep soon supervened. 'And if I strove to shake this away, and absolutely would 'not yield, came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Deliri-*

'*um Tremens*, and a melting into total deliquium: till at 'last, by order of the Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole 'intellectual and bodily faculties, and a general breaking-'up of the constitution, I reluctantly but determinedly 'forbore. Was there some miracle at work here; like 'those Fire-balls, and supernal and infernal prodigies, 'which, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries, have also 'more than once scared-back the Alien? Be this as it 'may, such failure on my part, after best efforts, must 'excuse the imperfection of this sketch; altogether in-'complete, yet the completest I could give of a Sect too 'singular to be omitted.

'Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall 'induce me, as a private individual, to open another '*Fashionable Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes 'a hand from the clouds; whereby if not victory, deliver-'ance is held out to me. Round one of those Book-pack-'ages, which the *Stillschweigen'sche Buchhandlung* is in 'the habit of importing from England, come, as is usual, 'various waste printed-sheets (*Maculatur-blätter*), by way 'of interior wrappage: into these the Clothes-Philosopher, 'with a certain Mohamedan reverence even for waste-'paper, where curious knowledge will sometimes hover, 'disdains not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his 'astonishment when on such a defaced stray-sheet, prob-'ably the outcast fraction of some English Periodical, 'such as they name *Magazine*, appears something like a 'Dissertation on this very subject of *Fashionable Novels!* 'It sets out, indeed, chiefly from the Secular point of 'view; directing itself, not without asperity, against some 'to me unknown individual, named *Pelham*, who seems 'to be a Mystagogue, and leading Teacher and Preacher 'of the Sect; so that, what indeed otherwise was not to 'be expected in such a fugitive fragmentary sheet, the

'true secret, the Religious physiognomy and physiology 'of the Dandiacal Body, is nowise laid fully open there. 'Nevertheless, scattered lights do from time to time 'sparkle out, whereby I have endeavoured to profit. Nay, 'in one passage selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic 'Theogonies, or whatever they are (for the style seems 'very mixed) of this Mystagogue, I find what appears to 'be a Confession of Faith, or Whole Duty of Man, ac- 'cording to the tenets of that Sect. Which Confession 'or Whole Duty, therefore, as proceeding from a source 'so authentic, I shall here arrange under Seven distinct 'Articles, and in very abridged shape lay before the Ger- 'man world; therewith taking leave of this matter. Ob- 'serve also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far as 'may be, quote literally from the Original:

'ARTICLES OF FAITH.

"1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about 'them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be care- 'fully avoided.

"2. The collar is a very important point: it should be 'low behind, and slightly rolled.

"3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate 'taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

"4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

"5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more 'finely developed than in his rings.

"6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restric- 'tions, to wear white waistcoats.

"7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the 'hips."

'All which Propositions I, for the present, content 'myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably 'denying.

'In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body stands 'another British Sect, originally, as I understand, of Ire- 'land, where its chief seat still is; but known also in the 'main Island, and indeed everywhere rapidly spreading. 'As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, 'it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the 'Dandiacal, which has published Books that the unas- 'sisted human faculties are inadequate to read. The 'members appear to be designated by a considerable 'diversity of names, according to their various places of 'establishment: in England they are generally called the '*Drudge* Sect; also, unphilosophically enough, the *White* '*Negroes;* and, chiefly in scorn by those of other com- 'munions, the *Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, 'I find them entitled *Hallanshakers*, or the *Stook of Duds* 'Sect; any individual communicant is named *Stook of* '*Duds* (that is, Shock of Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to 'their professional Costume. While in Ireland, which, 'as mentioned, is their grand parent hive, they go by a 'perplexing multiplicity of designations, such as *Bog-* '*trotters*, *Redshanks*, *Ribbonmen*, *Cottiers*, *Peep-of-Day Boys*, '*Babes in the Wood*, *Rockites*, *Poor-Slaves:* which last, 'however, seems to be the primary and generic name; 'whereto, probably enough, the others are only subsidiary 'species, or slight varieties; or, at most, propagated off- 'sets from the parent stem, whose minute subdivisions, 'and shades of difference, it were here loss of time to 'dwell on. Enough for us to understand, what seems 'indubitable, that the original Sect is that of the *Poor-* '*Slaves;* whose doctrines, practices, and fundamental 'characteristics pervade and animate the whole Body, 'howsoever denominated or outwardly diversified.

'The precise speculative tenets of this Brother- 'hood: how the Universe, and Man, and Man's Life,

'picture themselves to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave; 'with what feelings and opinions he looks forward on 'the Future, round on the Present, back on the Past, it 'were extremely difficult to specify. Something Monastic 'there appears to be in their Constitution: we find them 'bound by the two Monastic Vows, of Poverty, and Obe- 'dience; which Vows, especially the former, it is said, 'they observe with great strictness; nay, as I have un- 'derstood it, they are pledged, and be it by any solemn 'Nazarene ordination or not, irrevocably consecrated 'thereto, even *before* birth. That the third Monastic 'Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly enforced among them, I find 'no ground to conjecture.

'Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal 'Sect in their grand principle of wearing a peculiar 'Costume. Of which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no de- 'scription will indeed be found in the present Volume; 'for this reason, that by the imperfect organ of Language 'it did not seem describable. Their raiment consists of 'innumerable skirts, lappets, and irregular wings, of all 'cloths and of all colours; through the labyrinthic intri- 'cacies of which their bodies are introduced by some un- 'known process. It is fastened together by a multiple 'combination of buttons, thrums and skewers; to which 'frequently is added a girdle of leather, of hempen or 'even of straw rope, round the loins. To straw rope, in- 'deed, they seem partial, and often wear it by way of 'sandals. In head-dress they affect a certain freedom; 'hats with partial brim, without crown, or with only a 'loose, hinged, or valved crown; in the former case, they 'sometimes invert the hat, and wear it brim uppermost, 'like a University-cap, with what view is unknown.

'The name Poor-Slaves, seems to indicate a Slavonic, 'Polish, or Russian origin: not so, however, the interior

'essence and spirit of their Superstition, which rather 'displays a Teutonic or Druidical character. One might 'fancy them worshippers of Hertha, or the Earth: for 'they dig and affectionately work continually in her 'bosom; or else, shut-up in private Oratories, meditate 'and manipulate the substances derived from her; sel- 'dom looking-up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and 'then with comparative indifference. Like the Druids, 'on the other hand, they live in dark dwellings; often 'even breaking their glass-windows, where they find 'such, and stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or 'other opaque substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. 'Again, like all followers of Nature-Worship, they are 'liable to outbreakings of an enthusiasm rising to feroc- 'ity; and burn men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod 'cottages.

'In respect of diet, they have also their observances. 'All Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous (or Root-eaters); a 'few are Ichthyophagous, and use Salted Herrings: 'other animal food they abstain from; except indeed, 'with perhaps some strange inverted fragment of a Brah- 'minical feeling, such animals as die a natural death. 'Their universal sustenance is the root named Potato, 'cooked by fire alone; and generally without condiment 'or relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment 'named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have vainly 'inquired; the victual *Potatoes-and-Point* not appearing, 'at least not with specific accuracy of description, in any 'European Cookery-Book whatever. For drink, they use, 'with an almost epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, 'Milk, which is the mildest of liquors, and *Potheen*, 'which is the fiercest. This latter I have tasted, as well 'as the English *Blue-Ruin*, and the Scotch *Whisky*, anal- 'ogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries: it evi-

'dently contains some form of alcohol, in the highest 'state of concentration, though disguised with acrid oils: 'and is, on the whole, the most pungent substance known 'to me, — indeed, a perfect liquid fire. In all their Re- 'ligious Solemnities, Potheen is said to be an indispensa- 'ble requisite, and largely consumed.

'An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who 'presents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The 'late John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a do- 'mestic establishment, the inmates whereof, though such 'is not stated expressly, appear to have been of that 'Faith. Thereby shall my German readers now behold 'an Irish Poor-Slave, as it were with their own eyes; and 'even see him at meat. Moreover, in the so precious 'waste-paper sheet above mentioned, I have found some 'corresponding picture of a Dandiacal Household, painted 'by that same Dandiacal Mystagogue, or Theogonist: 'this also, by way of counterpart and contrast, the world 'shall look into.

'First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears like- 'wise to have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from 'the original:

POOR-SLAVE HOUSEHOLD.

"The furniture of this Caravansera consisted of a 'large iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two 'Chairs, and a Potheen Noggin. There was a loft above '(attainable by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept; 'and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two 'Apartments: the one for their cow and pig, the other for 'themselves and guests. On entering the house we discov- 'ered the family, eleven in number, at dinner: the father 'sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, the children on 'each side, of a large oaken Board which was scooped-out

'in the middle, like a Trough, to receive the contents of 'their Pot of Potatoes. Little holes were cut at equal dis- 'tance to contain Salt; and a bowl of Milk stood on the 'table: all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives 'and dishes were dispensed with." The Poor-Slave him- 'self our Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black- 'browed, of great personal strength, and mouth from ear 'to ear. His Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured 'woman; and his young ones, bare and chubby, had 'the appetite of ravens. Of their Philosophical or Relig- 'ious tenets or observances, no notice or hint.

'But now, secondly, of the Dandiacal Household; in 'which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and in- 'spired Penman himself has his abode:

DANDIACAL HOUSEHOLD.

"A Dressing-room splendidly furnished; violet-coloured 'curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full- 'length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table, 'which supports the luxuries of the Toilet. Several Bottles 'of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon 'a smaller table of mother-of-pearl: opposite to these are 'placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought in 'frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl is on the left; the 'doors of which, being partly open, discover a profusion 'of Clothes; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolise 'the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar 'gives some slight glimpse of a Bath-room. Folding- 'doors in the background. — Enter the Author," our 'Theogonist in person, "obsequiously preceded by a 'French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric Apron."

'Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide 'the more unsettled portion of the British People; and

'agitate that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the 'political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the 'elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. 'These two principles of Dandiacal Self-worship or 'Demon-worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth- 'worship, or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as 'yet indeed manifest themselves under distant and 'nowise considerable shapes: nevertheless, in their roots 'and subterranean ramifications, they extend through the 'entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the 'secret depths of English national Existence; striving to 'separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncommu- 'nicating masses.

'In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor- 'Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. 'The Dandiacal, again, is by nature no proselytising 'Sect; but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is 'strong by union; whereas the Drudges, split into 'parties, have as yet no rallying-point; or at best, only 'coöperate by means of partial secret affiliations. If, 'indeed, there were to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, 'as there is already a Communion of Saints, what 'strangest effects would follow therefrom! Dandyism 'as yet affects to look-down on Drudgism: but per- 'haps the hour of trial, when it will be practically seen 'which ought to look down, and which up, is not so dis- 'tant.

'To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one 'day part England between them; each recruiting itself 'from the intermediate ranks, till there be none left to 'enlist on either side. Those Dandiacal Manicheans, 'with the host of Dandyising Christians, will form one 'body: the Drudges, gathering round them whosoever is 'Drudgical, be he Christian or Infidel Pagan; sweeping

'up likewise all manner of Utilitarians, Radicals, refractory Potwallopers, and so forth, into their general mass, 'will form another. I could liken Dandyism and Drudgism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken-out on opposite quarters of the firm land: as yet they 'appear only disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which 'man's art might cover-in; yet mark them, their diameter 'is daily widening; they are hollow Cones that boil-up 'from the infinite Deep, over which your firm land is but 'a thin crust or rind! Thus daily is the intermediate 'land crumbling-in, daily the empire of the two Buchan-'Bullers extending; till now there is but a foot-plank, a 'mere film of Land between them; this too is washed 'away: and then — we have the true Hell of Waters, 'and Noah's Deluge is outdeluged!

'Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the '"Machinery of Society"), with batteries of opposite 'quality; Drudgism the Negative, Dandyism the Positive: one attracts hourly towards it and appropriates all 'the Positive Electricity of the Nation (namely, the Money 'thereof); the other is equally busy with the Negative (that 'is to say the Hunger), which is equally potent. Hitherto you see only partial transient sparkles and sputters; 'but wait a little, till the entire nation is in an electric 'state; till your whole vital Electricity, no longer healthfully Neutral, is cut into two isolated portions of Positive and Negative (of Money and of Hunger); and stands 'there bottled-up in two World-Batteries! The stirring 'of a child's finger brings the two together; and then — 'What then? The Earth is but shivered into impalpable 'smoke by that Doom's-thunderpeal; the Sun misses one 'of his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are no 'eclipses of the Moon. — Or better still, I might liken'——

O, enough, enough of likenings and similitudes; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity, whereby in every thing he was still scenting-out Religion: but never perhaps did these amaurosis-suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body!* Or was there something of intended satire; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the mean while, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer: Does your Professor take us for simpletons? His irony has overshot itself; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

CHAPTER XI.

TAILORS.

THUS, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume; to whom, therefore, we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way:

'Upwards of a century,' says he, 'must elapse, and 'still the bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whoso is 'noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on 'altars like Pelion on Ossa, and the Moloch of Iniquity 'have his victims, and the Michael of Justice his martyrs, 'before Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives 'of manhood, and this last wound of suffering Humanity 'be closed.

'If aught in the history of the world's blindness could 'surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. 'An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a 'wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct 'species in Physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of 'a Man. Call any one a *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it 'not, in our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious 'condition of Society, equivalent to defying his perpetual 'fellest enmity? The epithet *schneidermässig* (Tailor-'like) betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of 'pusillanimity: we introduce a *Tailor's-Melancholy*, more 'opprobrious than any Leprosy, into our Books of Medi-'cine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by 'living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs '(himself a Shoemaker, or kind of Leather-Tailor), with 'his *Schneider mit dem Panier?* Why of Shakespeare, in 'his *Taming of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not 'stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, re-'ceiving a deputation of Eighteen Tailors, addressed them 'with a "Good morning, gentlemen both!" Did not the 'same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment, 'whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her 'Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus every-'where is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on 'as an indisputable fact.

'Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physi-

'ologist, whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not 'at least presumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor 'has bones, and viscera, and other muscles than the 'sartorius? Which function of manhood is the Tailor not 'conjectured to perform? Can he not arrest for debt? 'Is he not in most countries a tax-paying animal?

'To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which 'conviction is mine. Nay, if the fruit of these long vigils, 'and almost preternatural Inquiries, is not to perish utter-'ly, the world will have approximated towards a higher 'Truth; and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen fore-'cast of genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in 'clear light: that the Tailor is not only a Man, but some-'thing of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin it was said, 'that "he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and the 'Sceptre from Kings:" but which is greater, I would ask, 'he that lends, or he that snatches? For, looking away 'from individual cases, and how a Man is by the Tailor 'new-created into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with 'Wool but with Dignity and a Mystic Dominion, — is not 'the fair fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles 'and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness and dis-'memberment, we are organized into Polities, into nations, 'and a whole coöperating Mankind, the creation, as has 'here been often irrefragably evinced, of the Tailor alone? '— What too are all Poets and moral Teachers, but a 'species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching which 'high Guild the greatest living Guild-brother has trium-'phantly asked us: "Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but 'the Poet first made Gods for men; brought them down 'to us; and raised us up to them?"

'And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard 'basis of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely, 'as the ninth part of a man! Look up, thou much-in-

'jured one, look up with the kindling eye of hope, and 'prophetic bodings of a noble better time. Too long 'hast thou sat there, on crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-'joints to horn; like some sacred Anchorite, or Catholic 'Fakir, doing penance, drawing down Heaven's richest 'blessings, for a world that scoffed at thee. Be of hope! 'Already streaks of blue peer through our clouds; the 'thick gloom of Ignorance is rolling asunder, and it will 'be Day. Mankind will repay with interest their long-'accumulated debt: the Anchorite that was scoffed at will 'be worshipped; the Fraction will become not an Integer 'only, but a Square and Cube. With astonishment the 'world will recognise that the Tailor is its Hierophant 'and Hierarch, or even its God.

'As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and looked 'upon these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and em-'broidering that rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly 'for the Caaba of Mecca, I thought within myself: How 'many other Unholies has your covering Art made holy, 'besides this Arabian Whinstone!

'Still more touching was it when, turning the corner of 'a lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon 'a Signpost, whereon stood written that such and such a 'one was "Breeches-Maker to his Majesty;" and stood 'painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and 'between the knees these memorable words, SIC ITUR AD 'ASTRA. Was not this the martyr prison-speech of a 'Tailor sighing indeed in bonds, yet sighing towards 'deliverance, and prophetically appealing to a better 'day? A day of justice, when the worth of Breeches 'would be revealed to man, and the Scissors become for-'ever venerable.

'Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been 'altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when

'the soul, rent, as it were, and shed asunder, is open to 'inspiring influence, that I first conceived this Work on 'Clothes: the greatest I can ever hope to do; which has 'already, after long retardations, occupied, and will yet 'occupy, so large a section of my Life; and of which the 'Primary and simpler Portion may here find its con-'clusion.'

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL.

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him; which having now done with, he sees his general Day's-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging

among lumber-rooms; nay, too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise the sole conquests? Regret is unavoidable; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain: enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively: which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me: a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-'Prince,' or Devil, to his face; nay, perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us: How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, re-

solve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper: that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint Foam? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is, that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his: 'How were 'Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good 'and True: otherwise impossible; except as Armed Neu-'trality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the 'Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were 'ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing 'what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the 'help man can yield to man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other: 'It is the Night of the 'World, and still long till it be Day: we wander amid the 'glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of 'Heaven are as if blotted out for a season; and two 'immeasurable Phantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with 'the Gowl, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth,

'and call it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom 'Existence is a shallow Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality? Should not these unite; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watch-tower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom!—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest, the Watchman had quitted it; that no pilgrim could now ask him: Watchman, what of the Night? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in space! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle; wherein much is said about the 'Population-Institute'; much repeated in praise of the Paper-bag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph:

'*Ew. Wohlgeboren* will have seen, from the public 'Prints, with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solic-'itude Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance of her 'Sage. Might but the united voice of Germany prevail 'on him to return; nay, could we but so much as eluci-'date for ourselves by what mystery he went away! But,

'alas, old Lieschen experiences or affects the profoundest 'deafness, the profoundest ignorance: in the Wahngasse 'all lies swept, silent, sealed up; the Privy Council itself 'can hitherto elicit no answer.

'It had been remarked that while the agitating news of 'those Parisian Three Days flew from mouth to mouth, 'and dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufels- 'dröckh was not known, at the *Gans* or elsewhere, to 'have spoken, for a whole week, any syllable except once 'these three: *Es geht an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, 'as *Ew. Wohlgeboren* knows, was the public tranquillity 'here, as in Berlin, threatened by a Sedition of the 'Tailors. Nor did there want Evil-wishers, or perhaps 'mere desperate Alarmists, who asserted that the closing 'Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was to blame. In this 'appalling crisis, the serenity of our Philosopher was in- 'describable: nay, perhaps, through one humble individ- 'ual, something thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Coun- 'cil) itself, and so contribute to the country's deliverance. 'The Tailors are now entirely pacificated.—

'To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our 'loss: yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out 'of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-* '*Simonian Society* transmitted its Propositions hither, and 'the whole *Gans* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamenta- 'tion and astonishment, our Sage sat mute; and at the end 'of the third evening, said merely: "Here also are men 'who have discovered, not without amazement, that Man 'is still Man; of which high, long-forgotten Truth you 'already see them make a false application." Since 'then, as has been ascertained by examination of the 'Post-Director, there passed at least one Letter with its 'Answer between the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin and our 'Professor himself; of what tenor can now only be con-

'jectured. On the fifth night following, he was seen for 'the last time!

'Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the 'hostile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away 'by certain of their emissaries; or did he go forth volun- 'tarily to their head-quarters to confer with them, and 'confront them? Reason we have, at least of a negative 'sort, to believe the Lost still living: our widowed heart 'also whispers that ere long he will himself give a sign. 'Otherwise, indeed, his archives must, one day, be opened 'by Authority; where much, perhaps the *Palingenesie* 'itself, is thought to be reposited.'

Thus far the Hofrath; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like an Ignis Fatuus, leaving the dark still darker. So that Teufelsdröckh's public History were not done, then, or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor; nay, perhaps, the better part thereof were only beginning? We stand in a region of conjectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one cannot be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also! Our own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London!

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy and even spoken invective.

For which, as for other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou, too, miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell; long as thou canst, fare-*well!* Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel?

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.

C. E. L. . . . Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life, by James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. Lond., 1891.

C. L. L. . . . Thomas Carlyle. A History of His Life in London by James Anthony Froude. 2 vols. Lond., 1891.

Essays. . . . Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: Collected and Republished by Thomas Carlyle. 4 vols. Boston, 1860.

L. W. C. . . The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle. N. Y., 1892.

Rem. . . . . Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols. Lond., 1887.

E. Lett. . . . Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1814–1826. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Lond., 1886.

Lett. . . . . Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1826–1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Lond., 1889.

G.-Corr. . . . Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Lond., 1887.

C.-Trans. . . Tales by Musaeus, Tieck, Richter, translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Lond., 1874.

C.-Jour. . . . MS. Copy of Carlyle's Journal, partly printed in *C. E. L.*, in the possession of Prof. Norton.

NOTES.

PRELIMINARY.

Mein Vermächtniss. This motto is prefaced to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, and in Carlyle's translation of that novel runs as follows:

> My inheritance, how wide and fair!
> Time is my estate; to time I'm heir.

It is an expansion of Cardan's phrase, "Tempus mea possessio, tempus ager meus"; see *Forum*, Feb., 1893, p. 719. For a slight variant, see *West-Oest. Divan, Hikmet Nameh;* Goethe, *Sämmt. Werke*, II, 238; Stuttgart, 1873. Carlyle quotes this distich in his essay on Richter, *Essays*, II, 199, in *Characteristics*, *ib.* III, 48; and repeatedly in his correspondence. *Lett.*, 177, *G.-Corr.*, 253, 259.

l 2. **the torch of Science.** An adaptation of "Truth like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines." Carlyle would be familiar with it, as the motto to Sir William Hamilton's Lectures. Goethe adapts it in *Maximen u. Reflexionen*, II. "Das Wahre ist eine Fackel, aber eine ungeheure; desswegen suchen wir alle nur blinzend so daran vorbei zu kommen, in Furcht sogar, uns zu verbrennen." See De Morgan, *Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 210; London, 1872. I have been unable to trace it further.

"I hope in his hand the torch of eloquence will burn bright — and shed a strong ray of intellectual light over the whole district." *E. Lett.*, 43.

l 7. **kindled thereat.** "We have sometimes felt as if his light were, to a certain extent, a borrowed one; a rush-light kindled at the great pitch link of our own *Blackwood's Magazine*." *Essays, German Playwrights*, I, 401.

l 15. **Lagrange** (1736–1813), French mathematician and critic of Newton: he received many marks of distinction from Frederick the

Great, the French Republic and Napoleon. His contribution to mathematical knowledge is his theory of the oneness of the universe.

l 16. **Laplace** (1749–1827), the Newton of France. With the appearance of his treatise, *Mécanique Céleste*, the last threat of instability of the universe was removed. Carlyle saw him at a meeting of the *Institut* at Paris in 1824. See *Rem.* II, 163. He brackets the two names in *Signs of the Times* (*Essays*, II, 143) written in 1829. Illustrations from mathematics came readily to Carlyle. While at the University of Edinburgh, he devoted much time to the study of mathematics and attracted the attention of Professor John Leslie by his powers in that department. He translated Legendre's *Elements of Geometry* (1824); and his correspondence with Robert Mitchell bristles with allusions to mathematical reading, working of problems, etc. (see *E. Lett.*, pp. 8–100, *passim*). He mentions Lagrange's *Mécanique Analytique* and Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste* together, p. 72. For Carlyle's account of his enthusiasm for this study see *G.-Corr.*, 156, n.

l 19. **our nautical Logbooks.** "His view of the world is a cool, gently scornful, altogether prosaic one: his sublimest Apocalypse of Nature lies in the microscope and telescope; the Earth is a place for producing corn; the Starry Heavens are admirable as a nautical time-keeper." *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 36.

"'What is grander than the sun?' added Wotton; 'yet we all see it daily, and few think of the heavenly lamp save as a ripener of corn. The moon, too, and the stars are measured in their courses: but astronomy is praised or tolerated because it helps us in navigating ships, and the divine horologe is rated as a supplement or substitute for Harrison's time-keeper.'" *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 70.

2 1. **Werners and Huttons.** One of Carlyle's chief mannerisms is to make names of persons, events, etc., plural, for the sake of avoiding vagueness, and attaining picturesque effect. See p. 2, l. 7 ff., p. 3, l. 11 f. and *passim*. These names are not taken at random; they were the rallying cries of rival theorists. Abraham Gottlob Werner (1750–1817), the father of German geology, was inspector of the mining school at Freiberg. His theory was called the Neptunist, and upheld the aqueous origin of the earth. Geognosy was a term invented by him to mean "the natural position of minerals in particular rocks, together with the grouping of those rocks, their geographical distribution and various relations." See Lyell, *Principles of Geology*, pp. 46–48, N. Y., 1860. James Hutton (1726–

1797), was a Scotch geologist and originator of the Plutonian theory; *i.e.*, of fire as an agent in the formation of the planet. His *Theory of the Earth* appeared in 1795.

"I still remember that it was the desire to read *Werner's* Mineralogical Doctrines in the original, that first set me on studying German; where truly I found a mine, far different from any of the Freyberg ones!" *G.-Corr.*, 156 f. See also *E. Lett.*, 102, 114. *Essays, The Diamond Necklace*, IV, 14.

2 3. **Royal Society.** Incorporated by royal charter, Apr. 22, 1663. See Green, *Short History of the English People*, p. 596; N. Y., 1879.

2 4–6. **Cooking of a Dumpling.** An allusion to John Walcot's satirical verses on George III., "The Apple Dumplings and the King."

Once on a time a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless Buck
(The Horse and Rider wet as Muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot
Where sat a poor Old Woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old Granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finish'd Apple-dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked Dumplings lay,
When, lo! the Monarch, in his *usual* way,
Like Lightning spoke: "What's this? what's this? what? what?'

Then, taking up a Dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand,
And oft did Majesty the Dumpling grapple:
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed," he cried;
"What makes it, pray, so hard?" — the Dame replied,
Low curtseying, "Please your Majesty, the Apple." —

"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the Dumpling round, rejoined the King)
"'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is;
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces;
Strange I should never of a Dumpling dream!
But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the Seam?"

"Sir, there's no Seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did Apple-dumplings sew" —
"No!" cried the staring Monarch with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the Apple in?"

The Works of Peter Pindar, vol. 1, p. 458 f.; London, 1812.

2 7. **disquisitions on the Social Contract.** "At any rate, what Treatises on the Social Contract, on the Elective Franchise, the Rights of Man, the Rights of Property, Codifications, Institutions, Constitutions, have we not, for long years groaned under! Or, again, with a wider survey, consider those Essays on Man, Thoughts on Man, Inquiries concerning Man; not to mention Evidences of the Christian Faith, Theories of Poetry, Considerations on the Origin of Evil, which during the last century have accumulated on us to a frightful extent. *Essays*, *Characteristics*, III, 23 f. — **Social Contract.** Rousseau's revolutionary treatise, *Du Contrat Social ou Principes du Droit Politique* (1762).

2 8. **Standard of Taste.** Carlyle has in mind the *Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, Archibald Alison, 1790. His argument is based on the principles of Association, and is endorsed by Jeffrey: see Gates's *Selections from Jeffrey*, Athenaeum Press Series, 1891; and *C. E. L.*, I, 388; *Essays*, *Signs of the Times*, II, 155. — **Migrations of the Herring.** John Gilpin's paper, *On the Annual Passage of Herrings*, Am. Society, II. 268, *may* have caught Carlyle's eye and occasioned the reference. Papers on this subject occur continually in the publications of learned societies.

2 9. **Doctrine of Rent. — Theory of Value.** Necessary parts of all discussions on Political Economy. See the works of Smith, Ricardo, etc.

"Our Scottish sages have no such propensities: the field of their life shows neither briers nor roses; but only a flat, continuous thrashing-floor for Logic, whereon all questions, from the 'Doctrine of Rent' to the 'Natural History of Religion,' are thrashed and sifted with the same mechanical impartiality!" *Essays*, *Burns*, I, 297.

2 10. **Philosophies of Language.** Schlegel's *Philosophische Vorlesungen, insbesondere über die Philosophie der Sprache und des Wortes* (1830) is the most remarkable of such works. — **of History.** Such books as F. v. Schlegel's (1772–1829) *Philosophie der Geschichte* (1829) and "Lectures on the Philosophy of Modern History" by George Miller, D.D., 2 vols.; Dublin, 1816.

2 11. **of Pottery.** *Fraser* for April, 1830, contains a criticism of a Lecture by Dr. Black on "The Philosophy of Pottery." — **of Apparitions,** probably referring to the work of S. Hibbert, Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions, their Physical Causes, 1825. — **Intoxicating Liquors.** Robert Macnish, who figures as number sixty-seven in the *Fraser* portraits, published in 1825 *The Anatomy of Drunkenness;* and in 1830 *The Philosophy of Sleep.* Carlyle

probably blends the two titles. Macnish wrote also a burlesque article on "The Philosophy of Burking." See R. Bates, *The Maclise Portrait-Gallery*, p. 350 ff; London, 1891. *Noctes Ambrosianae*, III, 108, n. 1865.

2 14. **probed, dissected.** In *Signs of the Times*, referring to Cabanis and his *Rapports du Physique et du Morale de l'Homme*, Carlyle says, "He fairly lays open our moral structure with his dissecting knives and real metal-probes: and exhibits it to the inspection of mankind, by Leuwenhoek microscopes, and inflation with the anatomical blowpipe." *Essays*, II, 144.

2 17. **Stewarts.** See 2 1, n. Dugald Stewart (1753–1828), the famous Scotch philosopher, professor at Edinburgh from 1785 to 1820. — **Cousins.** Victor Cousin (1792–1867) introduced German philosophy into France and organized French primary instruction. His Essay *Du Vrai, du Beau et du Bien* (1854) is a standard work on the subject. — **Royer-Collards.** Pierre Paul Royer-Collard (1763–1845), French follower of Thomas Reid, founder of the Scoto-French school of Philosophy.

2 19. **Lawrences.** See 2 1, n. Sir William Lawrence's course of lectures on Physiology, before the Royal College of Surgeons in 1816–18, had raised a storm of controversy. Bates, *Maclise Gallery*, p. 315. — **Magendies.** François Magendie (1783–1855), one of first vivisectors; he investigated the functions of different nerves. — **Bichâts.** Maria François Xavier Bichât (1771–1802), famous French surgeon and physiologist.

2 26. **lives, moves:** an adaptation of Acts xvii. 28. See also 201 33, and 246 33.

2 30. **property . . . accident.** Terms used by the schoolmen to distinguish between qualities *always* occurring and those not always occurring in an object. "Accidens est quod adest atque abest sine subjecti interitu."

3 2. **Shakespeare says:**

> Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before, and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unus'd.
>
> *Hamlet*, iv. 4.

Cp. Shelley, *The Skylark*.

"But man's 'large discourse of reason' *will* look 'before and after.'" *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 135.

"Let us, instead of gazing idly into obscure distance, look calmly

around us for a little on the perplexed scene where we stand." *ib.*, 138.

3 11. **Catholic Emancipations.** The year 1830 in which *Sartor* was begun was one of the most eventful in European history. O'Connell's agitation for the removal of civil disabilities from the Catholics culminated in the passage of a bill for their emancipation in 1829. Next year the July revolution of the Three Days in Paris overturned the throne of Charles X. and gave a new impetus to the demand for Parliamentary reform in England. The Duke of Wellington, the Tory prime minister, would not listen to the popular cry and was driven from office. After being thrown out by the Lords, Earl Grey's Reform Bill became law in 1832. By its provisions, fifty-six "rotten boroughs" lost the right to be represented in Parliament, and the franchise was given to large towns which heretofore had possessed no such right. The "rotten boroughs" were electoral districts, with very few voters. Old Sarum had none. The political excitement retarded the publication of *Sartor*.

"My poor *Book*, as you have perhaps heard, cannot be printed at present; for this plain reason, all Book-selling is *at an end*, till once this Reform Bill of theirs be past." *Lett.*, 259; cp. *G.-Corr.*, 290; cp. 269 6.

3 14. **watch-tower.** See 268 7. Cf.

> Der Dichter steht auf einer höheren Warte,
> Als auf den Zinnen der Partei.
>
> FREILIGRATH, *Aus Spanien.*

3 16. **Höret ihr Herren.** Listen, sirs, and let me tell you. The first line of a Volkslied (see *Die Deutschen Volkslieder*, Simrock, 1851, p. 589), supposed to be uttered by the bellman on his nightly rounds. As every hour strikes, he reminds those awake of some Christian doctrine suggested by it. Three suggests the Trinity; twelve, the number of the Apostles.

> Hört ihr Herrn und lasst euch sagen,
> Unsre Glock hat Zehn geschlagen,
> Zehn Gebote setzt Gott ein,
> Dass wir sollten glücklich sein.

There is an English version: —

> "Listen, good people and hear me tell,
> One now strikes from the belfry bell," etc.

Part of the phrase occurs in Musaeus, *Stumme Liebe*. See *C.-Trans.*, I, 38 f. For Carlyle's encounter with a watchman, cp. *C.L.L.*, I, 158.

3 22. **gold-mines of Finance.** Money-getting.

3 23. **fat oxen.** An adaptation of Johnson's comic line, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," which burlesques "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free." *Boswell, sub ann.*, 1784. Carlyle, apparently relying on his memory, made the line "Who kills fat," etc., and applied it to the game of politics. Ruling o'er freemen, *i.e.*, driving fat oxen, makes the driver (politician) "grow fat," *i.e.*, prosper. "Horace seems to think that who drives fat oxen must himself be fat; and that Homer and Ennius must have acquired gout as well as fame by their praises of wine"; Malkin, *Classical Disquisitions*, p. 387. Lond., 1825.

3 25. **goose-hunting.** Carlylean adaptation of wild-goose chase, "the pursuit of anything in ignorance of the direction it will take; hence a foolish pursuit or enterprise. According to Dyce, the name *wild-goose chase* was applied to a kind of horse race, in which two horses were started together, the rider who gained the lead forcing the other to follow him wherever he chose to go." *Century Dictionary.*

3 28. **By geometric scale.**

> In mathematics he was greater
> Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
> For he by geometric scale
> Could take the size of pots of ale.
> *Hudibras*, Pt. I. cant. 1.

4 7. **many shall run.** See Dan. xii. 4.

4 18. **these his.** The insertion of the long adjectival phrase between 'his' and 'rambles' is good German usage but not English. It is one of Carlyle's devices to give color to his transparent pretext that the book is from the German. See Introd.

4 20. **realm of . . . Night.** See 18 9, n.

4 22. **speculation should have.** "Our readers will permit us to explain ourselves by a figure. On the stone parapet which surrounds the platform of Strasburg cathedral are lines cut deeply *towards all points of the compass*, which accurately mark the horizontal direction in which the chief cities of Europe lie with reference to that centre. You feel yourself, as it were, in the central point of one quarter of the globe. . . .

And by this emblem we try to illustrate the prevailing tendency of *Kunst und Alterthum*. Its object was not to announce or describe great, isolated, and imposing productions; but with accurate, practised glance like a watchful warder, to keep a vigilant

lookout in all directions where anything excellent or promising appeared." Letter of F. V. Müller translated by S. Austin. *Characteristics of Goethe*, III, 306. Lond., 1833. Mrs. Austin was a friend of the Carlyles. In a letter to Mrs. C., Dec. 25, 1832, she mentions the progress of this work. *C. E. L.*, II, 333. It is a likely place for *Einschiebsel;* for the paragraph might well end with "Night." However, Goethe sent the five volumes of *Kunst u. Altherthum* to Carlyle in 1828. See *G.-Corr.*, 53, 333.

4 30. **cramp.** In *Fraser* and later eds. it stands "cramps" uncorrected.

5 2. **Learned.** Translation of "Gelehrter." A designed Germanism. See 4 18, n.

5 13. **Teufelsdröckh.** Devil's-dirt, the popular German for assafoetida. First, 'Teufelsdreck', but changed to the present form before Feb. 10, 1833. See *Lett.*, 365, n. Carlyle's intention in his title may be seen from the following:

"I am struggling forward with *Dreck*, sick enough, but not in bad heart. I think the world will nowise be enraptured with this (medicinal) *Devil's Dung*." *Lett.*, 220.

"I sometimes think the book *will* prove a kind of medicinal *assafoetida* for the pudding stomach of England, and produce new secretions there." Letter to J. Carlyle, July 17, 1831. *C. E. L.*, II, 162. Cp. Browning, *Heretic's Tragedy*, l. 65.

5 13. **Weissnichtwo.** Know not where. The joke is as old as More's Utopia and may have been suggested by the roguish opening paragraph of *The Monastery*, which lays the scene in the village of *Kennaquhair*. To see how this name could mystify an Englishman of genius, consult Ruskin, *Praeterita*, III, 140.

5 20. **Die Kleider.** In his letter to Carlyle of June 6, 1830, Goethe says he intends to send him "Ein höchst wichtiges Heftchen, unter dem Titel: Ueber Werden und Wirken der Literatur" (L. Wachler, Breslau, 1829). *G.-Corr.*, 195. On Aug. 31 Carlyle acknowledges the receipt of it. Undoubtedly this treatise suggested his title.

5 22. **Stillschweigen und Co^gnie.** Silence and Co. J. U. D., Juris Utriusque Doctor, LL.D. Up to May 27, 1833, the title was "Thoughts on Clothes, or Life and Opinions of Herr D. Teufelsdröckh, D.U.J." Cp. 9 23.

5 23. **Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger.** The Utopian Advertiser. Anzeiger is one of the commonest names for a German newspaper; *e.g.*, Reichsanzeiger, etc.

5 30. **work — interesting.** Part of Carlyle's humor is to praise his own work in this insidious way.

6 11. **möchte es.** May it flourish also on British soil!

6 13. **"whose seed-field."** See note on motto, p. 275.

6 16. **marked with chalk.** "Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ." Horat, *Carm.* i. 36. 10.

6 17. **extensive Volume.** See 5 24.

6 20. **the toughest pearl-diver.** Cp. Browning, *Paracelsus*, Pt. I: end:

> Two points in the adventure of a diver,
> One — when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
> One — when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?

6 26. **new human Individuality.** This is Carlyle's excuse for introducing Book II, which is *Wotton Reinfred* cut into slips.

7 4. **a proselytising creature.** See 194 28, n.

7 27. **Fraser's magazine.** See Introd. xix, and 271 6–7, n.

7 28. **Waterloo-Crackers.** "Fire-crackers" of a special size, made to celebrate the great victory.

7 32. **inexorably shut.** *Sartor* had been sent to *Fraser* as two magazine articles in the winter of 1830 and not published.

8 7. **to revolve them.**

> With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
> Revolving in his altered soul
> The various turns of chance below.
>
> *Alexander's Feast*, ll. 70–72.

8 16. **Hofrath Heuschrecke.** Privy-Councillor Grasshopper. See Introd.; cp. 21 27, n. and 205 14, n.

8 28. **the Family.** A London publication, encyclopaedic in character, which ran from 1829 to 1842. Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Lockhart and Milman were among its contributors. See *Lett.*, 159. — **the National,** "which did not extend beyond a few volumes, was conducted by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, and published by Colburn and Bentley. Galt's *Life of Byron* was No. 1; and this was followed by Gleig's *History of the Bible*." *Noctes Amb.* III, 79, note. 1865.

8 29. **"glory of British Literature."** Ironic. See also 32 8. Carlyle's opinion of these publications is sufficiently clear from the following extract: "Our zeal for popularising, again, is to be seen on every side of us. To say nothing of our *Societies for the Diffusion of useful Knowledge*, with their sixpenny treatises, really very

meritorious, we have I know not how many *Miscellanies*, *Family Libraries*, *Cabinet Cyclopædias*, and so forth; and these not managed by any literary Gibeonites, but sometimes by the best men we have; Sir Walter Scott, for instance, is publishing a history of Scotland by one of these vehicles." *G.-Corr.*, 169 f.

8 34. **requisite Documents.** 'Alle nöthige Documente,' is a common German legal phrase, which figures also in German jokes.

9 1. **chemical mixture.** The usual form of the experiment is to drop a single crystal into a supersaturated solution of Glauber's salts which has been allowed to cool. The liquid turns to crystals at once. The idea is Goethean, however. On the news of Jerusalem's death "the plan of *Werter* was invented: the whole shot together from all sides, and became a solid mass; as the water in the vessel, which already stood on the point of freezing, is by the slightest motion changed at once into firm ice." *Dichtung u. Wahrheit*, b. iii, s. 200–213, quoted by Carlyle, *Essays*, *Goethe*, I, 230, written in 1828.

9 13. **Oliver Yorke.** The pseudonym assumed by William Maginn (1794–1842), as editor of *Fraser*. Cp. Christopher (or Kit) North, for John Wilson, editor of *Blackwood*. See Bates, *Maclise Gallery*, 40, and Dict. Nat. Biog. for account of his life.

9 17. **'patriotic libraries.'** See 8 29.

9 22. **Sartor Resartus.** Mr. W. Davenport Adams, in his *Dictionary of English Literature*, asserts that the title is taken from a Scotch ballad, *The Tailor Patched*, but no authority is adduced, and a careful search by Prof. J. T. Hatfield, Ph.D., through a large mass of ballad literature, and by myself at Harvard, has failed to discover any such ballad.

9 23. **Life and Opinions.** See 5 22, n.

9 32. **the paralysis of Cant.** Carlyle owes something to Johnson's definition, which is of the clearest. See Boswell's Life, *sub ann.*, May 15, 1783.

BOSWELL: "Perhaps, Sir, I should be the less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." JOHNSON: "That's cant, Sir. It would not vex you more in the house than in the gallery: public affairs vex no man." . . . "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do: you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. . . . You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society: but don't *think* foolishly."

In Wotton Reinfred the same note had been sounded. It is the key-note to much of Carlyle's philosophy.

"I profess a kind of enmity to cant, wherever I may find it." . . .

"After all," said Williams, "cant is the great cosmetic and enamel of existence, the cheap and sovereign alchemy for making crooked things straight and rough places plain; why should I quarrel with it, I that need it so much myself, nay, so many times am forced to use it?" . . .

"Life is a huge tread-mill, if you don't step forward they trample you to jelly, and if you do step forward for a century, you are exactly where you started. Good Cant! Now she tells us this is a journey towards a noble goal with prospects of this and that on the right hand and the left; it is a journey as I tell you. Long life to Cant! if it were not she (*sic*), we might hang and drown ourselves, and with her one can live in surprising comfort." *L. W. C.*, 117, 118, 119.

10 2. **insignificant.** This with the note is part of the joke of mystification. See Introd., xli.

10 4. **Whoso hath ears.** See Matt. xi. 15.

10 14. **wear.** Usually spelled 'weir,' dam.

10 22. **nights and suppers.** "O noctes coenaeque deum, quibus, etc." Horace, Satires ii. 6. 65.

10 22. **feast of reason.**

> "There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
> The Feast of Reason and the flow of Soul."
> Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Satire i. 127 f.

10 27. **Amicus Plato.** "*Amicus Plato* — my father would say, construing the words to my uncle Toby, as he went along, *Amicus Plato;* — that is, Dinah was my aunt; — *sed magis amica veritas* — but Truth is my sister." *Tristram Shandy*, vol. I. cap. xxi. Sterne most probably got it from Cervantes. See *Don Quixote*, Pt. II. cap. li. Erasmus gives the Greek form of the saw in his 'Adagia,' 1643, p. 48, col. 2: Φίλος Πλάτων ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον ἡ ἀλήθεια. See *Notes and Queries*, 3d Ser., VIII, 275. 219; 1st Ser., III. 484. 468. 389.

10 31. **Prince of Lies.**

> The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
> Modo he's called and Mahu.
> *King Lear*, iii. 4. 128 f.

11 1. **Puffery.** Cp. 100 26. "In like manner Colburn and Bentley, the booksellers, are known to expend ten thousand annually on what they call advertising, more commonly called *puffing*.

Puffing . . . flourishes in all countries ; but London is the true scene of it, having this one quality beyond all other cities — a quite immeasurable size. It is rich also, stupid and ignorant beyond example; thus in all respects the true Goshen of quacks." *C. E. L.*, II, 211. "Now, apart from the subterranean and tartarean regions of Literature : — leaving out of view the frightful, scandalous statistics of Puffing — " *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 27. "Literature, too, has its Paternoster-row mechanism, its Trade-dinners, its Editorial conclaves, and huge subterranean, puffing bellows." *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 141.

11 4. **no cheating.** "A merchant with them is considered as the lowest character in the country, as a man that will cheat if he can, and whose trade it is to create and then supply artificial wants." Borrow, *Travels in China*, 180. Lond., 1806. "The inscriptions in the shops are sometimes amusing. . . . We have seen the following — 'Gossiping and long sitting injure business'; 'Former customers have inspired caution — no credit given'; . . . 'Goods genuine, prices true.'" Davis, *China and the Chinese*, II, 17 (The Family Library).

11 14. **Hegel.** G. W. F. Hegel (1770–1831). "To the end he remains a self-seeking, determined, laborious, critical, unaffectionate man, faithful to his office and his household, loyal to his employers, cruel to his foes. . . . His style in his published works is not without its deep ingenuity, and its marvelous accuracy, but otherwise it is notoriously one of the most barbarous, technical, and obscure in the whole history of philosophy." Royce, *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, 196. — **Bardili.** Christoph Gottfried (1761–1808), Professor of Philosophy at the gymnasium at Stuttgart from 1795 till his death. His first work, *Grundriss der ersten Logik* (Stuttgart, 1800), was a severe attack on Kant. On account of the obscurity of his style, he was and is generally neglected.

"Bardili's Rational Realism, is it not like the doctrine of Malebranche?" *C.-Jour.*, 49.

11 16. **descend . . . Forum.** 'In forum descendere' is a Ciceronian phrase which Carlyle may have recollected. He was reading Cicero in 1815. See *E. Lett.*, 16.

11 25. **Oken.** Lorenz (1779–1851); real name, Ockenfuss; prominent naturalist; professor "extraordinary" of Medicine at Jena in 1807. His lectures on Natural Philosophy and Comparative Anatomy first brought him into notice. In 1812 he became ordinary professor of natural philosophy, and in 1816 he founded his ency-

clopaedic journal, *Isis*, which he edited till its cessation in 1848. On account of its boldness in attacking various abuses, *Isis* was suppressed in various German towns and the editor forced to resign his professorship. Oken's greatest achievement is his attempt to prove that nature is one.

11 26. **Isis.** See 11 25, n. A very appropriate journal for the expression of such opinions as Teufelsdröckh is credited with.

12 6. **Gukguk.** Borrowed from Richter. "The old gentleman, who in Wittenberg, had toped as well as written, and thirsted not more for the Hippocrene than for Gukguk." *Quintus Fixlein. C.-Trans.*, II, 106.

12 7. **Zur Grünen Gans.** The Green Goose Tavern, the name of a veritable Lokal in Munich, which John Carlyle described to his brother, after his first visit there in 1827. On his second visit in 1835, Carlyle writes: "It seems to me you ought to meet Teufelsdroeckh in some of the Coffee-houses of Munich! Do they meet in *that* one yet and drink beer?" *Lett.*, 554. John also described the lodging and watchtower in the *Wahngasse;* see *ib.* 555, n.

12 21. **Bleibt doch.** But he is a thorough joker and jail-bird.

12 24. **Wo steckt.** Where is the rascal hiding?

12 30. **Under those thick locks.** The thought is repeated. 28 7–15.

13 6. **smoke tobacco.** Scrap of a famous song in praise of tobacco. It is by G. Wither and appears in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, beginning,

> Tobacco's but an Indian weed;
> Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,
> It shows our decay, we are but clay.
> Think of this when you smoke tobacco.
>
> Why should we so much despise
> So good and wholesome an exercise
> As early and late, to meditate,
> Thus think and smoke tobacco.

See F. W. Fairholt, *Tobacco*, 102 f. Lond., 1859. Another variant occurs in *Handy Andy*. Carlyle as a devotee of the weed and a Scot would know the song, in the version of the Rev. Ralph Erskine:

> This Indian weed, now withered quite,
> Tho' green at noon, cut down at night,
> Shows thy decay,
> All flesh is hay:
> Thus think and smoke tobacco.

13 10. **in petto.** Literally, 'within the breast,' 'in reserve,' 'in secret.' A phrase used of a candidate for the Popedom not openly declared by the College of Cardinals. "Fräulein Libussa was undoubtedly the favoured candidate, at least *in petto*, of the sage Electors": *Libussa*, *C.-Trans.*, I, 77.

13 11. **were.** *Fraser* and all subsequent editions have 'was' uncorrected.

13 13. **Sans-culottism.** From Fr. 'Sans-culotte,' tatterdemalion, more picturesque than the tamer term, Radicalism. Not Carlyle's own coinage; Goethe had used the term 'Literarischer Sanscülottismus' in a review as early as 1795. See *Sämmt. Werke*, XIII, 396. Stuttgart, 1873.

"It is in these places, in these mouths, that the epithet Sans-culotte first gets applied to indigent Patriotism; in the last age we had Gilbert Sans-culotte, the indigent poet. Destitute-of-Breeches; a mournful Destitution; which, however, if twenty millions share it, may become more effective than most possessions." *French Revolution*. The Constitution, Bk. III. cap. iv. The places are the "café de Valois and at Méot the Restaurateur's"; the 'mouths' are those of aggressive Royalists at Paris in 1792. "Un jour que les femmes qui occupaient les tribunes de la Constituante étaient encore plus bruyantes que de coutume, l'abbé Maury dit au président: Monsieur le président, faites taire ce tas de sans-culottes." Littré, Supplé.; cp. Büchman, *Geflüg. Worte*, p. 387. 17th ed.

14 2. **Melchizedek.** See Gen. xiv. 17–24 and Heb. viii. 1–3.

14 5. **vivid way.** One of Carlyle's own gifts.

14 7. **Wandering Jew.** The legend is that Christ bearing his cross on the way to Calvary asked leave to rest at the stall of a shoemaker, who struck him and bade him pass on. Christ replied, "Thou shalt pass on forever." The man never died, cannot die, and must traverse the earth till the Judgment Day. Cp. Percy's *Reliques*, *Ahasuerus* and *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, Bk. VII. cap. xvii; for modern treatment, Eugène Sue, *Le Juif Errant;* for popular discussion, Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

14 12. **Allgemeine Zeitung.** Universal Journal. 'Zeitung,' newspaper, is part of the title of many German periodicals.

14 23. **reflect light and resist pressure.** Fag-end of physical definition.

14 33. **Program.** The outline or abstract of courses in a German school or university, usually accompanied by an original paper or address.

15 3. **bodying . . . forth.** Phrase often used by Carlyle. Cp. 197 24, 203 24.

> —And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown,—
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1.

15 9. **recommended.** Supposititious quotation from the 'Program,' 14 33. But on Jan. 17, 1828, Carlyle wrote to Goethe for a testimonial to help him to the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews, and Goethe sent him a most flattering one. See *G.-Corr.*, 63–81; *C. E. L.*, I, 434.

15 20. **hold his peace.** Bekker was called "den Stummen in sieben Sprachen." See Goethe's Correspondence with Zelter, March 15, 1830.

15 23. **wonder — nine days.** "I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came." *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 151.

16 9. **not more interested.** Cp. 19 30; 28 1 ff; 214 2.

16 24. **Wahngasse.** Fancy-lane, Dream-alley. See 12 7, n.

16 25. **pinnacle.** An allusion to the high tower of Herod's Temple of Jerusalem. See Luke iv. 9; cp. 214 15.

16 29. **Airts.** Points of the compass; quarters.

> Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
> I dearly like the west,
> For there the bonnie lassie lives,—
> BURNS, *I Love my Jean.*

16 33. **speculum.** Carlyle has tripped here in his Latin. 'Speculum' is mirror, watch-tower is 'specula.' In his review of Scott he misunderstands 'publicanus.' See R. H. Hutton, *Essays on Some of the Modern Guides to English Thought in Matters of Faith*, p. 40 f., London, 1891; and *E. Lett.*, 116, n. The germ of this famous passage seems to have come from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which Carlyle read in 1826. "Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it. I have a competence (*laus Deo*) from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, *ipse mihi theatrum*, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world, *Et tanquam in specula positus*, (as he said) in some high place above you all, like Stoicus Sapiens, *omnia saecula, praeterita praesentiaque videns, uno velut intuitu*, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoil, and macerate themselves in court and country, far from those wrangling lawsuits, *aulae vanitatem, fori ambitionem, ridere mecum soleo:* I laugh at all

only secure lest my suit go amiss, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay, I have no wife nor children good or bad to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts which one thinks are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene." Democritus to the Reader.

17 7. **choking by sulphur.** The old-fashioned way of obtaining honey was to kill the entire swarm in the autumn with the fumes of sulphur.

> Ah! see where, robbed and murdered in that pit
> Lies the still heaving hive; at evening snatched,
> Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
> And fixed o'er sulphur.
>
> THOMSON, *Autumn*, 1172 ff.

17 13. **Schlosskirche.** Castle chapel.

17 14. **Couriers arrive.** Apparently Carlyle had Cowper's lines in his mind.

> He comes the herald of a noisy world,
> With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist and frozen locks;
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . messenger of grief
> Perhaps to thousands and of joy to some.
>
> *The Task*, Bk. IV. l. 5 ff.

17 15. **there, topladen.** "But observe, also, on beaten highways, how dust on dust, in long cloudy trains, mounts up, betokening the track of commodious top-laden carriages, in which the rich, the noble, and many others are whirled along." Carlyle, *Meister's Travels*, cap. Last.

17 25. **Aus der Ewigkeit.** Cp. 242 25, n.

17 26. **these are Apparitions.** This thought is expanded nobly in "Natural Supernaturalism," Bk. III. cap. viii. Of his sister Margaret, who died June 22, 1830, Carlyle wrote, Jan. 1831, "*We* are spirits as well as she, and God is round us and in us, Here as well as Yonder." *Lett.*, 187.

17 29. **Their solid pavement.** According to Carlyle's metaphysics, which are Berkeleyan, *all* one knows of the pavement on which he treads is sensation within himself; sensation of color, sensation of touch, nothing more. See 48 14, n.

17 32. **Clothes-screen.** A soldier apparently. Carlyle's word for a mere wearer of gorgeous clothes. Cp. 35 21, 49 18.

18 1. **Hengst and Horsa.** The leaders of the English invaders of Britain in the Fifth Century. See Bede, *Ecc. Hist.*, cap. xv.

18 9. **ancient reign of Night.** Refers to *Paradise Lost*, bk. ii. l. 961 ff., particularly ll. 970, 986, 1002. Cp. *Faerie Queen*, i. 5, 22. The idea comes from Hesiod. See Cudworth, *Intellectual System*, I, 402–407. Lond., 1845.

18 32. **The Lover whispers.** In the beginning of this century there were many runaway matches. The eloping couples escaped the stricter English marriage laws by posting to Gretna Green, just across the Scotch border.

19 10. **Rabenstein.** The raven-stone, the gallows. It forms the centre of a most impressive scene in Goethe's *Faust.*

19 11. **two-legged animals.** "He (Diogenes) heard people approve the definition which Plato gave of man, which he called a two-legged animal without feathers. This suggested to him the idea of taking a cock which he plucked, and then carried to the school of Plato, saying, 'Here is Plato's man.'" Diogenes Laertius, bk. vi.

19 24. **I am alone.** Cp. 140 8 and n.

19 27. **Night-thoughts.** Allusion to *The Complaint or Night-Thoughts*, a religious poem in blank verse, by the Rev. Edward Young (1681–1765). Many of its lines have become common quotations. Carlyle uses the phrase in the same way in *The French Revolution.* The Guillotine, bk. i. cap. v.

20 5. **'united in a common element.'** The passage is imitated from Goethe's description of Mariana's housekeeping. "Music, portions of plays and pairs of shoes, washes and Italian flowers, pin-cushions, hair-skewers, rouge-pots and ribbons, books and straw-hats; no article despised the neighborhood of another; all were united by a common element, powder and dust." *Meister's Apprenticeship*, bk. i. cap. xv; see 12 7, n.

21 13. **they never appear.** Chambers's Cyclopaedia bears unconscious witness to the importance of this badge of respectability. "Instead of effeminacy, it is considered now a sign of poverty or improvidence not to be possessed of one." *Art.* Umbrella. In Poole's farce, "Paul Pry," which was very popular in 1826 and thereabouts, the eponymous hero and his umbrella are inseparable. The typical respectable nonentity seems familiarly English rather than German.

21 14. **little wisdom.** Attributed to Axel Oxenstiern (1583–1654), the Swedish statesman. "An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia mundus regatur?" His son had hesitated to accept the headship of a Swedish embassy, on the ground of his youth.

21 25. **confusion worse confounded.**

> I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
> Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
> With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
> Confusion worse confounded;
>
> *Par. Lost*, ii. 993 ff.

21 27. **the very Spirit.** From Carlyle's own index-reference to 205 14 it would appear that Heuschrecke is Malthus himself. In this light the intention of the quotation is highly ironical.

21 31. **burin.** The chief tool of the wood-engraver. Carlyle shows here that he is conscious of his own peculiar excellence, — literary portraiture. See his pen-pictures of Coleridge, Lamb and Wordsworth in his *Reminiscences*.

22 10. **fondness of a Boswell.** "It was impossible that there should be perfect harmony between two such companions. Indeed the great man was sometimes provoked into fits of passion, in which he said things which the small man, during a few hours, seriously resented. Every quarrel, however, was soon made up. During twenty years the disciple continued to worship the master: the master continued to scold the disciple, to sneer at him, and to love him." Macaulay, *Samuel Johnson*. See also Carlyle's essay on Johnson.

22 29. **Dalai-Lama.** The Grand Lama, Buddhist human-god of Thibet. "If the Lama doctor happens not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted; he writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down with the same perfect confidence as if they were genuine medicaments." Huc, *Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China*, translated by W. Hazlitt, I, 67, 3d ed. London.

22 32. **Talapoin.** Monk in a Buddhist monastery.

23 5. **outwatching the Bear.**

> Or let my lamp at midnight hour
> Be seen in some high lonely tow'r
> Where I may oft outwatch the Bear.
>
> Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 85 ff.

"As the Bear never sets, he could only outwatch him by sitting up till daybreak." (Keightley.)

23 18. **Documents.** See 8 34.

23 23. **Bag of Doubloons.** The preface to *Gil Blas* tells of two students on their travels finding a stone with this inscription, "Here lies interred the soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias." The one enjoyed the jest and went his way; but the other dug up the stone and found underneath a purse of a hundred ducats, with a note appointing the lucky finder the whimsical licentiate's heir.

"Such things are in themselves mere words but, like the Spanish licentiate's epitaph, they are the clue to the *soul* that lies buried; and he who digs for it judiciously will, like the sagacious student, not fail of his reward." R. Garnett, *Philological Essays*, p. 113, Lond., 1859.

24 7. **Weissnichtwo'sche Anzeiger.** See 5 23 and n.

24 31. **Pontiff.** See 70 30, n.

24 32. **a whole immensity.** Before the days of Ruskin and William Morris. As Mr. Lang would say, 'Elegance of taste and fastidious research of ornament could do no more.'

25 5. **star of a Lord.** Part of the insignia of such orders as the Bath, the Garter, etc., is a jewel in the shape of a star. 'Lord' is not a rank but a title given to those who are noble by birth or creation.

25 19. **humour of looking.** See bk. iii. cap. viii. for full development of this idea.

25 30. **In our wild Seer.** This passage shows a tendency in Carlyle to praise his own work. Cp. 26 29 ff. and *passim*.

25 31. **locusts and wild honey.** See Matt. iii. 1–6.

26 15. **Sanchoniathon.** This catalogue reminds one profanely of the ingenious Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson citing, "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus and Ocellus Lucanus" on the "cosmogony or creation of the world" to Dr. Primrose of Wakefield. *Sanchoniathon* ("the god Sakkun hath given"), the name of the pretended author of the Phoenician writings, said to have been used by Philo Byblius, author of a Phoenician history, part of which is preserved in Eusebius.

26 16. **Dr. Lingard** (1771–1851). The reference is to his *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (1819) and his *History of England* (1830). — **Shasters** (*S'âstra*, a book). The authoritative religious and legal books of the Hindus. — **Talmuds.** The Talmud (*lamad*, to learn), is the fundamental code of the Jewish civil and canonical law.

26 17. **Korans** (*karaa*, to read). The sacred book of the Ma-

hometans, "which forms the religious, social, civil, commercial, military and legal code of Islam." — **Cassini.** Jacques, second of a famous family of French astronomers (1677–1756). His *Astronomical Tables* were published in 1740.

26 18. **Mécanique Céleste.** See 1 16, n. — **Belfast Town and Country Almanack.** Still published. In a letter to Robert Mitchell of August 3, 1816, Carlyle mentions having consulted this almanac for the tides, in order to arrange an excursion from Annan to Cumberland with his friend. *E. Lett.* 39; cp. *ib.* 257.

26 31. **full-formed Minervas.** The legend is really of Athena, not Minerva. See Hesiod, *Theog.*, 1144–48. Valpy.

27 26. **Gleams of an ethereal Love.** See 171 15.

28 3. **Mephistopheles.** The tempter and mocker in the Faust legend. The allusion is to Goethe's drama, which had not yet been popularized by opera and adaptation. See *Essays, Goethe's Helena*, I, 163.

28 7. **as we mentioned.** See 12 30.

28 21. **Seven Sleepers.** The legend is that seven Christian youths of Ephesus, fleeing from the Decian persecution, took refuge in a cave and then fell asleep for three hundred and sixty years. See Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages;* John Koch, *Die Siebenschläfer-legende.*

28 21–25. **Jean Paul's doing.** Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, German humorist (1763–1825). See Carlyle's essay, Edinburgh Review, No. 91, 1827. — **The large-bodied Poet.** Carlyle calls him "A huge, irregular man, both in mind and person . . . full of fire, strength and impetuosity." *Essays*, I, 11. For Carlyle's obligations to him, see Introd.

28 28. **Extra harangues.** One of Richter's whims is to interpolate a chapter which he calls "Extra-blatt," after the manner of Swift's "digressions" in "A Tale of a Tub." I have been unable to discover any such 'proposal' as is mentioned here, in Richter.

28 32. **radiant, ever-young Apollo.** This describes the laugh of Walter Welsh, Mrs. Carlyle's maternal grandfather. "He had the prettiest laugh (once or at most twice, in my presence) that I can remember to have heard, — not the loudest, my own Father's still rarer laugh was louder far, though perhaps not more complete; but his was all of artillery-thunder, *feu de joie* from all guns as the main element; while in Walter's there was audible something as of infinite flutes and harps, as if the vanquished themselves were invited (or compelled) to partake in the triumph. I remember one such laugh

(quite forget about what), and how the old face looked suddenly so beautiful and young again. 'Radiant, ever-young Apollo,' etc., of Teufelsdröckh's laugh is a reminiscence of that." *Rem.*, I, 153.

28 34. **Tattersall's.** A famous long-established horse-market and stable in London.

29 8. **Richter.** See 28 21–25, n.

29 20. **fit for treasons.**

> The man that hath not music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
> *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1, 83 ff.

29 25. **total want of arrangement.** Carlyle's device to forestall criticism of the apparent confusion in the plan of *Sartor*.

30 10. **Montesquieu.** Charles de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu (1689–1755), celebrated French writer on politics and law; author of *Lettres Persanes* (1721), *Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur des Romains et de leur Décadence* (1734), *Esprit des Lois* (1734). Carlyle wrote a life of Montesquieu for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*. See *E. Lett.*, 132, 135, 144. — **Spirit of Laws.** The most popular and original book ever published on the subject of law. Twenty-two editions were exhausted in two years. "The Spirit of Laws was published in 1748, with a truly prodigious effect. It coloured the whole of the social literature in France during the rest of the century." J. Morley, *Rousseau*, I, 189. Lond., 1873.

30 12. **Esprit de Coutumes.** Pun. *Coutume* means law. We have in Quebec the old code called the Coutume de Paris. 'Coutume' and 'costume' are forms of the same word. See Littré, *Costume;* cp. 202 20.

31 1. **Anglo-Dandiacal.** Carlyle's coinage; "pertaining to the English dandy." "I say in spite of all Dandiacal Philosophers, and Outer-house Sages, this is, was and forever will be True!" *Lett.*, 201; cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 181, 236, and bk. iii. cap. x., *passim*.

31 2–3. **drab . . . scarlet.** The colors are not chosen at random. The Quakers who abhor war dress in drab; while for nearly three centuries the British soldier's uniform has been red.

31 17. **nay, what is.** For variation of same thought cp. 234 21.

32 4. **Library . . . useful Knowledge.** The title of The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was sometimes modified by its enemies, "for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge." Such

methods of popularizing knowledge were distrusted by Carlyle. See following note.

32 8. **'at present.'** See 8 29, n.

32 13. **cabalistico-sartorial.** Carlyle's coinage. Not in the dictionaries. Equivalent (perhaps) to "mysteriously-relating-to-the-tailor's-art," or "pertaining-to-the-sacred-mysteries-of-tailordom."

32 16. **Lilis.** Or Lilith.

> Not a drop of her blood was human,
> But she was made like a soft, sweet woman.
> D. G. ROSSETTI, *Eden Bower.*

"Adam is fabled by the Talmudists to have had a wife before Eve; she was called Lilith, and their progeny was all manner of aquatic and aerial — devils. — BURTON." *Journal*, Dec. 7, 1826. *C. E. L.*, I, 385; cp. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part. I, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2; *Faust, Walpurgisnacht.*

32 21. **Adam-Kadmon.** The Chaldaic name for the book of Genesis is "b' Cadmin," in the beginning, or "Cadmon," beginning, from the opening words of the first chapter of Genesis. Adam-Cadmon is the primitive and ideal man of the Cabalists. "Der Urmensch ist das Prototyp der ganzen Schöpfung, der Inbegriff aller Wesen, der Makrokosmus, die Ewige Weisheit; er ist dasjenige, was von Andern Logos oder Wort genannt wird." Albert Stöckl, *Gesch. der Philos. des Mittelalters*, II, 235. Mainz, 1865.

32 22. **Nifl and Muspel.** "Before the world itself, in the beginning, its foundation existed. . . . The existing things were cold and heat, ice and light. Towards the north lay Niflheim, towards the south Muspellheim. Niflheim (from nifl, Ger. Nebel, Lat. nebula, Gr. *νεφέλη*) signifies *the home* or *world of mist* . . . Muspellheim, it may be supposed, betokened (in contradistinction to Niflheim) *the world of light, warmth, fire.*" Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, I, 138. Lond., 1851. Muspel occurs in O. Sax.; cp. *Heliand, passim*, and O. H. G. fragment on Doomsday, *Muspilli.*

32 29. **Babel.** See Gen. xi. 1–9.

32 30. **habilable.** That can wear clothes. Characteristic jingle and pun.

32 34. **Orbis pictus.** A book printed by the educational reformer, Comenius (1592–1671), at Nürnberg, in 1657, containing pictures, names and descriptions of the affairs of life. Goethe mentions it as one of the books permitted to him, as a child; so does Richter. *Orbis Vestitus* translates the title of this chapter. "A whole *orbis*

pictus or *fictus* of Nürnberg puppets." *Quintus Fixlein. C.-Trans.*, II, 212.

33 5. **Hoard of King Nibelung.** Carlyle reviewed Simrock's translation of the Middle High German epic, the *Nibelungenlied*, in *The Westminster Review*, No. 29, 1831. He had read the work during the previous summer. See *Lett.*, 164. Here he is quoting from memory and makes an unimportant slip. The passage referred to is in the Nineteenth Abenteuer, and runs thus in Simrock (p. 183. Stuttgart, 1885) :

> Nun mögt ihr von dem Horte Wunder hören sagen :
> Zwölf Leiterwagen konnten ihn kaum von dannen tragen
> In vier Tag und Nächten aus des Berges Schacht,
> Hätten sie des Tages den Weg auch dreimal gemacht.

Four days, not twelve. He translates the passage correctly; *Essays*, II, 312.

33 11. **Gallia Braccata.** "Gallia Narbonensis was called Braccata, on account of the peculiar covering of the inhabitants for their thighs." *Lemprière.* "Narbonensis provincia appellatur pars Galliarum quae interno mari adluitur, Braccata antea dicta." Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, iii. 4 (5).

33 13. **Kilmarnock nightcap.** A knitted woolen cap worn in Scotland, varying slightly from the usual "bonnet."

34 8–9. **Decoration . . . barbarous classes.** Matthew Arnold has termed the British aristocracy barbarians, and this may refer to their love of titles, orders, "decorations."

34 16. **Out of the eater.** The riddle of Samson. See Judges xiv. 14.

34 24. **Banyan-grove.** Beneficently or harmfully. The banyan is a rapidly growing shade-tree in hot countries : the branches grow down and strike root in the ground. "Great actions are sometimes historically barren ; smallest actions have taken root in the moral soil and grown like Banian forests to cover whole quarters of the world." *C.-Jour.*, Sept. 8, 1830 ; *C. E. L.*, II, 91.

34 26. **device of movable Types.** Carlyle had contrasted these two things before. "When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen 'standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder,' till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale onlooker might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes ; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet, it

might be, on that very gala-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to men than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, 'passed away like a whirlwind,' to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these 'movable types' of Johannes Faust?" *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 8 f.

34 31. **Monk Schwartz's pestle.** "All Histories do agree in this, that a *German* was the Author of this Invention, but whether his Name be known, or whether he was a Monk of *Friburg*, *Constantine Aucklitzen* or *Bertholdus Swartz* (as some call him), a *Monastick* too, is not so very certain. 'T is said he was a Chymist, who sometimes for Medicines kept Powder of Sulphur in a Mortar, which he covered with a Stone. But it happened one day as he was striking Fire, that a Spark accidentally falling into it, brake out into a Flame, and heav'd up the Stone. The man being instructed by this Contingency, and having made an Iron Pipe or Tube together with Powder, is said to have invented this Engine." *Panciroll's Rerum Mirabilium Libri Duo* (Lond., 1785, p. 384). A. W. Wright, Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, p. 305. Clar. Press, 1880.

35 4. **Pecunia.** Cp. Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*, Pecuniary. "The barbarous times of trade by barter, when the Romans, instead of figured cattle on their leather money, drove forth the beeves themselves." *Quintus Fixlein, C.-Trans.*, II, 128.

35 23. **Tool-using Animal.** Cf. 91 1. "Franklin I find twice or thrice in Boswell, defines man as a Tool-making Animal. Teufelsdreck therefore has so far been anticipated. *Vivant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.*" *C.-Jour.*, Jan. 1832. See Boswell's Johnson, *sub ann.*, Apr. 7, 1778.

36 7. **Laughing Animal.**

> 'T was said of old, deny it who can,
> The only laughing animal is man.
> W. WHITEHEAD, *On Ridicule* (1743).

"If the old definition be true," said he, "that risibility is the distinguishing characteristic of a rational animal, the English are the most distinguished for rationality of any people I know." *Humphrey Clinker*, p. 221. Edin., 1806. Cp. *Idler*, No. 1.

36 9. **Teufelsdröckh himself.** See 28 17 ff.

36 11. **Cooking Animal.** Boswell seems to adopt this definition as his own. "My definition of man is 'a cooking animal.' The beasts have memory, judgment, and all the faculties and passions of our minds in a certain degree; but no beast is a cook." *A Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 15, n. Lond., Routledge, N. D.

36 13. **readies his steak.** *Hudibras* was one of Carlyle's favorite books, and he may have got the illustration there. Butler does not state this peculiarity so delicately. See *Hudibras*, I, ii. 265–278.

36 17. **Monsieur Ude.** Louis Eustache Ude, a famous French cook of the time. His portrait is number twenty-five in the *Fraser* series, which accounts for Carlyle's reference. A brief but vague account of him is given by W. Bates in *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*. p. 114 ff. Lond., 1891. — **Orinocco Indians.** "At the period of these inundations, which last two or three months, the Otomacs swallow a prodigious quantity of earth. We found heaps of balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Otomacs eat, is a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish gray colour; and being slightly baked in the fire, the hardened crust has a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxide of iron which is mingled in it." Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, vol. v. p. 641. Lond., 1821. See *Lett.*, 181.

36 29. **Liverpool Steam-carriages.** Stephenson's invention impressed deeply the thinking men of the time. One of the best lines in *Locksley Hall*, "Let the great world, etc.," was suggested by it. The first road ran from Liverpool to Manchester, and was opened Sept. 15, 1830. Cp. 45 6, n.

37 5. **stout old Gao.** "We are told, that when the oppression and injustice of Zahák had continued a long time, Gávah of Isfahán, two of whose sons had been put to death by the tyrant, closed the door of his forge, and opened the gates of rebellion in the face of Zahák: he took from his waist the piece of leather worn by blacksmiths, when at work, about the loins, and fixed it on a pole: through the tyranny and excessive violence of the king, he cried aloud, and excited the people to revolt. . . . Gávah, at the head of the troops placed under the shadow of his valour, traversed the civilized world during the space of nearly twenty years, subduing every country he entered, and overcoming every monarch whom he encountered; and completely purified the surface of the earth from the contamination of all opposed to the king or hostile to his prosperity. In

all his battles, he kept with him the piece of leather which had been fixed on a pole at the time of his heading the insurrection against Zahák; which was ever after known by the name of Gávah's banner, by the elevation and unfurling of which he displayed the happy guarantee and omen of success in every battle-field. . . . When his government had continued ten years, the volume of his life became sealed up with the signature of the indispensable doom, and the steed of his existence fell headlong through the conflicting accidents of time. Feridoon was afflicted on learning this dreadful event, and expressed the greatest sorrow for his death: the ministers of state, the nobles of the kingdom, and the commanders of the troops, mourned during seven days. The king also sent orders to Isfahán to deliver up the estate and chattels of Gávah to his heirs; excepting the banner of Gávah, which he demanded, and, having ornamented it with precious-stones, placed it in the treasury. The banner was only produced on the day of encounter and on the field of battle, when the eyes of the ever-victorious troops were animated with delight, and their hearts with fortitude, on beholding it; every succeeding monarch of Ajem enriched it by the addition of a precious diamond, and this custom continued until the time of Omar, the son of Kettáb, when at the victory of Kadeseh, it fell into the hands of the True Believers; the piece of leather was burnt by the command of Omar, and the precious-stones were divided among the indigent and objects of charity." *History of the Early Kings of Persia, Translated from the Original Persian of Mirkhand by David Shea*, Lond., 1832; pp. 130–137. See also Gibbon, vol. v. cap. 51, pp. 301, 2 (Harper, 6 vol. ed.).

37 9. **John Knox's daughter.** Mrs. Carlyle was a Welsh, and supposed to be descended from the John Welsh, minister of Ayr, who married in 1595 Elizabeth third and youngest daughter of John Knox. "This lady it was who, when her husband was banished, and when she was told by King James that he might return to Scotland, if he would acknowledge the authority of bishops, raised her apron and said, 'Please your Majesty I 'd rather kep his head there.'" *C. E. L.*, I, 110; II, 31. "Stand by me, Darling, like my own Jane, like the descendant of John Knox, and the daughter of John Welsh, and the wife of Thomas Carlyle: what can daunt me?" *Lett.*, 226. See also *Rem.*, I, 133.

37 12. **Landgravine Elizabeth.** St. Elizabeth of Hungary. On one occasion she was carrying, against her husband's wishes, a basket of food to the poor at her gates. On being surprised by him,

she hid the basket under her apron and declared that she had been gathering roses. Her husband pulled the apron aside and found the food miraculously changed to roses. Carlyle found the legend told at length in Musaeus' *Melechsala*, *C.-Trans.*, I. 107.

37 26. **sheet-iron Aprons.** See 256 5, and *E. Lett.*, 313.

38 12. **tucked-in the corner.** "The cassock which entirely hides the ordinary dress is emblematical of the spirit of recollection and devotion which becomes those who serve in the sanctuary." Charles Walker, *The Ritual Reason Why*, p. 34; 2d ed. Lond., 1868.

"The Cassock or Priest's cassock is single-breasted and fastened from the throat to the feet by numerous buttons extending the whole length. At the back the cassock is very full, from the loins downwards, and sometimes trails a considerable length on the ground. It has a narrow upright collar, and close sleeves. It is bound round the waist with a band a yard and a-half long and three inches broad called a Cincture. The recent English Cassock is sometimes folded over in front, and kept close by the Cincture." Rev. F. G. Lees, *Directorium Anglicanum*, p. 17 f. Lond., 1866.

38 17. **printed Paper Aprons.** "It was also this respect for all waste-paper that inspired him with such esteem for the aprons of French cooks, which it is well known consist of printed paper; and he often wished some German would translate these aprons: indeed I am willing to believe that a good version of more than one of such paper aprons might contribute to elevate our Literature (this Muse *à belles fesses*), and serve her in place of drivel bib." *Quintus Fixlein*, *C.-Trans.*, II, 123.

39 5. **Fountain-of-motion.** This is apparently Carlyle's own coinage.

39 11. **The Journalists.** "The only sovereigns of the world in these days are the literary men (were there any such in Britain) — the prophets. It is always a theocracy: the king has to be anointed by the priest; and now the priest, the Goethe for example, will not, cannot consecrate the existing king who therefore is a usurper, and reigns only by sufferance." Carlyle's Journal, *C. E. L.*, II, 97. "The true Church of England, at this moment, lies in the Editors of its Newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly; admonishing kings themselves; advising peace or war, with an authority which only the first Reformers, and a long-past class of Popes, were possessed of; inflicting moral censure; imparting moral encouragement, consolation, edification; in all ways diligently 'administering the Discipline of the Church.' It may be said, too, that in private

disposition the new Preachers somewhat resemble the Mendicant Friars of old times: outwardly full of holy zeal; inwardly not without stratagem, and hunger for terrestrial things." *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 156; cp. 229 18.

39 14. **Stamped Broad-Sheet.** The Stamp Act came in force 1712, and continued in force for a century and a half. The stamp itself was red, and the design consisted of the rose, thistle and shamrock, surmounted by the royal crown. See Swift's *Journal to Stella*, Jan. 31, 1710–11, and the *Spectator*, July 31, 1712.

39 21. **Satan's Invisible World.** There are several books on witchcraft with titles like this: "The Wonders of the Invisible World," by Cotton Mather, Boston, 1692; "A View of the Invisible World, or General History of Apparitions," London, 1752; "Satan's Invisible World Discovered, or a Choice Collection of Modern Relations," by George Sinclair, Edinburgh, 1780. The reference to the "old authentic Presbyterian Witchfinder" shows that Carlyle was thinking of Cotton Mather and confused his book with Sinclair's.

"The New-England Puritan burns witches, wrestles for months with the horrors of Satan's invisible world, and all ghastly phantasms, the daily and hourly precursors of the Last Day; then suddenly bethinks him that he is frantic, weeps bitterly, prays contritely, and the history of that gloomy season lies behind him like a frightful dream." *Essays*, II, 136; cp. *id.*, I, 162.

39 25. **good Homer.**

> Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
> Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
> POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, l. 179 f.

> — quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
> HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, l. 359.

40 6. **Beggaring all fancy.** "Some of my readers may require to be informed that Jacques Callot was a Lorraine painter of the seventeenth century; a wild genius, whose *Temptation of St. Anthony* is said to exceed, in chaotic incoherence, that of Teniers himself." *Essays*, E. T. W. Hoffmann, I, Appendix, p. 437, n. — **Teniers,** David (1610-1690). There were two of this name; the reference is to the younger. He is noted for his painting of Flemish peasants drinking, dancing, etc. — **Callot,** J. (1593-1635). A French engraver, famous for grouping large numbers of figures in a small space. Carlyle knew Callot probably from Hoffmann's *Fantasie-*

Stücke in Callot's Manier, one of which, *Der Goldne Topf*, was included in *German Romance.*

40 9. **touched not seldom.** Cp. 5 30, n.

40 15. **Merrick's valuable Work.** The name is Meyrick, Samuel Rush. His book, *A critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour* (London, 1824, 3 vols.), is praised by Scott and the *Edinburgh Review.*

40 18. **Paulinus.** The name should be Paullini, Christian Franz (1643–1712), a compiler, says Brockhaus, of the most tasteless books. He is the author of *Philosophische Luststunden oder Curiositäten*, 2 Theile, Frankfurt, 1709, and *Zeitkürzende erbauliche Lust.* Franckfurt a. M., 1695, 1722; 3 vols. Carlyle spells it Paullinus in *Fraser*, but in subsequent editions one 'l' is dropped. Graesse makes the same mistake.

40 20. **Did we behold.** See 41 14, n.

40 30. **find his place.** Tennyson expands the same thought:

> "—Could the dead, whose dying eyes
> Were closed with wail, resume their life
> They would but find in child and wife
> An iron welcome when they rise.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "But if they came who passed away,
> Behold their brides in other hands;
> The hard heir strides about the lands
> And will not yield them for a day."
>
> *In Memoriam*, xc.

41 14. **Teusinke.** From the context this seems to have been a name for the fashionable "bell-girdle" described below. The passage in quotation marks is freely translated from the authority cited, with interpolations of Carlyle's own.

"Anno 1672, 28 April, ward alhie, wie weit und breit sonst, ein gross Feurzeichen des Abends in der Lufft gesehen. Wenn wir die Tracht der domaligen Stadt jetzo sehen solten, würden wir drüber lachen, und wenn die verfaulte Welt unsren Plunder sehe, würde sie sich kreutzigen und segnen. Die reichen Leute hatten Teusincke um, war ein silberner Gürtel, da hiengen Glöcklein an, wenn einer gieng, so schellte es um ihn her. Das Manns-Volk hatte Kappen, da waren wöllene Traddeln dran Ehlen lang, und setzen die über eine Seiten. Ihre Schuh waren forn spitzig fast Ehlen lang, und auf den Seiten geschnürt mit Schnüren, und Holz-Schuhe mit Schnacken auch Ehlen lang. Ja einige machten forn an die Spitzen Schellen. Auch hatten die Männer Hosen ohne Gesäss, bunden

solche an die Hembder. Die reichen Jungfrauen hatten Röcke ausgeschnitten hinten und forn, dass die Brust und Rücken fast bloss war. Auch waren die Röcke geflügelt, und auf den Seiten gefüttert. Etliche, damit sie schmahl blieben, schnürten sich so enge, dass mann sie umspannen mochte. Die Adelichen Frauen hatten geschwäntzte Röcke, 4 oder 5 Ehlen lang, so die Knaben nachtrugen. Die Frauen und Mägde hatten an Röcken dopple dücke Säume Hand breit, die reichen Weiber silberne Kneuffen, oder breite silberne Schalen an Röcken, von oben biss auf die Schuh, die Mägde trugen Haarbander von Silber und übergoldte Spangen und hangende Flammen zum Geschmuck auf den Häuptern. Die Weiber trugen auch lange Mäntel mit Falten, unten weit, mit einem zwiefachen Saum handbreit, oben mit einem dücken gestärckten Kragen anderthalb Schuh lang, und hiessen Kragen-Mäntel. Die Kriegs-Rüstung war eine Armbrust mit einem Stegreiff. Eben das ward, wenn mans spannte, eingetreten mit einem Instrument, das hiess ein Krieck, gemacht von starcken Riemen oder Seyden und eisernen Hacken. Auch war ein Kleid, das hiess Jegke, gemacht von dopplem Barchent, mit Baumvollen gefüllt und durchsteppt sehr dück, dass nicht leicht ein Pfeil durchschiessen konte ; auch ein holtzern Schildt oder ein Brust-Eisen, oben breit, mitten rund, und etwas erhaben, unten fast spitzig, auswendig gemahlt, inwendig mit einem Riemen, da mans konte bey tragen. Auch hatten sie Wämster von Barchent, mitten waren dopple Kragen von Tuch mit Teich zusammen gekleistert, und kurtze Röcke mit zwei Falten, kaum wurde der Hinterste damit bedeckt. Das war damals die Kreutzburgische Kleider-Mode." C. F. Paullini, *Zeitkürtzende erbauliche Lust*, II, 678. Franckfurt am Mayn, 1722.

41 31. **Rich maidens.** See previous note.

42 1. **Brave Cleopatras:**

> The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burn'd on the water: . . . . . .
> . . . . . on each side her
> Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . at the helm
> A seeming mermaid steers.
>
> *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2, 191 ff.

42 18. **doublets of fustian.** See 41 14, n.

42 33. **Raleigh's fine mantle.** See *Kenilworth*, cap. xv.

43 2. **red-painted on the nose.** "Queen Elizabeth never saw herself, after she became old, in a true glass; they painted her and

sometymes would vermilion her nose." Ben Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden*, xiv. Shakespeare Society Publications.

43 13. **luckless Courtier.** The only authority for this tale I have been able to discover, is J. Bulwer, *Anthropometamorphosis: Man Transform'd; or, the Artificial Changeling.* Lond., 1650. For full title of work see Dict. Nat. Biog., article *Bulwer.* Cp. Fairholt, *Costume in England*, I, 263. Lond., 1885. The date of the costume (16th cent.) is inconsistent with Carlyle's mention of Kaiser Otto; and this difficulty I have been unable to surmount.

43 20. **Erostratus,** or Eratostratus. "An Ephesian who burnt the famous temple of Diana, the same night that Alexander the Great was born. . . . Eratostratus did this villainy merely to eternize his name by so uncommon an action." *Lemprière*, cp. 176 3, n. Cp. Browne, *Urn Burial*, v. 44 (Bohn).

43 21. **Milo.** "A celebrated athlete of Crotona in Italy. . . . It is said that he carried on his shoulders a young bullock 4 years old, for about 40 yards, and afterwards killed it with one blow of his fist, and eat it up in one day." *Lemprière:* cp. Browne, *Pseudodox. Epidem.*, bk. VII, cap. xviii. — **Henry Darnley.** The second husband of Mary Queen of Scots. "Robertson, one of the best of those historians, imagines Mary to have been captivated by his *gigantic figure;* yet, let us recollect, that Darnley was, merely, *a long lad of nineteen.* Sir James Melvill, who was present in Weemys castle, however, informs us, "that the Queen *took very well with him*, and said to Melvill, on the same day, that Darnley was the properest and best proportioned *long man* that she had ever seen." Chalmers, *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, I, 201. Lond., 1822. "Last night I sat up very late reading Scott's 'History of Scotland.' . . . Strange that a man should think that he was writing the history of a nation while he is chronicling the amours of a wanton young woman called queen, and a sulky booby recommended to kingship for his fine limbs, and then blown up with gunpowder for his ill behaviour!" Journal, *C. E. L.*, II, 89.

43 24. **Boileau Despréaux.** Nicolas Boileau (1636–1711), famous French critic and poet. "On lit, dans l'Année littéraire, que Boileau, encore enfant, jouant dans une cour, tomba. Dans sa chute, sa jaquette se retrousse; un dindon lui donne plusieurs coups de bec sur une partie très délicate. Boileau en fut toute sa vie incommodé: et de-là, peut-être, cette sévérité de mœurs, cette disette de sentiment qu'on remarque dans tous ses ouvrages; de-là sa satyre contre

les femmes, contre Lulli, Quinault, et contre toutes les poésies galantes. Peut-être son antipathie contre les dindons occasiona-t-elle l'aversion secrète qu'il eut toujours pour les jésuites qui les ont apportés en France. . . ." Helvétius, *De l'Esprit*, Discours III, Ch. 1, note (*a*).

43 27. **prayer of Themistocles.** "Cicero has preserved another of his sayings, which deserves mentioning. When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of memory, he answered, 'Ah, rather teach me the art of forgetting; for I often remember what I would not, and cannot forget what I would.'" Laughorne's *Plutarch*, p. 91, n. N. Y., 1868. Cicero, *De Orat.*, II, cap. 74, § 299, and cap. 86, §§ 251–53; cp. *C. E. L.*, I, 203.

44 1. **Bolivar's Cavalry.** Simon Bolivar (1783–1830), the South American Washington. He led the Spanish states in their successful rebellion against Spain from 1812 to 1824. "A blanket of about a yard square, with a hole, or rather slit, cut in the centre, through which the wearer thrusts his head, falls on each side of his shoulders thus covering his body, and leaving his bare arms at perfect liberty to manage his horse, or mule and lance." G. Hippisley, *A Narrative of the Expedition to the Rivers Orinoco and Apuré*, p. 415. Lond., 1819. Cp. *Essays*, IV, 340 f.

44 11. **Old-Roman contempt.** For example, the costume of Cincinnatus when the deputation from the Senate found him at the plow. See Livy, III, 26.

44 13. **Descriptive-Historical.** See 29 30.

45 4. **founded on Cloth.** See 53 34.

45 6. **Faust's mantle.**

FAUST.

Wie kommen wir denn aus dem Haus?
Wo hast du Pferde, Knecht und Wagen?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wir breiten nur den Mantel aus,
Der soll uns durch die Lüfte tragen.

Faust, I, iv. end.

Describing his sensations on his first railway journey, Carlyle says, "Out of one vehicle into another, snorting, roaring we flew: the likest thing to a Faust's flight on the Devil's Mantle." *C. L. L.*, I, 179; cp. 36 29, n. See *C.-Trans.*, II, 82.

45 7. **Apostle's Dream.** See Acts x. 10–16.

45 9. **inane limboes.** See *Orlando Furioso*, Cant. xxxiv., the Limbo of Vanity.

> Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide,
> Where rose a mountain steep on either side,
> He came and saw (a wonder to relate)
> Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state
> Here safely treasured: each neglected good;
> Time squander'd, or occasion ill-bestow'd.
> *Hoole's Translation*, ll. 562–567.

45 22. **a mighty maze.**

> Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
> A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
> POPE, *Essay on Man*, i. 5 f.

45 26. **Biographical Documents.** See 23 18, n.

46 3, 4. **utmost verge.** For similar thought see Tennyson's *Ulysses*, the closing lines.

> Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world,
> . . . . . .
> . . . . for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
> Of all the western stars until I die.
> . . . . . .
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

46 12. **das Wesen.** For an example of an 'Ich' naming itself, see *Essays*, II, 177.

46 23. **Cogito.** The famous phrase of Descartes (1596–1650): 'Ac proinde haec cognitio, *ego cogito, ergo sum*, est omnium prima et certissima, quae cuilibet ordine philosophanti occurrat.' *Principia Philosophiae*, I, 7 and 10. Amsterdam, 1650.

46 31. **Dream-grotto.** Apparently an allusion to the famous cave of Plato. *Republic*, Bk. VII.

47 3. **Creation says.** See *Essays, Richter*, II, 224.

47 9. **a net quotient.** For similar mathematical figure, see 116 24, and n.; also 173 28.

47 11. **Moscow Retreats.** In 1811–12, Napoleon invaded Russia with 600,000 men, reached Moscow, and by the destruction of the city was compelled to retreat in the midst of winter. The consequent suffering and loss of life were terrible.

47 17. **right hand.** See Jonah iv. 11.

47 20. **the Sphinx's secret.** "The riddle proposed by the Sphinx ran in these terms: 'What creature is it that moves on four

feet in the morning, on two feet at noonday, and on three towards the going down of the sun?' Œdipus, after some consideration, answered that the creature was MAN, who creeps on the ground with hands and feet when an infant, walks upright in the vigor of manhood, and leans upon a staff in old age. Immediately the dreadful Sphinx confessed the truth of his solution by throwing herself headlong from a point of rock into the sea; her power being overthrown as soon as her secret had been detected." De Quincey, *The Sphinx's Riddle*, Collected Works, vol. XX. Boston, 1856.

47 29. **nothing can act.** See also 48 15, n.

48 14. **no Space and no Time.** Carlyle is among the first to popularize German philosophy in England. His own exposition is of the clearest.

"The Idealist, again, boasts that his Philosphy is Transcendental, that is, 'ascending *beyond* the senses'; which, he asserts, *all* Philosophy, properly so-called, by its nature is and must be: and in this way he is led to various unexpected conclusions. To a Transcendentalist, Matter has an existence, but only as a Phenomenon: were *we* not there, neither would it be there; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our living Souls and the great First Cause; and depends for its apparent qualities on *our* bodily and mental organs; having itself *no* intrinsic qualities; being, in the common sense of that word, Nothing. The tree is green and hard, not of its own natural virtue, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such and such appearances under such and such conditions. Nay, as an Idealist might say, even on the most popular grounds, *must* it not be so? Bring a sentient Being with eyes a little different, with fingers ten times harder than mine; and to him that Thing which I call Tree shall be yellow and soft, as truly as to me it is green and hard. Form his Nervous-structure in all points the *reverse* of mine, and this same Tree shall not be combustible or heat-producing, but dissoluble and cold-producing, not high and convex, but deep and concave; shall simply have *all* properties exactly the reverse of those I attribute to it. There is, in fact, says Fichte, no Tree there; but only a Manifestation of Power from something which is *not I*. The same is true of material Nature at large, of the whole visible Universe, with all its movements, figures, accidents and qualities; all are Impressions produced on *me* by something *different from me*. This, we suppose, may be the foundation of what Fichte means by his far-famed *Ich* and *Nicht-Ich* (I and Not-I);

words which, taking lodging (to use the Hudibrastic phrase) in certain 'heads that were to be let unfurnished' occasioned a hollow echo, as of Laughter from the empty Apartments; though the words are in themselves quite harmless, and may represent the basis of a metaphysical Philosophy as fitly as any other words. But farther, and what is still stranger than such Idealism, according to these Kantean systems, the organs of the Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary and, as it were, accidental character than those of the Body. Time and Space themselves are not external but internal entities: they have no outward existence; there is no Time and no Space *out* of the mind; they are mere *forms* of man's spiritual being, *laws* under which his thinking nature is constituted to act. This seems the hardest conclusion of all, but it is an important one with Kant; and is not given forth as a dogma but carefully deduced in his *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* with great precision, and the strictest form of argument." *Essays, Novalis*, II, 103 f.

48 15. **light-sparkles.** See De Quincey, *Analects from Richter, Dream on the Universe*, XIII, 138. Edin., 1863. "Nothing can act but where it is? True — if you will — only *where is it?* Is not the distant, the dead, whom I love and sorrow for, HERE, in the genuine spiritual sense, as really as the table I now write on? Space is a mode of our sense, so is time (this I only half understand); *we* are — we know not what — light sparkles floating in the aether of the Divinity!" *Journal*, June 8, 1830, *C. E. L.*, II, 85; cp. 47 29.

48 20. **'phantasy of our Dream.'** Cp. 46 31, n.

48 21. **Faust.** Goethe's dramatic poem, published in 1808; based on the mediaeval legend of the scholar who sold his soul for supernatural power and knowledge. See Ward's Clarendon Press edition of *Doctor Faustus*, Introd.

48 23. **In Being's floods.** See *Faust*, I, sc. 1, ll. 501–509.

49 5. **Horse I ride.** Though not a good horseman, Carlyle rode much all his life. See *C. E. L.*, I, 331 n., II, 127; *E. Lett.*, 275, n., 280, 285, 338; *Rem.*, I, 201.

49 33. **Strange enough.** Cp. Bk. III, cap. viii. for same idea expanded.

50 13. **one and indivisible.** The watchword of the first French Republic. Cp. 83 4.

50 20. **Dutch Cows.** I find that in Carlyle's time, English graziers and 'agricultural dandies' dressed sheep in such garments. Carlyle could not have seen Gouda at this time; but must have

got the notion from some book, probably from one of Richter's. See B. H. Malkin, *Classical Disquisitions and Curiosities*, p. 431, Lond., 1825, who cites Sallust, ii. 47, to show that the practice was known to the ancients; and *Contemp. Rev.*, June, 1897, p. 863.

50 26. **forked straddling animal.** Cp. *Lear*, iii. 4.

51 5. **Sansculottist.** Cp. 13 13, n.

51 6. **Adamite.** "Adamians go naked, because Adam did so in Paradise." *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 3, Sect. 4, mem. 1, sub. 3, p. 624. "One Picardus, a Frenchman, that invented a new sect of Adamites, to go naked as Adam did," *ib.*, Part 3, Sect. 3, mem. 4, sub. 2, p. 585. For Carlyle's reading in 1826, see *C. E. L.*, I, 385.

51 13. **sattest muling.**

> — At first, the infant
> Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms.
> *As You Like It*, ii. 7.

51 23. **Buck or Blood.** Slang names for ultra-fashionable young men at various times. The Macaroni, distinguished by a roll of hair on the top of his head, made his appearance about 1786. See Fairholt's *History of Costume*, I, 391; the Incroyable in the time of the Directory. The reign of the Dandies was from about 1813 to 1830. Byron and Lytton represent them among men of letters. The *Fraser* portrait of Count D'Orsay preserves for later ages a suggestion of their splendor. Some of these words survive in current American slang and local usage: *e.g.*, *Buck Fanshaw's Funeral*, *Yankee Doodle*. "Buck" in the compound "country-buck" and "blood" are thoroughly understood in rural Ontario. For dress of 'buck,' see D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, I, 422. Lond., 1817.

52 6. **Horse I ride.** See 49 5.

52 12. **deep calling.** Ps. xlii. 7, adapted.

52 16. **'sailor of the air.'**

> "Und diese Wolken die nach Mittag jagen,
> Sie suchen Frankreichs fernen Ozean.
> Eilende Wolken, Segler der Lüfte — "
> SCHILLER, *Maria Stuart*, iii. 1.

Cp. Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*, p. 134. Lond., 1874. — **wreck of matter.**

> The soul secured in her existence smiles
> At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
> Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.
> ADDISON, *Cato*, i. 1.

52 25. **'Aboriginal Savages.'** Cp. 33 22.

52 28. **'matted cloak.'** See 33 25. — **'natural fell,'** *ib.*, 26.

52 31. **'so tailorise.'** See 50 18.

53 3. **'as a Sign.'** Luke ii. 34, and elsewhere: "*for* a sign." Carlyle often adapts unconsciously when quoting. The first Quakers in New England sometimes preached naked. See Longfellow, *John Endicott*, i. 1; and *Proceed. Mass. Hist. Soc.* xviii. 300.

53 4. **old Adamites.** See 51 6, n.

53 10. **You see.** "You see two men fronting each other. One sits dressed in red cloth, the other stands dressed in threadbare blue; the first says to the other, 'Be hanged and anatomised!' and it is forthwith put in execution till Number Two is a skeleton. Whence comes it? These men have no *physical hold* of each other; they are not in contact. Each of the bailiffs, etc., is in his own skin, and not hooked to any other. The reason is, *Man is a Spirit.* Invisible influences run through *Society*, and make it a mysterious whole full of life and inscrutable activities and capabilities." *Journal*, June 8, 1830. *C. E. L.*, II, 85.

53 17. **nothing can act.** See 47 29.

53 34. **founded upon Cloth.** See 45 4.

54 1. **often in my atrabiliar moods.** "Often when I read of pompous ceremonials, drawing-room levées, and coronations, on a sudden the *clothes* fly off the whole party in my fancy, and they stand there in a half ludicrous, half horrid condition." *Journal*, Aug. 1830. *C. E. L.*, II, 86.

54 2. **Frankfort Coronations.** The coronation of Archduke Joseph at Frankfort a. M., 1764. See Goethe, *Aus meinem Leben*, Th. I, Bh. 5. "The *opera seria* of a Frankfort Coronation." *C.-Trans.*, II, 161.

54 2. **Royal drawing-rooms.** Presentation at the English court.

54 3. **Levees, couchees.** The formal receptions by Louis XIV. of his courtiers on rising from bed in the morning, and on retiring at night.

54 32. **Haupt- und Staats-Action.** A kind of drama first introduced at Dresden by Velthin in the 17th cent., corresponding to our Heroic drama of the Restoration. See *Faust*, sc. 1, l. 583, for the word.

54 33. **Pickleherring.** Clown, a word brought to Germany by the English Comedians, according to Kluge.

54 34. **the tables.** Solventur risu tabulae. Hor. *Sat.* ii. 1. 86. The indictment will be laughed out of court.

55 4. **Windlestraw.** Wellington? The Iron Duke was in 1830 the best abused man in England. He had to barricade his house in London to prevent mob violence, on account of his opposition to Reform.

55 8. **infandum.** Navibus (infandum!) amissis. *Æn.* i. 251. "Of all the deplorables and despicables of this city and time, the saddest are the 'literary men.' *Infandum! Infandum!*" *C. E. L.*, II, 191.

55 11. **a forked radish.** "When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife." *Henry IV.* b. iii. 2.

55 13. **St. Stephen's.** St. Stephen's Hall, on the site of St. Stephen's chapel, part of the House of Commons.

55 15. **Bed of Justice.** Lit de Justice, a French court for registering the king's decrees. Jean Paul also puns on the word. "Therefore I again wrapped myself in my passive *lit de justice*." *Schmelzle's Journey*, *C.-Trans.*, II, 82. See *Tristram Shandy*, orig. ed., vol. VI, caps. xvi. xvii.

55 15–17. **Solace.** See 54 18. — **infirmity.** See 54 16.

55 26. **benefit of clergy.** A criminal could once escape the severer penalties of the civil law by proving that he was a cleric and not a layman. He was then tried in an ecclesiastical court.

55 34. **turkeys driven.** "Ye lastly, who drive — ; and why not? Ye also who are driven, like turkeys, to market, with a stick and a red clout, — meditate, — meditate I beseech you, upon Trim's hat." *Tristram Shandy*, orig. ed., vol. V, cap. vii.

56 27. **Joan and My Lady.** Servant and mistress. "Some love my lady and some Joan. *Love's Labours Lost*, iii. 1.

57 2. **Chaos were come.**

> — Perdition catch my soul,
> But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
> Chaos is come again.
>
> *Othello*, iii. 3.

57 9. **Serbonian Bog.**

> A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
> Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
> Where armies whole have sunk.
>
> *Par. Lost*, ii. 392 ff.

57 14. **Are we Opossums?** "Only here I could have wished, so uncertain is the stowage of such things, that I had been an Ape with cheek-pouches or some sort of Opossum with a natural bag,

that so I might have reposited these necessaries of existence in pockets which were sensitive." *Schmelzle's Journey*, *C.-Trans.*, II, 53.

57 16. **pineal gland.** At the base of the brain; supposed to contain the soul. "Now from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied that it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philosophised, formed a cushion for her about the size of a marrow-pea; tho', to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place, — 'twas no bad conjecture." *Tristram Shandy*, vol. II, cap. xix.

57 33. **Gouda cows.** See 50 20, n.

58 1. **To the eye.** "What is a man if you look at him with the mere logical sense, with the understanding; a pitiful hungry biped that wears breeches." *Journal*, Aug. 1830. *C. E. L.*, II, 86.

58 11. **Strange garment.** See 48 22.

58 14. **conflux of Eternities.** "The poorest Day that passes over us is the conflux of two Eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest Past, and flow onwards into the remotest Future." *Essays*, *Signs of the Times*, II, 138.

58 18. **Chrysostom.** St. John (347–407), called the "golden-mouthed" for his eloquence, one of the most famous of the Christian Fathers. The following expresses the idea:

"Si enim Ecclesiam suffodere grave est et scelestum, multo magis si hoc templo spirituali fiat. Augustior quippe est homo magisque venerandus, quam Ecclesia. Non enim propter parietes mortuus est Christus, sed propter ista Spiriti Sancti templa." *Collected Works*, IV, 351. Frankfort, 1723. See *Tristram Shandy*, orig. ed., vol. V, cap. I. and p. 400, additional note.

58 28. **Sea of Light.** See 48 15, n.

59 10. **formless, dark.**

> "Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear
> Yet dazzle heaven."
>
> *Par. Lost*, iii. 380 f.

59 16. **the Philosopher . . . must station himself.** "The Second Religion, which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the Philosophical; for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower, and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of Wise." *Meister's Travels*, cap. x.

59 22, 23. **Arkwright.** Inventor of the spinning-jenny. See Smiles, *Selfhelp*, pp. 42–45. N. Y., 1862. — **Arachne.** A famous needlewoman. She was defeated in a trial of skill by Minerva and changed into a spider. See *Lemprière*.

60 3. **Wonder.** "Wonder is the basis of worship; the reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible; only at certain seasons (as the present) it is (for some short season) *in partibus infidelium*." *Journal*, June 8, 1830. *C. E. L.*, II, 86.

60 7. **in partibus infidelium.** A term applied in the Romish Church to "A bishop consecrated to a see which formerly existed, but which has been, chiefly through the devastations of the followers of Mahomet, lost to Christendom." *Catholic Dictionary*, N. Y., 1884, under Bishop. See also 60 3, n.

60 19. **the Doctor's.** See Lane's *Thousand and One Nights*. I, 78 ff. (London, 1841); and also *ib.* III, 118 ff.

60 32. **logic-chopper.**

> How now? how now, chop-logic? . . .
> 'Proud' and 'I thank you,' and again 'not proud.'
>
> *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5.

60 34. **Mechanics' Institute.** This form of workman's college was then in the beginning of its bloom-period. Cp. *The Princess*, the beginning.

61 1. **Old-Roman geese.** Rome was taken by the Gauls B.C. 390, but some of the citizens held out in the Capitol. The Gauls attempted a surprise, but the defenders were aroused by the clamor of the geese sacred to Juno, and the besiegers were beaten off. See *Livy*, v, 47.

61 12. **Royal Societies.** See 2 3, n. — **Mécanique Céleste.** See 1 16, n.

61 13. **Hegel's Philosophy.** See 11 14, n.

61 18. **Thou wilt have.** "Thou wilt have no mystery and mysticism; wilt live in the daylight (rushlight?) of truth, and see thy world and understand it. Nay, thou wilt laugh at all that believe in a mystery; to whom the universe is an oracle and temple, as well as a kitchen and cattle-stall? *Armer Teufel!* Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender? Nay, peradventure, dost not thou thyself gender? Explain me that, or do one of two things: retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up and weep, not that the world is mean and disenchanted and prosaic, but that thou art vain and blind." *Journal*,

June 8, 1830. *C. E. L.*, II, 85 f.; cp. also *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 154.

61 20. **Attorney Logic.** "That mere faculty of logic which belongs to 'all attorneys and men educated in Edinburgh.'" *Essays, Novalis*, II, 81.

61 30. **Armer Teufel!** Poor beggar! Carlyle bestowed this name on Lamb. See *C. E. L.*, II, 215. — **Doth not thy cow.** Job xxi. 10, adapted.

62 2. **Dilettante.** Carlylese for idler. "The sin of this age is Dilettantism; the Whigs and all 'moderate Tories' are the grand Dilettanti. I begin to feel less and less of patience for them. This is no world where a man should stand trimming his whiskers, looking on at work, or touching it with the point of a gloved finger. *Man sollte greifen zu!* There is more hope of an Atheist Utilitarian, of a Superstitious Ultra, than of such a lukewarm withered mongrel. He would not believe tho' one rose from the dead. He is wedded to his idols, let him alone." *C.-Jour.;* cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 92. Goethe expresses in calmer fashion his dislike to Dilettantism. *Sämmt. Werke*, xiii. 254–270. Stuttgart, 1873.

62 8. **an Elysian brightness.**

> His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
> Devenere locos laetos, et amoena vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
> Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
> Purpureo.
>
> *Æneid*, vi. 637 ff.

62 12. **Pandemonian lava.**

> — Till on dry land
> He lights; if it were land that ever burned
> With solid, as the lake with liquid fire.
>
> *Par. Lost*, i. 227 ff.

See also *ib.*, l. 296.

62 21. **If I take.** See Ps. cxxxix. 9; not quoted exactly.

64 8. **All visible things.** See Bk. III, cap. iii. The thought is Goethean. "Die Idee ist ewig und einzig; dass wir auch den Plural brauchen ist nicht wohlgethan. Alles, was wir gewahr werden und wovon wir reden können, sind nur Manifestationen der Idee." *Maximen u. Reflexionen*, III.

64 23. **clothed with Authority.**

> But man, proud man
> Drest in a little brief authority.
>
> *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2.

Array thyself with glory and beauty. Job xl. 10;

> For thou hast fashioned him a marvellous work
> . . . . . .
> And clothed him in the garment of thy Beauty.
>
> *König Ottokar, German Playwrights, Essays*, I, 375.

As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment. Ps. cix. 18.

64 29. **with a Body.** Thou hast clothed me with skin and flesh, and hast fenced me with bones and sinews. Job x. 11; cp. 2 Cor. v. 1–4.

64 33. **Metaphors.** In 1822, Carlyle was reading Milton's prose works, and comments thus upon his style: "As to this metaphorical talent, it is the first characteristic of genius — tho' not the only one, or an indispensable one; see Alfieri. It denotes an inward eye quick to perceive the relations and analogies of things; a ready memory to furnish them when occasion demands; and a sense of propriety and beauty to select what is best, from the immense store so furnished. There is far more in it than this: but what — I have not time or power to say." *C.-Jour.*, p. 14. Carlyle admires in Milton the qualities for which he himself is distinguished. "Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst."

65 7. **An unmetaphorical style.** "All language but that concerning *sensual* objects is or has been figurative. Prodigious influence of metaphors! Never saw into it till lately." *Journal*, Aug. 5, 1829. *C. E. L.*, II, 78.

65 13. **as in my own case.** Here, as elsewhere, Carlyle shows that he is conscious of his own peculiar powers.

65 25. **Heavens and the Earth.** Ps. cii. 25, 26; freely adapted.

66 11. **Scottish Hamburg Merchant.** It was through Messrs. Parish & Co. of Hamburg that the various packets of books, etc., were transmitted between Goethe and Carlyle. See *G.-Corr.*, 30, 40, 82, 117, etc. "The *Teufelsdröckh* I instantly despatched to Hamburg, to a Scottish merchant there, to whom there is an allusion in the Book; who used to be my *Speditor* (one of the politest extant, though totally a stranger) in my missions and packages to and from Weimar." Carlyle, *Correspondence with Emerson*, I, 110. See also *ib.*, 111, n.

66 23. **long-winded Letter.** This elaborate preparation is requisite to justify the introduction of Bk. II, which is *Wotton Reinfred*, his unfinished novel.

67 13. **man is properly.** Slightly varied from Pope's line, "The proper study of mankind is man." *Essay on Man*, ii. 2; cp 103 34, n.

67 21. **By this time.** This entire paragraph anticipates the love story of Bk. II, and gives it in outline.

68 7. **sloughs.** The Slough of Despond. *Pilgrim's Progress.* — **Pisgah hills.** See Deut. xxxiv. 1–4.

68 8. **Hebron.** See 1 Chron. xxix. 27. King David's residence.

68 9. **Old-Clothes Jewry.** His whimsical twist to Old Jewry, a well-known street in London running off Cheapside, formerly the Ghetto, now a resort of lawyers. See Stow, *A Survey of London*, p. 271. Carisbrooke Library, London, 1890. Cp. 219 11 ff.

68 14. **fallen among thieves.** See Luke x. 30.

68 20. **sympathetic-ink.** Carlyle met Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, when Irving was his assistant there. On one occasion he talked earnestly, for a good while, on some scheme he had for proving Christianity by its visible fitness for human nature: "all written in us already," he said, "as in *sympathetic ink;* Bible awakens it, and you can read." *Rem.*, II, 73.

69 3. **fullest insight.** See 68 29. — **Paper Bags.** Emerson is said to have used such bags to hold detached thoughts on separate slips of paper, which were afterwards embodied in his essays.

69 27. **'P. P. Clerk of this Parish.'** Memoirs of. By Jno. Arbuthnot (1675–1735), in ridicule of Burnet's *History of My Own Times;* a chronicling of very small beer. "Alas, all Universal History is but a sort of Parish History; which the 'P. P. Clerk of this Parish,' member of 'our Alehouse Club' (instituted for what 'Psalmody' is in request there), puts together, — in such sort as his fellow-members will praise." *Essays, On History Again*, III, 248. See also *Lett.*, 245 f., n.

69 31. **confusion.** See 21 25, n.

69 33. **marked bezahlt.** Cp. 113 31.

70 2. **Street-Advertisement.** Cp. 141 20. "Much also did the Quintus *collect:* he had a fine *Almanac Collection*, a *Catechism* and *Pamphlet Collection;* also a *Collection of Advertisements*, which he began, is not so incomplete as you most frequently see such things." *Quintus Fixlein, C.-Trans.*, II, 116.

70 4. **Clothes-Volume . . . Chaos.** Cp. 30 2–9.

70 24. **medley of high.** The entire passage to the close of the paragraph is built up of allusions to *Paradise Lost*, ii. 890 to end.

70 30. **Pontiff.** Pontifex (pons + facere), bridge-maker. Skeat,

Etym. Dict. Pontiff, a member of the highest priestly college at Rome, in the first place probably for the building or maintenance of a bridge. The title has been assumed by the Bishops of Rome. Cp. 24 31.

71 15. **transplanting foreign Thought.** Carlyle's own work. He drops the jest here and is thoroughly in earnest.

72 14. **transit out of Invisibility.** "In truth a man must never have reflected on the Creation-moment . . . if he does not view with philosophic reverence a woman whose thread of life a secret all-wondrous Hand is spinning to a second thread, and who veils within her the transition from Nothingness to Existence, from Eternity to Time." Richter, *Quintus Fixlein*, *C.-Trans*, II, 191.

72 17. **Entepfuhl.** Duckpond. Ecclefechan. Cp. 112 21 f.

72 21–23. **Grenadier Sergeant . . . halbert.** Sergeant in the grenadier or crack company. Sergeants in the line regiments of that day carried halberts or pole-axes instead of muskets.

72 22. **Frederick the Great.** See Macaulay's *Essays*, *Frederic the Great*, and Carlyle's history.

73 1. **Cincinnatus-like.** *Livy*, iii. 26.

73 7. **Rossbach.** Town in Saxony where Frederick completely defeated a French force double his own, Nov. 5, 1757.

73 14. **Kunersdorf.** In August 1759. Frederick was defeated at this place by the Russians and Austrians.

73 15. **Desdemona.**

> She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
> And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
>
> *Othello*, i. 3.

73 22. **Cicero . . . Cid.** Types of eloquence and courage. Ruy Diaz of Bivar, the Cid (1040 circa–1099) is the national hero of Spain. The earliest Spanish poetry relates his exploits. See Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature* vol. I, pp. 12–23. N. Y., 1849.

73 25. **Büsching's Geography.** "Anton Friedrich Büsching, the establisher of the political-statistical method of geography. His principal work, *Neue Erdbeschreibung*, of which he has written himself the first eleven volumes, — that is to say, Europe and a part of Asia, in the years 1754–92 — was continued after his death." *L. W. C.*, 344, n. See also *C.-Trans.*, II, 187.

73 26. **Rossbach.** See above, 73 7, n.

73 27. **camisade of Hochkirch.** Camisade is a night attack, when the assailants wear shirts over their uniforms in order to prevent confusion. In the battle of Hochkirch, General Daun sur-

prised Frederick the Great, Oct. 14, 1758. See Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, Bk. XVIII, cap. xiv. for a most graphic account of it.

73 29. **house-mother.** Germ. Hausmutter.

75 11. **Pitt Diamond.** "The most perfect brilliant in Europe." It was brought from India by Mr. Pitt, Governor of Madras, in 1702, and sold to the Regent duke of Orleans for £130,000.

75 12. **Hapsburg Regalia.** To preserve consistently the German coloring of the tale.

75 13. **gold Friedrichs.** Friedrich d'or, a Prussian gold coin worth 16*s.* or 32*s.* and a few pence, according as it was 'single' or 'double.'

76 2. **Diogenes.** See 5 13, n.

76 5. **Weissnichtwo.** See 5 13, n. — **Things in General.** See 14 28.

76 33. **sudden whirls.** The mystery of Teufelsdröckh's parentage has no further bearing on the story. The incident is apparently introduced solely for the purpose of making this 'sudden whirl' and pointing out how man is surrounded by mystery from the very outset.

77 5. **thy true Beginning.**

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God, who is our home.
>
> *Intimations of Immortality*, v.

77 26. **like an Ostrich.** See Job xxxix. 13–17.

78 5. **Devil.** The slanderer, from διαβάλλω, to accuse. "Your arch fault-finder is the devil; it is no one's trade but his to dwell on negations, to impugn the darkness and overlook the light; and out of the glorious All itself to educe not beauty but deformity." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 92.

78 9. **Walter Shandy.** The whimsical, disputatious father of Tristram Shandy in Sterne's novel. "His opinion in this matter was, That there was a strange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct." *Tristram Shandy*, Bk. I, cap. xix. "It might be that, as, according to Tristram Shandy, clothes; according to

Walter Shandy and Lavater, proper names exert an influence on men, appellatives would do still more." *Quintus Fixlein, C.-Trans.*, II, 129. "My first favourite books had been Hudibras and Tristram Shandy." *C. E. L.*, I, 411.

78 17. **invisible seed-grain.** See Matt. xiii. 31.

78 21. **Trismegistus.** "This Trismegistus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby, — was the greatest (Toby) of all earthly beings; — he was the greatest king, — the greatest law-giver, — the greatest philosopher, — and the greatest priest; — and engineer, — said my uncle Toby." *Tristram Shandy*, IV, cap. xi. Hermes Trismegistus, Milton's "thrice-great Hermes" (*Il Penseroso*, l. 88), the name given to the sacred writings of the Egyptians by Neo-Platonists. Supposed to be a king contemporary with Moses. See Cudworth, *Intellectual System*, I, 540–543. Lond., 1845.

78 23. **Adam's first task.** See Gen. ii. 19.

78 29. **Call one a thief.** The nearest approach to this that I can discover is, "Give a dog a bad name, and it's charity to hang him."

79 3. **sixth Sense of Hunger.** "But in the digestive half-hour after meat, when the sixth sense, that of hunger and thirst, no longer occupied the soul," Musaeus, *Stumme Liebe; C.-Trans.*, I, 37.

79 16. **Gneschen.** The usual way to make pet-names in German is to take the first part of the word and add 'chen' (Eng. kin, as in manikin). In this case the last part is taken. Cp. 82 26, 'Mankin.'

80 12. **Timbuctoo . . . not safe.** 'Tombuctoo' in *Fraser*, and so spelled by Mungo Park. It is more than a coincidence that a poem with this title, written by Alfred Tennyson, an undergraduate of Trinity, won the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement in 1829. Cp. 122 22, n.

80 25. **prophet, priest.** A reminiscence of the Shorter Catechism, Quest. 18.

81 4–5. **down-rushing . . . mountain.**

> The moanings of the homeless sea,
> The sound of streams that, swift or slow,
> Draw down the Æonian hills and sow
> The dust of continents to be.
>
> *In Memoriam*, xxxv. 3.

81 12. **Arnauld.** Antoine (1612–1694), French theologian and philosopher, the chief of the Port-Royalists, opponent of the Jesuits. The protest was made to his friend, Pierre Nicole.

81 14. **Nepenthe.** "A drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheeks, not though his father and mother died." *Odyssey* (Butcher and Lang), iv, 219. See *Comus*, l. 675. — **Pyrrhus.** A king of Epirus, 318–272 B.C. See Plutarch's *Lives*. Cp. 131 14, n.

81 19. **everywhere are.** Carlyle wrote 'is.'

81 31. **Kuhbach.** Cow Creek or Brook. One of the tributaries of the Annan was the Milk.

82 2–3. **Agora.** Market-place in Greek cities, the most famous being in Athens. — **Campus Martius.** The field of Mars. A large field outside Rome used for athletic and military exercises.

82 4. **the old men.** Cp. *The Deserted Village*, ll. 13–32.

82 22. **'brave old Linden.'** See 81 34.

82 26. **the Mankin feels.**

> See at his feet some little plan or chart,
> Some fragment from his dream of human life,
> Shaped by himself with newly learnèd art;
> A wedding or a festival,
> A mourning or a funeral;
> And this hath now his heart,
> And unto this he frames his song.
> Then will he fit his tongue
> To dialogues of business, love, or strife.
> *Intimations of Immortality*, vii.

83 4. **one and indivisible.** For the fashion of the garment (called "skeletons") see R. Caldecott's illustrations to *Jackanapes*. Cp. 50 13, n.; *Journals of Caroline Fox*, I, 311. Lond., 1882.

84 9. **Helvetius.** Claude Adrien (1715–1771), one of the Encyclopaedists. *De l'Esprit* (1758) was intended to rival Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, and its heterodox opinions gave it a temporary and factitious importance. This doctrine is expounded in his posthumous work (1772), *De l'homme, de ses facultés intellectuelles et de son éducation*. Diderot refuted it.

84 15. **double-barrelled Game-preservers.** Carlylese, to signify "people who preserve game and shoot it with double-barrelled guns." Cp. 101 14; the sneer at the end of Bk. III, cap. iv., the epitaph, Bk. II, cap. iv. "A man with £200,000 a year eats the *whole* fruit of 6,666 men's labour thro' a year; for you can get a stout spademan to work and maintain himself for that sum of £30. Thus we have private individuals whose wages are equal to the

wages of 7 or 8 thousand other individuals. What do these highly beneficed individuals *do* to society for their wages? *Kill Partridges.* CAN this last? No, by the soul that is in man, it cannot and will not and shall not!" ' *C.-Jour.*, June 30, 1830; cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 84. Cp. Tennyson's scorn of an idle aristocracy.

> These old pheasant-lords,
> These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
> Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing.
> *Aylmer's Field.*

And Kingsley, *Yeast*, especially cap. xi. Sydney Smith, *Edin. Rev.* Oct. 1823, pp. 48–54.

85 13. **Doubtless, as childish sports.** "He . . . stood by the peasants at their work and listened eagerly to their words, which, rude as they might be, were the words of grown men, and awoke in him forecastings of a distant world. Old Stephen in particular, the family gardener, steward, ploughman, majordomo and factotum, he could have hearkened to for ever. Stephen had travelled much in his time and seen the manner of many men; noting noteworthy things, which his shrewd mind wanted not skill to combine in its own simplicity into a consistent philosophy of life." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 26.

85 19. **Much-enduring.** πολύτλας, the constant Homeric epithet for Ulysses. Cp. *Essays*, *Dr. Francia*, IV, 341.

86 9–11. **Wilhelm Tell . . . Any road.**

> Denn jede Strasse führt ans End' der Welt.
> iv. 3, 2619.

The drama (1804) depicts the liberation of Switzerland and the career of the national hero.

87 10. **Ormuz bazaars.** A city built first on the mainland and then on an island, at the mouth of the Red Sea, famous as a distributing centre of the Indian trade with Persia during the Middle Ages.

87 11. **Lago Maggiore.** The largest lake in Italy, partly in the Swiss canton, Ticino.

87 15. **confounding the confusion.** See 21 25, n.

87 33. **Prospero's Island.** See *Tempest*, especially Act iv. sc. 1

88 10. **ring of necessity.**

> Ein kleiner Ring
> Begränzt unser Leben,
> Und viele Geschlechter

Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.
GOETHE, *Grenzen der Menschheit.*

Cp. Carlyle, *Meister's Apprenticeship*, bk. vi. p. 303. Lond., 1868.

89 2. **root of bitterness.** See Heb. xii. 15.

89 20. **my kind Mother.** "I esteem it a great blessing that I was born, that I am a denizen of God's Universe; and surely the greatest of all earthly blessings that I was born of parents who were *religious*, who from the first studied to open my eyes to the Highest and train me up in the ways wherein I should go." *Lett.*, 294.

"In her secluded life, for like her husband she was visited by few except the needy and distressed, such feelings gathered strength; were reduced to principles of action, and came at last to pervade her whole conduct, most of all her conduct to her sole surviving child. She never said to him: 'Be great, be learned, be rich;' but, 'Be good and holy, seek God and thou shalt find Him.'" *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 20.

90 1. **Holy of Holies.** See Exod. xxvi. 33, 34.

90 7. **two-and-thirty quarters.** The panel showing the number of times the family arms had been divided, which would indicate a long pedigree and many distinguished alliances.

90 11. **indivisible case.** See 83 4, n.

90 27. **his own words.** See 88 18; cp. 91 21.

91 5. **Hindoo character.** Carlyle has in mind the Hindoo mildness, patience and capacity for the contemplative life.

91 10. **For the shallow-sighted.** "The chief elements of my little destiny have all along lain deep below view or surmise, and never will or can be known to any son of Adam. . . . The confused world never understood nor will understand me and my poor affairs." *Journal*, Dec. 29, 1848. *C. L. L.*, I, 1 f.

91 21. **the earliest tools.** See 90 27; cp. 35 23.

91 24. **Reading he 'cannot remember.'** "To read and write she (his mother) had herself taught him; the former talent he had acquired so early that it seemed less an art than a faculty, for he could not recollect his ever having wanted it or learned it." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 21. "My mother (writes Carlyle, in a series of brief notes upon his early life) had taught me reading. I never remember when." *C. E. L.*, I, 16. See also *Rem.*, I, 45.

91 26. **had it by nature.** "*Dogberry.* — To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." *Much Ado*, iii. 3.

92 17. **Suppers on the Orchard-wall.** See 83 10 ff.

92 20. **It struck me much.** "Earth, sea and air are open to us here as well as anywhere. The water of Milk was flowing through its simple valley as early as the brook Siloa, and poor Repentance Hill is as old as Caucasus itself." Letter to J. Welsh, 1825. *C. E. L.*, I, 310. "This streamlet, nameless except to a few herdsmen, was meted out by the hand of the Omnipotent as well as the great ocean; it is as ancient as the Flood, and was murmuring through its solitude when the ships of Æneas ascended the Tiber, or Siloa's Brook was flowing fast by the Oracle of God." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 71 f.

> To chant thy birth, thou hast
> No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
> And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
> She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
> Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
> Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair
> Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green;
> Thousands of years before the silent air
> Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!
>
> WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets to the River Duddon*, ii.

92 21. **Kuhbach.** See 81 31, n. and 92 20, n.

92 25. **Joshua forded.** See Joshua iii. 14–17.

92 26. **Caesar swam.** "Alexandriae circa oppugnationem pontis eruptione hostium subita conpulsus in scapham, pluribus eodem praecipitantibus, cum desiliisset in mare, nando per ducentos passus evasit ad proximam navem, elata laeva, ne libelli quos tenebat madefierent, paludamentum mordicus trahens, ne spolio potiretur hostis." Suetonius, *De Vit. Caes.*, I, 64.

93 12. **Hinterschlag.** "Smite-behind," humorous for Annan. Cp. *C. E. L.*, I, 15. "He took me down to Annan Academy, on the Whitsunday morning, 1806; I trotting at his side in the way alluded to in *Teufelsdröckh*. It was a bright morning, and to me full of moment; of fluttering, boundless Hopes, saddened by parting with Mother, with Home; and which afterwards were cruelly disappointed." *Rem.*, I, 46; cp. *C. E. L.*, I, 17.

93 33. **His schoolfellows.** "Probably it was in 1808, April or May, after College time, that I first saw Irving: I had got over my worst miseries in that doleful and hateful 'Academy' life of mine (which lasted three years in all); had begun, in *spite* of precept, to strike about me, to defend myself by hand and voice." *Rem.*, II, 16. "Poor Wotton had a sorry time of it, in this tumultuous, cozening, brawling, club-law commonwealth: he had not friends

among them, or if any elder boy took his part, feeling some touch of pity for his innocence and worth, it was only for a moment, and his usual purgatory, perhaps aggravated by his late patron, returned upon him with but greater bitterness. They flouted him, they beat him, they jeered and tweaked and tortured him by a thousand cunning arts, to all which he could only answer with his tears ; so that his very heart was black within him." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 22 f.

94 15. **Passivity.** See 88 20, 91 5, n.

94 17. **He wept often.** "Young Carlyle was mocked for his moody ways, laughed at for his love of solitude, and called 'Tom the Tearful' because of his habit of crying." Nichol, *Thomas Carlyle*, p. 18, E. M. L. Series. "For he was a quiet, pensive creature, that loved all things, his shelty, the milk-cow, nay the very cat, ungrateful termagant though she was ; and so shy and soft withal, that he generally passed for cowardly, and his tormentors had named him 'weeping Wotton,' and marked him down as a proper enough bookworm, but one without a particle of spirit. However, in this latter point they sometimes overshot themselves and the boldest and tallest of the house have quailed before the 'weeping Wotton,' when thoroughly provoked, for his fury while it lasted was boundless, his little face gleamed like a thunderbolt, and no fear of earthly or unearthly thing could hold him from the heart of his enemy. But the sway of this fire-eyed genius was transient as the spark of the flint." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 23 f. "Mythically true is what 'Sartor' says of my schoolfellows, and not half the truth. Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I got out of those coarse unguided tyrannous cubs, especially till I revolted against them and gave stroke for stroke, as my pious mother in her great love of peace and of my best interests, spiritually chiefly, had imprudently forbidden me to do." *C. E. L.*, I, 17 f. See also *ib.*, 15 f.

94 24. **Rights of Man.** An allusion to the famous 'declaration' promulgated by the French Constituent Assembly, 1789.

94 30. **his Greek and Latin.** "Sartor is not to be trusted in details. Greek consisted of the Alphabet mainly. Hebrew is a German entity. Nobody in that region except old Mr. Johnstone could have read a sentence of it to save his life. I did get to read Latin and French with fluency — Latin quantity was left a frightful chaos, and I had to learn it afterwards. Some geometry, algebra, arithmetic thoroughly well, vague outlines of geography, I did learn." *C. E. L.*, I, 17.

95 18. **Gerund-grinder.** Carlylese for dry pedantic grammarian. He is fond of this figure. From *Tristram Shandy*, vol. V, cap. xxxii.

95 19. **manufactured at Nürnberg.** "With no more life than the Freethinkers' model in *Martinus Scriblerus*, the Nuremberg man, who operated by a combination of pipes and levers, and though he could breathe and digest perfectly, and even reason as well as most country parsons, was made of wood and leather." Introductions to *German Romance*, Richter (1827); *Essays*, I, 448, Appendix. "Man himself is but a more cunning chemico-mechanical combination, such as in the progress of discovery we may hope to see manufactured at Soho." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 145. See also *Essays*, *Signs of the Times*, II, 144.

95 32. **the Hodman.** "Till one knows that he *cannot* be a Mason, why should he publicly hire himself as a Hodman?" Letter to Goethe, Aug. 31, 1830; *G.-Corr.*, 209. "They are the hodmen of the intellectual edifice, who have got upon the wall and will insist on building as if they were masons." *C.-Jour.*, 1829. *C. E. L.*, II, 80. This phrase is Fichtean; see *Essays*, I, 63.

96 19. **pale kingdoms.** Ditis profundi pallida regna. *Lucret.* i. 456.

97 3. **ye loved ones.** "There is nothing wanting but deepest sleep, where there were no dreams to trouble me. Ere long I shall find it in my mother's bosom." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 11.

97 6. **monster-bearing desert.** Cp. 104 13.

97 18. **Henry the Fowler.** Henry I., Emperor of Germany, 876–936.

98 11. **so chaotic.** Carlyle's device to avoid being tied down to any regular plan. Cp. 29 25.

98 15. **Sibylline.** "It was usual in the Sibyl to write her prophecies on leaves, which she placed at the entrance of her cave, and it required particular care in such as consulted her to take up these leaves before they were dispersed by the wind, as their meaning then became incomprehensible." *Lemprière.* See *Æn.* iii. 445 ff. "Thus all things in her were like Sibyl's leaves: her opinions, purposes, moods, at the breath of every accident, were in continual flux and reflux." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 162.

98 16. **Programs.** See 14 33, n.

98 28. **dead vocables.** See 95 15.

99 10. **so questionable.**

> Thou com'st in such a questionable shape.
>
> *Hamlet*, i. 4.

99 21. **University.** Edinburgh. This passage represents Carlyle's feelings at the time. See *C. E. L.*, I, 25 f.; cp. Tennyson's sonnet on Cambridge. He afterwards showed more affection to his *alma mater*. Among the most significant and noble words he ever penned are passages in his address to the Edinburgh students on being made Lord Rector in 1866, and the Deed of Craigenputtoch to the University. See *Rem.*, I, Appen.

99 33. **When the blind.** See Matt. xv. 14.

100 6. **as they listed.** The same complaint occurs in *Wotton Reinfred*. "It was a university in which the great principle of spiritual liberty was admitted in its broadest sense, and nature was left not only without misguidance, but without any guidance at all." *L. W. C.*, 28; cp. 104 33.

100 19. **Gullible, however.** Carlyle made this discovery early. In a letter to Mitchell, March 31, 1817, he criticises the new doctrine of phrenology, and concludes, "Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur," which is probably taken from J. Beattie, *Essay on Truth*, p. 381. Lond., 1820. *E. Lett.*, 46; cp. 102 3.

100 26. **Puffery.** See 11 1, n.

101 14. **Game-Preserver.** See 84 15, n.

101 33. **imagination of meat.**

> *Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*]
> That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
> *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3.

102 21. **Progress of the Species.** All watchwords of the optimist philosophy of the day.

102 25. **crepiren.** Used only of animals; "like the beasts that perish."

103 8–9. **Salamanca University.** Famous as a school of theology in the Middle Ages and till the middle of the 17th century. In the 16th century it had from 6000 to 8000 students; now, there are not more than 400.

103 9. **Sybaris city.** One of the earliest Grecian colonies in Italy on the Tarentine gulf, famous for the luxury of its inhabitants. See *Herod.* vi. 127, note on Smindyrides; (Rawlinson.)

103 10. **Castle of Indolence.** Didactic poem in Spenserian stanza, by James Thomson; published 1748.

103 17. **The hungry young.**

> The hungry sheep look up and are not fed
> But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw
> Rot inwardly.
> *Lycidas*, 125 ff.

"Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind?" Job xv. 2.

103 26. **renommiren.** German student slang. Zachariä wrote a poem, *Der Renommist*, published in 1741. The hero is Raufbold, a bully.

103 29. **fishing-up more books.** "He was left to choose his own society and form his own habits, and had unlimited command of reading. What a wild world rose before him, as he read, and felt, and saw, with as yet unworn avidity!" *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 28.

103 34. **as man.** Cp. 67 13, n. "A few words from Herr Professor Teufelsdröckh, if they help to set this preliminary matter in a clearer light, may be worth translating here. Let us first remark with him, however, 'how wonderful in all cases, great or little, is the importance of man to man.'" *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 159.

104 15. **Doubt.** Carlyle was intended for the ministry, and actually began to study theology. He gave up the project, however, because he could not believe as was required. See *Rem.*, I, 47; II, 39, 90. *C. E. L.*, I, 54, 67. "Who knows not the agonies of doubt? What heart not of stone can endure to abide with them? Wotton's was a heart of flesh, and of the softest; it was torn and bleeding, but he could not pause; for a voice from the depths of his nature called to him, as he loved truth, to persevere. He studied the sceptical writers of his own country, above all, the modern literature of France. Here at length a light rose upon him, not the pure sunlight of former days, but a red fierce glare, as by degrees his doubt settled in utter negation." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 32.

104 31. **with new healing.** Malachi iv. 2, adapted.

105 14. **Profession of Law.** An autobiographic fact. Carlyle attended Hume's lectures on law in 1819. See *E. Lett.*, 119, 121, 123, 135, 144. *C. E. L.*, I, 56, 85. "By his counsel Wotton had meditated various professions; that of law he had even for a time attempted." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 42.

105 22. **Towgood.** The name is not a coinage: an essay on the Great Rebellion was published by the Rev. M. Towgood, 1748. It is borne also by a well-known London paper-maker. This character is supposed to be Charles Buller, to whom Carlyle was private tutor. He is memorable to Canadians for drawing up the famous Durham report, which did so much to give us representative government. See "Carlyle and the Rose-goddess," by George Strachey. *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1892. Carlyle was fond of him.

"Friends of mine, in a fine frank way, beyond what I could be thought to merit, he, Arthur and all the Family, till death parted us." *Rem.*, II, 105. His fondness for boxing is mentioned both by Irving and Carlyle. *C. E. L.*, I, 145, and *Rem.*, II, 103.

105 24. **the interior parts.** A common phrase in the Eighteenth Century, *e.g.*, "Travels through the interior parts of America, United States and Canada, in a series of letters by an Officer." 1791.

105 25. **Zähdarm.** German translation of "Toughgut."

105 32. **silent fury.** Byron used the phrase of himself. See Moore's *Life, sub ann.* 1793.

106 17. **Attorney Logic.** See 61 20, n.

106 26. **thistles . . . figs.** See Matt. vii. 16.

106 27. **Frisch zu, Bruder.** Be up and doing, Brother!

107 10. **Soul . . . Stomach.** Cp. 172 29. "Has not the turtle-eating man an eternal sunshine of the breast? Does not his Soul — which, as in some Slavonic dialects, means his Stomach, — sit forever at its ease, enwrapped in warm condiments, amid spicy odours." *Essays, Schiller*, II, 269.

107 20. **interior parts.** See 105 24, n.

108 4. **the very Ditcher.** Illustrating the value of trifles, and apparently based on Swift's phrase. "And he gave it as his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." *Gulliver's Travels*, II, ch. vi. *Voyage to Brobdignag.*

108 20. **The Scottish Brassmith's Idea.** Watts' invention of the steam-engine. "A poor, quite mechanical Magician speaks, and fire-winged ships cross the Ocean at his bidding." *Essays, Death of Goethe*, III, 148; cp. *id., Signs of the Times*, II, 139.

108 23. **Enchanter's Familiar.** Possible allusion to Goethe's poem, *Der Zauberlehrling*, in which the novice raises a spirit to fetch and carry; and cannot lay him.

108 30. **Prince of Darkness.** See 10 31, n.

109 11. **what I Have.** See Luke xii. 15.

109 32. **many so spend.**

> At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
> Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
> At fifty chides his infamous delay,
> Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;

In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, Night i. 417–22.

110 27. **I broke it.** See 111 18, n.

110 28. **the words of Ancient Pistol.**

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pist. Why then the world's my oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
Merry Wives, ii. 2.

111 5. **breaks-off his neck-halter.** See 110 27. "*Am* I like a sorry hack *content* to feed on heather while rich clover seems to lie around it at a little distance, *because* in struggling to break the tether it has almost hanged itself?" *C.-Jour.*, Hoddam Hill, *sub ann.*, Sept. 21, 1825. Cp. French proverb, "Rien ne vaut poulain, s'il ne rompt son lien."

111 18. **having thrown-up.** Carlyle's actual situation in 1820. "Law I fear must be renounced; it is a shapeless mass of absurdity and chicane . . . Teaching a school is but another word for sure and not very slow destruction; and as to compiling the wretched lives of Montesquieu, Montagu, Montaigne, etc., for Dr. Brewster — the remuneration will hardly sustain life. What then is to be done?" *E. Lett.*, 135. See entire letter. Cp. *C. E. L.*, I, 64, 85. The hero of *Wotton Reinfred* is in similar perplexity; see cap. i.

111 22. **Son of Time.** Goethean phrase. Cp. 117 26.

Drum danket Gott, ihr Söhne der Zeit,
Dass er die Pole für ewig entzweit.
Gott, Gemüth u. Welt.

111 25. **No Object.**

Bin ich der Flüchtling nicht, der Unbehaus'te,
Der Unmensch ohne Zweck und Ruh'.
Faust, sc. xiii. l. 3347 f.

112 1. **Examen Rigorosum.** "Having passed his third and last trial, the *examen rigorosum*, and this with no common applause, he (Hoffmann) was soon after appointed Assessor of the Court at Posen, in South Prussia." German Romance; Introduction, *Essays*, I, 432 f., Append.; cp. *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 190; *C.-Trans.*, II, 127.

112 2. **Auscultator.** About equivalent to "lawyer's assistant." "In 1795, he passed his first professional trial and was admitted Auscultator of the Court of Königsberg." *Essays*, I, 432.

112 10. **Small speculation.**

> Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
> Which thou dost glare with.
>
> *Macbeth*, iii. 4.

112 22. **cygnet or gosling.** The idea is proverbial and traceable to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 1, Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subsect. 14. "All our geese are swans."

113 1. **Assessorship.** Query, professorship? See 114 1, n. Assessor corresponds to a lawyer not yet called to the bar.

113 17. **Horn of Plenty.** See Ovid, *Fast*, v. 115–124 for the legend.

113 18. **the prompt nature.** See 110 6.

113 20. **private Tuition.** Carlyle had private pupils in Edinburgh in 1819; (*C. E. L.*, I, 61), and from 1822 to 1824 he was family tutor to the young Bullers. See *ib.*, 145–232.

113 24. **faculty of Translation.** Carlyle translated among other things, *Legendre*, 1822; *Wilhelm Meister*, 1823; selections from Tieck, Musaeus, Fouqué and Richter, 1827.

113 28. **there is always.** This proverb occurs in a chap-book, *A Collection of Scotch Proverbs*, by Allan Ramsay (Paisley, N. D.), p. 19, as "There is aye life for a living man." In some collections it reads "*in* a living man."

114 1. **throw light.** Carlyle was an unsuccessful applicant for professorships at St. Andrews and London. While *Sartor* was being published in *Fraser*, he also asked Jeffrey to help him to the chair of Astronomy at Edinburgh. This Jeffrey refused to do in a letter which Carlyle long resented. See *Rem.*, II, 265–268, and Froude's remarks, *C. E. L.*, II, xvii. He may refer to some such letter in former applications.

114 12. **Herr Teufelsdröckh.** Her Ladyship requests the pleasure of Herr Teufelsdröckh's presence at Aesthetic Tea, on Thursday. "And some picture of him was required for all heads that would not sit blank and mute in the topic of every coffee-house and *aesthetic tea*." *Essays, Life and Writings of Werner*, I, 93.

114 15. **solid pudding.**

> Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
> Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
> And solid pudding against empty praise.
>
> Pope, *The Dunciad*, i. 52–4.

115 3. **The Zähdarms.** "The story of the book," said Mrs. Strachey to her son, "is plain as a pike-staff. Teufelsdröckh is

Thomas himself. The Zähdarms are your uncle and aunt Buller. Toughgut is young Charles Buller." "Carlyle and the 'Rose-goddess,'" *Nineteenth Century*, Sept., 1892. The Bullers were wealthy people, the first Carlyle had come in contact with.

115 6. **Gnädigen Frau.** Literally "gracious Lady," the German title for a lady of rank.

115 30. **Sphinx riddle.** See 47 20, n.

115 32. **blackness of darkness.** See Jude, 13.

116 10. **sadder and wiser.**

> A sadder and a wiser man.
> He rose the morrow morn.
>
> *Ancient Mariner.*

116 24. **Life everywhere.** Cp. 47 9, n. "There is an age when to every man life appears the simplest matter. How very manageable! Every why has its wherefore; this leads to that, and the whole problem of existence is easy and certain as a question in the *Rule of Three: Multiply the second and third terms together, and divide the product by the first, and the quotient will be the answer.* Trust me, friend, before you come to my time of day, you will find there is a devilish fraction always over, do what you will; and if you try to reduce it, it goes into a repeating decimal and leads you the Lord knows whither." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 88 f.

117 5. **Saturn.**

> Embraced by Saturn, Rhea gave to light
> A glorious race. . . . . .
> But them, as issuing from the sacred womb
> They touched the mother's knees, did Saturn huge
> Devour.
>
> Hesiod, *Theog.*, 541–551; (Valpy.)

117 9. **Holy Alliance.** The compact of Russia, Austria and Prussia to maintain the existing dynasties made at Paris on Sept. 26, 1815.

117 26. **Son of Time.** See 111 22, n.

117 33. **to work.** See above, l. 15.

118 3. **Hudibras's sword.**

> The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
> For want of fighting was grown rusty,
> And ate into itself for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack.
>
> *Hudibras*, Part 1, Canto 1, l. 359.

118 7. **"excellent Passivity."** See 91 5, n.

118 16. **stillness of manner.** Cp. 12 30 and 28 7–15.

118 24. **ironic tone.** "No swagger in the latter (Carlyle himself); but a want of it which was almost still worse. Not sanguine and diffusive, he; but biliary and intense, — 'far too sarcastic for a young man,' said several in the years now coming." *Rem.*, II, 24.

118 33. **how many individuals.** "In Edinburgh, 'from my fellow-creatures,' he says, 'little or nothing but vinegar was my reception when we happened to meet or pass near each other — my own blame mainly, so proud, shy, poor, at once so insignificant-looking and so grim and sorrowful. That in 'Sartor' of the worm trodden on and proving a torpedo is not wholly a fable, but did actually befall once or twice, as I, still with a kind of small not ungenial malice, can remember.'" *C. E. L.*, I, 57. "By such half displays of his inward nature, poor Wotton's popularity was seldom increased. Bernard was confessedly a man of parts, by whom it might seem less disgraceful to be tutored; but who was this Wotton, this sharp, scornful stripling, whom no one meddled with unpunished?" *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 40 f.; cp. *Rem.*, II, 24, top.

120 1. **Hic Jacet.** The 'alleged defect' is probably the unclassical 'nunc a labore' version of Rev. xiv. 13.

120 23. **baking bricks.** See Exodus v. 6–19.

121 7. **Quitting the common Fleet.** "Mankind sail their Life-voyage in huge fleets, following some single whale-fishing or herring-fishing Commodore: the log-book of each differs not, in essential import, from that of any other: nay, the most have no legible log-book (reflection, observation not being among their talents); keep no reckoning, only *keep in sight* of the flagship, — and fish." *Essays*, *Boswell's Johnson*, III, 94 f.; cp. Letter to J. Carlyle, Aug. 6, 1830; *C. E. L.*, II, 117.

121 8. **herring-busses.** "A small sea-vessel, used by us and the Dutch in the herring-fishery, commonly from 50 to 60 tons burden and sometimes more. A buss has two small sheds or cabins, one at the prow and the other at the stern; that at the prow serves as a kitchen." McCulloch, *Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation*. This craft figures in the discussions of the fishing bounties at the beginning of this century.

121 18. **Northwest Passage.** In 1818 and again in 1827, Capt. John Ross started from England to find the Northwest Passage. His portrait is one of the earliest and most amusing of the *Fraser* series. The idea is Shandean. "I am convinced, Yorick," con-

tinued my father, half reading and half discoursing, "that there is a northwest passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it." *Tristram Shandy*, bk. v. cap. xlii. "Stealing, we say, is properly the North-West Passage to Enjoyment: while common Navigators sail painfully along torrid shores, laboriously doubling this or the other Cape of Hope, your adroit Thief-Parry, drawn on smooth dog-sledges, is already there and back again." *Essays, Count Cagliostro*, III, 345. — **Spice-country.** Southern Arabia is famous for its spices. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iv. 159–165. — **Nowhere.** Utopia. See 5 13, n.

121 21. **Calypso-Island.**

> Ulysses sole of all the victor train,
> An exile from his dear paternal coast,
> Deplored his absent queen and empire lost;
> Calypso in her caves constrained his stay
> With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
> POPE, *Odyssey*, i. 18–22.

121 30. **a Person.** See 118 20.

121 33. **Like and Unlike.** The same idea is found in Goethe and Tennyson, but both are not equally serious. Compare

> Warum tanzen Bübchen mit Mädchen so gern?
> Ungleich dem Gleichen bleibet nicht fern.
> *Gott, Gemüth u. Welt.*

with the famous close of *The Princess*, vii.

> His dearest bond is this
> Not like in like, but like in difference, etc.

122 13–15. **Paradise . . . Eve . . . Tree of Knowledge.** See Gen. ii. 8, 25.

122 18. **Cherubim.** See Gen. iii. 24.

122 22. **sacred air-towers.** Cp. Tennyson, *Timbuctoo*.

> Soon yon brilliant towers
> Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
> Darken and shrink and shrivel into huts,
> Black set amid a waste of dreary sand,
> Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlement.
> How chang'd from that fair city!

122 25. **Forlorn.** In German the adjective may be used as a noun much more freely than in English. Carlyle introduces such

phrases often, in order to give a German air to his book. Cp. 5 2, n., 123 5, 125 24, 128 8, end, etc.

122 28. **reverberating furnace.** One in which the flame is driven over the substance to be smelted. The fire is covered in and intensely hot. The walls are not especially 'thin.' Cp. 123 29.

122 34. **Æsthetic Tea.** See 114 12, n.

123 3. **Jacob's ladder.** See Gen. xxviii. 12.

123 25. **his own figurative style.** Self-conscious. Cp. 5 30, n.

123 29. **reverberating furnace.** See 122 28, n.

123 34. **the outskirts of Æsthetic Tea.** See 114 12, n.

124 11. **thin walls.** See 122 28, n.

124 15. **an extinct volcano.** See 28 11.

124 22. **not wisely.** See *Othello*, v. 2, 343.

124 23. **Congreve.** A large rocket used as a weapon, named from the inventor. Cp. 124 3.

124 26. **First Love.** See Goethe, *Wahrheit u. Dichtung*, bk. iii. s. 200–213, and *Essays, Goethe*, I, 227.

124 31. **St. Martin's Summer.** The warm season in the autumn, known in America as Indian Summer. St. Martin's day is Nov. 11. The rose, the myrtle and the apple were sacred to Venus.

125 9. **Petrarchan and Werterean.** Alluding to Petrarch's sonnet series in praise of Laura, and Goethe's novel of unhappy love, *Die Leiden des Jungen Werther* (1774).

125 12. **Blumine.** From Richter; see *Essays*, I, 450.

125 17. **Preëstablished Harmony.** "The designation of Leibnitz for his theory of the Divinely-established relation between body and mind — the movements of monads and the succession of ideas, as it were a constant agreement between two clocks (Syst. Nouv., p. 14; Erdmann, pp. 127 to 133 *seq.*; *Théodicée*; *La Monadologie*)." Fleming, *Vocabulary of Philosophy*.

125 34. **Æsthetic Tea.** See 114 12, n.

126 2. **Gnädige Frau.** See 115 6, n.

126 7. **Waldschloss.** Castle in the Wood. Cp. *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, House in the Wold, cap. iv. and *passim*.

126 8. **absolved.** The German verb 'absolviren' means 'to finish one's studies.'

126 11. **Noble Mansion!** "A circular valley of some furlongs in diameter lay round them, like a huge amphitheatre, broken only in its contour by the entrance of two oblique chasms like the one they had left; on its level bottom of the purest green stood a large stately mansion, which seemed to be of granite, for in the sunshine it glittered from amid its high clusters of foliage like a palace of

El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Behind it, and on both sides at a distance, the hills sloped up in a gentle wavy curvature; the sward was of the greenest, embossed here and there with low dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary tree and its shadow." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 76 f.

126 15. **El Dorado.** 'The Gilded One.' The name for a mythical kingdom in South America, of great wealth. The legend was justified by the riches of Mexico and Peru.

126 20. **Ammon's Temple.** The seat of a famous oracle, with a wonderful spring (Ovid, *Met.*, 15, v. 309; Lucret., 6, v. 847). See Herod, ii. 42, 54; Diod. iii. 72; Landor, *Imag. Conversations, Alexander and the Priest of Hammon.* I can find no mention of the oracles being delivered in writing.

126 26. **the last Relatio ex Actis.** Official report. "'This must do,' writes he in his Diary, 'and it will do; for now I shall never more have a *Relatio ex Actis* to write while I live, and so the Fountain of all Evil is dried up.'" E. J. W. Hoffman, quoted by Carlyle; *Essays*, I, 436.

127 9. **How came it.** "His spirit was roused from its deepest recesses, a thousand dim images and vague feelings of gladness and pain were clashing in tumultuous vortices within him; he felt as if he stood on the eve of some momentous incident — as if this hour were to decide the welfare or woe of long future years." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 45.

127 23. **Blumine's was a name.** "Jane Montagu was a name well known to him; far and wide its fair owner was celebrated for her graces and gifts; herself also he had seen and noted; her slim, daintiest form, her soft sylph-like movement, her black tresses shading a face so gentle yet so ardent; but all this he had noted only as a beautiful vision which he himself had scarcely right to look at, for her sphere was far from his; as yet he had never heard her voice or hoped that he should ever speak with her." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 44 f.

128 28. **Genius.** This is not the Socratic δαίμων, for that never prompted to action (see Cic., *De Div.*, i. c. 54); but rather the Neo-Platonic *genius*, which is born with every man, determines his character and tries to influence him for good. See *Ant. and Cleop.*, ii. 3, 20; *Macb.*, iii. 1, 56, etc.; Goethe, *Wanderers Sturmlied;* Plut. and Apul., *de Genio Socratis.*

128 30. **Show thyself.** Apparently an echo of

> Awake, arise or be for ever fallen."
>
> *Par. Lost*, i. 330.

129 15. **Philistine.** "A vain sophistical young man was afflicting the party with much slender and, indeed, base speculation on the human mind; this he resumed after the pause and bustle of the new arrival. Wotton, by one or two Socratic questions in his happiest style, contrived to silence him for the night. The discomfiture of this logical marauder was felt and even hailed as a benefit by every one; but sweeter than all applauses was the glad smile, threatening every moment to become a laugh, and the kind, thankful look with which Jane Montagu repaid the victor. He ventured to speak to her: she answered him with attention, nay, it seemed as if there were a tremor in her voice; and perhaps she thanked the dusk that it half hid her." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 46.

129 30. **The conversation.** "The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought called forth another; each, the speakers and the hearers alike, felt happy and well at ease." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 46 f. "In such hours, when all is invitation to peace and gladness, the soul expands with full freedom, man feels himself brought nearer to man, and the narrowest hypochondriac is charmed from his selfish seclusion and surprised by the pleasure of unwonted sympathy with nature and his brethren. Gaily in light graceful abandonment and touches of careless felicity, the friendly talk played round the table; each said what he liked without fear that others might dislike it, for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, melted into vapour, and the poor claims of me and thee, no longer parted and enclosed by rigid lines, flowed softly into each other; and life lay like some fair unappropriated champaign, variegated indeed by many tints, but all these mingling by gentle undulations, by imperceptible shadings, and all combining into one harmonious whole. Such virtue has a kind environment of circumstances over cultivated hearts. And yet as the light grew yellower and purer on the mountain tops, and the shadows of these stately scattered trees fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart, and in whispers more or less audible reminded every one by natural similitude, that as this bright day was coming towards its close, so also must the day of man's existence decline into dusk and darkness, and the night come, wherein all image of its joy and woe would pass away and be forgotten." *Ib.*, p. 124 f.

130 18. **To our Friend.** "To Wotton the hours seemed moments; he had never been as now; the words from those sweet-

est lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass ; his whole soul was as if lapped in richest melodies, and all better feelings within him seemed to whisper, 'It is good for us to be here.' At parting, the fair one's hand was in his : in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted ; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily or angrily withdrawn." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 47.

130 20. **dew on thirsty grass.** Probably a recollection of Hosea vi. 1–4 in the form of the Scotch "paraphrase," with which Carlyle as a born Presbyterian would be familiar.

> As dew upon the tender herb,
> Diffusing fragrance round ;
> As show'rs that usher in the spring,
> And cheer the thirsty ground.
> *Paraphrase*, xxx.

130 21. **It is good.** See Matt. xvii. 4.

131 6. **Archimedes-lever.** The authority for this saying is Simplicius in *Phys.*, 424 *a*, edition of Brandis. It is usually but incorrectly quoted Δός ποῦ στῶ καὶ τὴν γῆν κινήσω. For other readings see Büchmann, *Geflüg. Worte*, 360, 17 ed.

131 14. **Pyrrhus conquering.** Cp. 81 14, n. "To be sure," said Cineas . . . "but when we have conquered all, what are we to do then ?" "Why then, my friend," said Pyrrhus laughing, "we will take our ease, and drink and be merry." Langhorne's *Plutarch ;* cp. De Quincey, *Historical Essays*, *Secret Societies*, II, 291, f.

131 24. **Disbelieving all things.** "Doubting and disbelieving all things, the poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. . . . . Thus in timid pride he withdrew within his own fastnesses, where, baited by a thousand dark spectres, he saw himself as if constrained to renounce in unspeakable sadness the fairest hopes of existence. And now how sweet, how ravishing the contradiction ! 'She has looked on thee !' cried he ; 'she, the fairest, noblest ; she does not despise thee ; her dark eyes smiled on thee ; her hand was in thine ; some figure of thee was in her soul !' Storms of transport rushed through his heart as he recalled the scene, and sweetest intimations that he also was a man, that for him also unutterable joys had been provided." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 48.

131 31. **Heaven's Messenger. — Aurora. — Morning-Star** See Introd., xxx–xxxv.

132 12. **Was she not to him.** "To him her presence brought with it airs from heaven. A balmy rest encircled his spirit while near her; pale doubt fled away to the distance, and life bloomed up with happiness and hope. The young man seemed to awake as from a haggard dream; he had been in the garden of Eden, then, and his eyes could not discern it! But now the black walls of his prison melted away, and the captive was alive and free in the sunny spring! If he loved the benignant disenchantress? His whole heart and soul and life were hers; yet he had never thought of love: for his whole existence was but a feeling which he had not yet shaped into a thought." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 49 f.

132 13. **airs from Heaven.**

> Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell.
>
> *Hamlet*, i. 4.

132 15. **Memnon's Statue.** "Non absimilis illi narratur in Thebis delubro Serapis, ut putant, Memnonis statuae dicatus quem cotidiano solis ortu contactum radiis crepare tradunt." Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxxvi. 7.

"Ceterum Germanicus aliis quoque miraculis intendit animum, quorum praecipua fuere Memnonis saxea effigies ubi radiis solis icta est vocalem sonum reddens," — *Tac., Ann.*, ii. 61.

132 29. **'Children of Time.'** See 111 22, n.

132 34. **Duenna Cousin.** See Introd. xxx, for discussion. "Jane Montagu had an ancient maiden aunt who was her hostess and protectress, to whom she owed all and looked for all. . . . What passed between the good maiden and her aunt we know not; she had high hopes from her niece, and in her meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy, Wotton's visits had from the first been but faintly approved of." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 50; cp. *Rem.*, II, 57–59.

133 4. **What figure.** "Yes, Jeannie, though I have brought you into rough, rugged conditions, I feel that I have saved you: as Gigmaness you could not have lived." Letter to his Wife, Aug. 1831. *C. E. L.*, II, 189.

133 8. **absolved Auscultator.** See 126 8, n. and 112 2, n.

133 9. **religion of young hearts.** See above, l. 1.

> Will the love that you're so rich in
> Make a fire in the kitchen?
> Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?
>
> *Old Song.*

133 22. **Montgolfier.** The first form of the balloon invented by the brothers Montgolfier (1784). It was inflated by means of hot air, and the fire used was often the cause of accidents.

134 4. **One morning.** "One morning he found his fair Jane constrained and sad; she was silent, absent; she seemed to have been weeping. The aunt left the room. He pressed for explanation, first in kind solicitude, then with increasing apprehension; but none was to be had, save only broken hints that she was grieved for herself, for him, that she had much to suffer, that he must cease to visit her. It was in vain that the thunderstruck Wotton demanded, 'Why? Why?' 'One whom she entirely depended on had so ordered it, and for herself, she had nothing to do but to obey.' She resisted all entreaties; she denied all explanation; her words were firm and cold; only by a thrill of anguish that once or twice quivered over her face could a calmer man have divined that she was suffering within. Wotton's pride was stung; he rose and held out his hand: 'Farewell, then, madam!' said he, in a low steady voice; 'I will not —' She put her hand in his; she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 50 f.

"Yet still her right hand was in his and they again stood near in space, though in relation so widely divided! A tear was gathering in the bright eyes of Jane, which she fixed on the ground, and through Wotton's heart were quivering wild tones of remembrance and hope, wailing as of infinite grief, and touches of rapture rising almost to pain. He gazed silently on that loved form; there was no motion in her hand, but she timidly raised her face, where over soft, quick blushes tears were stealing, and next moment, neither knew how it was, but his arms were round her, and her bosom was on his, and in the first pure heavenly kiss of love two souls were melted into one." *Ib.*, p. 181.

"The pale angelic face, the lips of which he timidly pressed, but did not kiss, till all-powerful Love bound its girdles round them, and drew the two closer and closer together, and their two souls, like two tears, melted into one." *Quintus Fixlein, C.-Trans.*, II, 149.

134 20. **immortal by a kiss.**

> Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium? —
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
>
> MARLOWE, *Doctor Faustus*, sc. xiii.

135 7. **a shivered Universe.** See 134 23.

135 9. **Satanic.** The name given by Southey to the school of Byron. See his *Vision of Judgment*, Preface, 1822.

135 16. **Pilgerstab.** This is a regular literary "property" and figures constantly in German poems and tales.

135 30. **genii enfranchised.** See *Arabian Nights*, The Story of the Fisherman; Lane, I, 78 ff. Lond., 1841.

135 34. **as we remarked.** See 124 31.

136 4. **One highest hope.** "'And she — O fair and golden as the dawn she rose upon my soul. Night with its ghastly fantasms fled away; and beautiful and solemn in earnest shade and gay sunshine lay our life before me. And then, and then! O God, a gleam of hell passed over the face of my angel, and the pageant was rolled together like a scroll, and thickest darkness fell over me, and I heard the laughter of a demon! But what of it?' cried he, suddenly checking himself. 'It was a vision, a brief calenture, a thing that belonged not to this earth.'" *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 8 f.

136 9. **Calenture.** "A feverish disorder incident to sailors in hot climates; the principal symptom of which is, their imagining the sea to be green fields; hence, attempting to walk abroad in these imaginary places of delight they are frequently lost." *Howard's New Royal Cyclopaedia.*

> — And away we sail'd and we past
> Over that undersea isle, where the water is clearer than air:
> Down we look'd: what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!
> Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
> Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!
> And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say,
> Plunged headlong down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.
>
> TENNYSON, *Voyage of Maeldune.*

137 3. **like unto a wheel.** Ps. lxxxiii. 13, adapted; cp. *Tristram Shandy*, vol. vii. cap. xiii. for this thought expanded.

138 3. **Mountains were not new.** "Mountains were not new to either of them; but rarely are mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks are of that sort called primitive by the mineralogist, which always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged and gigantic character; but their ruggedness is softened by a singular elegance of form; in a climate favourable to vegetation, the gray shapeless cliff itself covered with lichens rises through a garment of foliage or verdure, and white bright tufted cottages are clustered round the base of the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, beauty alternates with grandeur. You ride through stony hollows, along straight passes traversed by torrents, and over-

hung by high walls of rock; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects into a lake, and man has found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if peace had established herself in the stony bosom of strength." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 67 f. For similar situation of hero among mountains, cp. Novalis, *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, Th. ii., and Goethe, *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, ii.

138 30. **Whoso can look.** "'After all,' said he, 'what have I to lose? My integrity is mine and nothing more. Who fears not death, him no shadow can make tremble'; and reciting this latter sentence with a strong low tone in the original words of Euripides, its author, he rode along as if composing his soul by this antique spell into forced and painful rest." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 166; cp. *Essays*, *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, II, 187. "Sir, you're not a Highlander or you would know the Gaelic proverb, 'The heart of one who can look death in the face will not start at a shadow.'" Forbes-Mitchell, *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*, p. 89. Lond., 1894.

138 32. **From such meditations.** "In a short time his attention was called outwards from these meditations, for the valley he had been ascending closed in abruptly on a broad, rugged mountain, stretching like a wall across the whole breadth of the hollow, the high sides of which it irregularly intersected, forming on both hands a rude course for the winter torrents, and on the right a path which suddenly became so steep and stony that Wotton judged it prudent to dismount while climbing it. Arrived with some labour at the top, he again found himself in the western sunlight, which had been hid below, and he paused with the bridle in his hand to wonder over a scene which, whether by its natural character or from the present temper of his own mind, surpassed in impressiveness all that he had ever looked on.

"It was an upland wavy expanse of heath or rough broken downs, where valleys in complex branching were, openly or imperceptibly arranging their declivity towards every quarter of the sky. The hill tops were beneath his feet; the cottages, the groves, and meadows lapped up the folds of these lower ranges and hid from sight; but the loftiest summits of the region towered up here and there as from their base; gray cliffs also were scattered over the waste, and tarns lay clear and earnest in their solitude." *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 166–167.

139 14. **But sunwards.** "Close on the left was a deep chasm, the beginning of another valley, on the farther side of which abruptly rose a world of fells, as it were the crown and centre of the whole mountain country: a hundred and a hundred savage peaks attracting eye and heart by their form, for all was glowing like molten gold in the last light of the sun now setting behind them, and in this majestic silence to the wanderer, pensive and lonely in this wilderness, the scene was not only beautiful but solemn. Wotton was affected to his inmost soul; he gazed over these stupendous masses in their strange light, and it seemed to him as if till now he had never known Nature; never felt that she had a fairy and unspeakable loveliness; nay, that she was his mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow faded into clearness in the sky and the sheen of the peaks grew purple and sparkling, and the day was now to depart, a murmur of eternity and immensity, a voice from other worlds, stole through his soul, and he almost felt as if the earth were not dead, as if the spirit of the earth might have its throne in this glory and his own spirit might commune with it as with a kindred thing." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 167–169.

139 32. **The spell was broken.** A passage similar to this follows the one quoted in the previous note. The rejected lover meets the lady who has rejected him.

140 4. **Du Himmel!** "Good heavens!" The use of German expletives was thoroughly natural to Carlyle. His letters and journals bristle with them.

140 8. **I remained alone.** Cp. 19 24. "We were all of us too deeply moved. We at last tore ourselves asunder from repeated embraces; my friend retired with the soul whom he loves. I remained alone behind with the Night." End of *Quintus Fixlein;* quoted by Carlyle in his Essay on Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. *Essays*, I, 27.

140 13. **Some time before Small-pox.** "Consider, for one example, this peculiarity of Modern Literature, the sin that has been named View-hunting. In our elder writers, there are no paintings of scenery for its own sake; no euphuistic gallantries with Nature, but a constant heartlove for her, a constant dwelling in communion with her. View-hunting, with so much else that is of kin to it, first came decisively into action through the *Sorrows of Werter;* which wonderful Performance, indeed, may in many senses be regarded as the progenitor of all that has since become popular in Literature; whereof, in so far as concerns spirit and tendency, it still offers the

most instructive image; for nowhere, except in its own country, above all in the mind of its illustrious Author, has it yet fallen wholly obsolete. Scarcely ever till that late epoch, did any worshipper of Nature become entirely aware that he was worshipping, much to his own credit; and think of saying to himself: Come let us make a description! Intolerable enough: when every puny whipster draws out his pencil, and insists on painting you a scene; so that the instant you discern such a thing, as 'wavy outline,' 'mirror of the lake,' 'stern headland,' or the like, in any Book, you must timorously hasten on; and scarcely the Author of Waverley himself can tempt you not to skip." *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 28.

140 21. **Sorrows of Werter.** See 125 9, n.

140 24. **Jenner.** An English physician (1749–1823). The discoverer of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox.

140 29. **That Basilisk-glance.** "The basilisk of elder times was a proper kind of serpent, not above three palms long, as some account, and differenced from other serpents by advancing his head, and some white marks or coronary spots upon the crown, as all authentic writers have delivered. . . . .

"Nor is only the existency of this animal considerable, but many things delivered thereof, particularly its poison and its generation. Concerning the first, according to the doctrine of the ancients, men still affirm, that it killeth at a distance, that it poisoneth by the eye, and by priority of vision." Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, bk. iii. cap. vii.

141 14. **Hadjee.** A Mohammedan who has performed the Hajj or pilgrimage to Mecca.

141 18. **wishing-carpet.** See *The Arabian Nights*, the story of Ahmed and Peribanou. — **Fortunatus' Hat.** Cp. 236 27.

> But now uncover the virtues of this hat.
> . . . . . .
> . . . This clapped on my head,
> I only with a wish, am through the air
> Transported in a moment over seas
> And over lands to any secret place.
>
> DEKKER, *Old Fortunatus*, ii. 3.

Cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 120.

141 20. **Street Advertisements.** Cp. 70 2, n.

141 29. **Lover's Leap.** A cape in the island of Leucadia off the coast of Epirus is called the Lover's Leap from the tradition that Sappho threw herself from the top into the sea.

— The broad river
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,
Fell into that immeasurable void
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.
SHELLEY, *Alastor*, 567–570.

142 10. **Sultan Mahmoud.** Mahmoud II., Sultan of Turkey 1808–1839. His war with Russia in 1827–8 would account for Carlyle's mention of him. See E. S. Creasy, *History of the Ottoman Turks*, II, 374–464.

142 27. **no rest.** See Gen. viii. 9; cp. *Par. Lost*, i. 227 ff.

— till on dry land
He lights; if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
. . . . . .
. . . such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet.

143 9. **Son of Time.** See 111 22, n.

143 10. **Satanic School.** See 135 9, n.

143 12. **Epictetus.** A famous Stoic philosopher, at one time a slave of one of Nero's freedmen. His 'Hand-book,' Ἐγχειρίδιον, a volume of lofty maxims, was collected by his pupil Arrian. Carlyle was familiar with it. See *E. Lett.*, 79, 89, 99.

143 16. **The end of Man.** ". . . τέλος ὁ, etc. *The end of man is an action, not a thought*, says Aristotle; the wisest thing he ever said." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 13; see *Ethics*, bk. x. c, 9. sec. 1.

143 20. **rugged all-nourishing Earth.** "Ὠρεστέρα πάμβοτι Γᾶ!" internally exclaimed he in Doric words; "Ὠρεστέρα πάμβοτι Γᾶ, thou rugged all-supporting earth!" *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 169. The passage is from Sophocles, *Philoctetes*, 391; cp. *C. L. L.*, II, 311. The Teubner text reads ὀρεστέρα παμβῶτι Γᾶ.

143 21. **feeds the sparrow.** See Ps. cii. 7.

143 27. **Estrapades.** Falstaff's "strappado," the torture of hoisting the victim into the air, and letting him fall so as to dislocate the arms. The Place de l'Estrapade in Paris, where many Protestants thus suffered. — **Malzleins.** A suburb of Vienna is so called. *C.-Trans.*, II, 50.

144 7. **Infernal Chase.** The legend of a hunter flying through the air with his hounds in full cry is spread over all the north of Europe. See Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie;* Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, III, 61 f., 218 f.; also Scott's translation of Bürger's *Der wilde Jäger*, note; Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*, chaps. xi. xii.; Wordsworth, "Though Narrow be that Old Man's Cares."

144 9. **Cain.** See Gen. iv. 13, 14.

144 10. **Wandering Jew.** See 14 7, n.

144 15. **Sorrows of Werter.** See 125 9, n.

144 18. **'from his own Shadow.'** See 143 4.

144 29. **Your Byron publishes.** Carlyle's opinion of Byron is tersely given in his Journal. "Byron we call 'a dandy of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'" *C. E. L.*, II, 95. Compare *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 208. "A strong man, of recent time, fights little for any good cause anywhere; works weakly as an English lord; weakly delivers himself from such working; with weak despondency endures the cackling of plucked geese at St. James's; and sitting in sunny Italy, in his coach-and-four, at a distance of two thousand miles from them, writes over many reams of paper the following sentence with variations: *Saw ever the world one greater or unhappier?* This was a sham strong man." Cp. *C. E. L.*, I, 221.

Cap. VII. **The Everlasting No.** The subject of this chapter was suggested to Carlyle by his reflections on the death of his uncle, Thomas Carlyle, June 9, 1816. See *Rem.*, I, 34, n., and Introd. "*Sapientia prima est stultitiâ caruisse.* Fully as well thus, *Stultitia prima est sapientiâ caruisse:* the case of all materialist metaphysicians, most utilitarians, moralists, and generally all negative philosophers, by whatever name they call themselves. It was God that said Yes. It is the Devil that forever says No." *C. E. L.*, I, 388. See also 153 13, n., and 78 5, n.

145 9. **'Son of Time.'** See 111 22, n.

145 15. **the Eagle.** "St. Augustine says, that when the eagle becomes very old, the upper mandible of the beak grows so long that the bird can no longer feed, in which case it betakes itself to a rock or rough stone, and rubs its beak till the overgrown part is ground down into proper proportion." *Domestic Habits of Birds*, p. 349. Lond., 1833. See St. Augustine, *Comment. in Ps.* ciii. 5, *Library of the Fathers*, p. 45 f. Lond., 1853. *Migne*, xxxvii. 1323 f.

145 26. **'excellent Passivity.'** See 118 7. — **reasonable Activity.** "There is just one man unhappy; he who is possessed by some idea which he cannot convert into action. — GOETHE." *C. E. L.*, I, 384.

146 4. **'ruddy morning.'** See 93 12, n.

146 10. **based upon Hope.** "Let us be content; let us hope. *Der Mensch ist eigentlich auf Hoffnung gestellt.* This is the 'Place of Hope.'" *C.-Jour.*, 1832.

> Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is but always to be blest.
>
> POPE, *Epist.*, i. 94 f.

146 12. **'Place of Hope.'** This phrase is familiar to those who have listened to Presbyterian prayers. "Let us not mourn as creatures that had no Hope. We are creatures that had an All-Good Creator; and this earth we live in is named the 'Place of Hope.'" *Lett.*, 303; cp. *ib.*, 172, and *C. E. L.*, II, 317.

146 22. **Doubt had darkened.** "Doubt only, pale doubt, rising like a spectral shadow, was to be seen, distorting or obscuring the good and holy; nay, sometimes hiding the very Holy of Holies from his eye." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 32.

146 27. **Profit-and-Loss Philosophy.** Utilitarianism. "But what, then, was virtue? Another name for happiness, for pleasure? No longer the eternal life and beauty of the universe, the invisible all-pervading effluence of God; but a poor earthly theorem, a balance of profit and loss resting on self-interest, and pretending to rest on nothing higher." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 33. "For the wise men, who now appear as Political Philosophers, deal exclusively with the Mechanical province; and occupying themselves in counting up and estimating men's motives, strive by curious checking and balancing, and other adjustments of Profit and Loss, to guide them to their true advantage: while, unfortunately, those same 'motives' are so innumerable, and so variable in every individual, that no really useful conclusion can ever be drawn from their enumeration." *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 148; cp. 149 4; 200 13, n.

146 28. **Soul is not.** Cp. 107 10, n.

146 31. **one thing needful.** See Luke x. 42.

146 32. **endure the shame.** Heb. xii. 2, adapted.

147 13. **Dr. Graham.** James (1745–1794); famous quack doctor. His "celestial bed" was an elaborate structure, which was guaranteed to cure sterility in married people using it. See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, and Jeaffreson, *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, I, 28 f. Lond., 1888; also *Melechsala, C.-Trans.*, I, 161.

147 16. **'chief of sinners.'** I Tim. i. 15, adapted.

147 17. **Nero . . . fiddling.** See *Suetonius, In Nero.*, xxii. *Tacitus, Annal.*, l. xvi. cap. iv.

147 22. **Prometheus Vinctus.** Usual title of the drama of Æschylus based on the myth of the daring demi-god who stole fire from heaven for the benefit of mortals; and thereby incurred the anger of Zeus. The temper of the hero is admirably given in the

opening speech of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and Goethe's "Prometheus"; *Vermischte Gedichte.* See Hesiod, *Theogony*, ll. 624–750 (Valpy).

147 29. **Happiness be our true aim.** "Show me a man that is happy and I will show thee a man that has — an excellent nervous system. Williams, when you write again, it should be an essay on the *Comforts of Stupidity*." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 89; cp. *ib.*, 33, and *C. E. L.*, I, 389. "Had you ever a diseased liver? etc."

148 2. **the fat things.** 1 Cor. ii. 9, adapted and fused with this extract from his Journal, "The Devil has his elect." *C. E. L.*, II, 80.

148 6. **Sibyl-cave of Destiny.** Alluding to the visit of Æneas to the Sibyl. See *Æneid*, vi. ll. 36 ff. "(But) a deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within it will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm." Schiller, *Geist^r Seh^r.*, iv. 350; *C.-Jour.*, 22; cp. Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*, p. 45. Lond., 1874.

148 9. **Pillar of Cloud . . . Fire.** See Exodus xiii. 21, 22.

148 14. **Siècle de Louis Quinze.** To be exact, *Précis du Siècle de Louis XV*, by Voltaire. "Les esprits s'éclairèrent dans le siècle de Louis XIV. et dans le suivant plus que dans tous les siècles précédents." *Ib.*, ch. xlii. It was the age of the Encyclopédie.

148 22. **Unprofitable servants.** See Luke xvii. 10.

148 28. **Love of Truth.** Carlyle's own case. See *C. E. L.*, I, 67. "His love of truth, he often passionately said, had ruined him; yet he would not relinquish the search to whatever abysses it might lead." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 43.

148 32. **Lubberland.** Translation of Schlaraffenland, land of sluggards. "Some luxurious Lubberland, where the brooks should run wine, and the trees bend with ready-baked viands." *Essays*, III, 32. See Hans Sachs, *Das Schlaraffenland.* A favorite word of Carlyle's. See *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 95; *C. E. L.*, I, 406, 445; *C.-Trans.*, II, 125; cp. *An Invitation to Lubberland*, T. Ashton, *Wit, Humour and Satire of the Seventeenth Century*, p. 34. Lond., 1883.

148 34. **Handwriting on the wall.** See Dan. v. 5–28.

149 7. **without God.** See Eph. ii. 12.

149 10. **in my heart.** See Prov. vii. 3.

149 17. **to be weak.**

> Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
> Doing or suffering: —
>
> *Par. Lost*, i. 157 f.

149 27. **Know thyself.** Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, inscribed in letters of gold over the portico of the temple at Delphi.

149 28. **what thou canst work at.** The resemblance between this and Goethe's second maxim can hardly be accidental :

"Wie kann man sich selbst lernen kennen? Durch Betrachten niemals, wohl aber durch Handeln. Versuche deine Pflicht zu thun und du weisst gleich was an dir ist." *Maximen u. Reflexionen*, i.

150 28. **my own heart.** "He abandoned law and hurried into the country, not to possess his soul in peace as he had hoped, but in truth, like Homer's *Bellerophon* to eat his own heart." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 43. "Cor ne edito (eat not your heart) Pythag. These are from Bacon." *C.-Jour.*, p. 54. Cp. also *C. E. L.*, II, 87. This expression is found in Diog. Laert., *Vit. Philos.*, viii.

150 31. **Faust.** See 48 21, n.

150 34. **The very Devil.** Cp. the speech of Sandy Mackaye, beginning "And sae the deevil's dead." *Alton Locke*, cap. xxii, end.

151 2. **To me the Universe.** See 151 23, n.

151 6. **Golgotha.** See Matt. xxvii. 33.

151 14. **sickness of the chronic sort.** In 1819, Carlyle had his first severe attack of dyspepsia. See *C. E. L.*, I, 78 f.; *Rem.*, II, 59; *E. Lett.*, 153.

151 23. **From Suicide.** The thought of self-destruction had occurred to Carlyle in his years of depression. "My curse seems deeper and blacker than that of any man: to be immured in a rotten carcass, every avenue of which is changed into an inlet of pain, till my intellect is obscured and weakened, and my head and heart are alike desolate and dark. How have I deserved this? Or is it mere fate that orders these things, caring no jot for merit or demerit, crushing our poor mortal interests among its ponderous machinery, and grinding us and them to dust relentlessly? I know not. Shall I ever know? Then why don't you kill yourself, sir? Is there not arsenic? is there not ratsbane of various kinds? and hemp? and steel? Most true, Sathanas, all these things *are*, but it will be time enough to use them when I have *lost* the game which I am yet but *losing*. You observe, sir, I have still a glimmering of hope; and while my friends, my mother, father, brothers, sisters live, the duty of not breaking their hearts would still remain to be performed when hope had utterly fled. For which reason — even if there were no others, which, however, I believe there are — the benevolent Sathanas will excuse me. I do not design to be a suicide. God in heaven forbid. That way I was never tempted. But where is the use of going on

like this? I am not writing like a reasonable man." *Journal*, Dec. 31, 1823; *C. E. L.*, I, 205. For similar mood, cp. *The Two Voices*.

152 7. **Faust's Deathsong.** Carlyle has quoted from memory, inaccurately.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Und doch ist nie der Tod ein ganz willkommner Gast.

FAUST.

O selig der, dem er im Siegesglanze
Die blut'gen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
Den er nach rasch durchras'tem Tanze
In eines Mädchens Armen findet.

Faust, sc. 4, ll. 1572–1576.

152 18. **As if all things in the Heavens.** "He once quotes from Montaigne the following, as Sceptic's viaticum: 'I plunge stupidly, head foremost, into this dumb Deep, which swallows me, and chokes me, in a moment, — full of insipidity and indolence.'" *Essays, Diderot*, III, 307.

'T were best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

In Memoriam, xxiv. 4.

See Exodus xx. 4.

152 23. **Full of such humour.** "Nothing in 'Sartor Resartus' (he says) is fact; symbolical myth all, except that of the incident in the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer, which occurred quite literally to myself in Leith Walk, during three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost my one solace was that of a daily bathe on the sands between Leith and Portobello. Incident was as I went down; coming up I generally felt refreshed for the hour. I remember it well and could go straight to the place." *C. E. L.*, I, 103. "It was in no sense a conversion to any belief in person or creed, it was but the assertion of a strong manhood against an almost suicidal mood of despair; a condition set forth with a superabundant paraphernalia of eloquence easily condensed." J. Nichol, *Thomas Carlyle*, p. 32. N. Y., 1892. Cp. 179 14, n., and M. D. Conway, *Thomas Carlyle*, p. 45. N. Y., 1881.

152 28. **Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace.** See Daniel iii. 19.

153 13. **the Everlasting No.** This phrase is often misunderstood to mean the 'protest' of the hero, instead of the sum of

facts adverse to the idea of moral order in the universe. See J. Burroughs in *The Century*, vol. 27, 930, and *id.*, vol 26, 540 b.

153 15. **my whole Me.**

> A warmth within the breast would melt
> The freezing reason's colder part,
> And like a man in wrath the heart
> Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."
>
> *In Memoriam*, cxxiv. 4.

153 26. **Baphometic.** From Baphomet, "The imaginary idol or symbol which the Templars were accused of worshipping. By some modern writers the Templars are charged with a depraved form of Gnosticism, and the word Baphomet has had given to it the signification of baptism of wisdom (as if < Gr. *βαφή*, baptism, + *μῆτις*, wisdom), baptism of fire; in other words the Gnostic baptism, a species of spiritual illumination. But this and other guesses are of no value. The word may be a manipulated form of *Mahomet*, a name which took strange shapes in the middle ages." *Century Dict.* Carlyle encountered the name Baffometus in the 'Story of the Fallen Master' translated by him from Werner's *Templars in Cyprus*. *Essays*, I, 105.

154 3. **'Indignation and Defiance.** See 153 12.

154 9. **Baphometic Baptism.** See 153 26, n.

154 15. **Rue St. Thomas.** See 152 23, n.

154 16. **Satanic School.** See 135 9, n.

154 18. **Ernulphus-cursings.** *Tristram Shandy*, bk. iii. cap. xi., contains the curse in full. See also *Lett.*, 219; *C. E. L.*, I, 203.

154 24. **method in their madness.**

> *Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
>
> *Hamlet*, ii. 2.

154 28. **Saints' Wells.** See 142 33.

155 2. **'eat his own heart.'** See 150 28, n.

155 3. **Not-Me.** Das Nicht-Ich. The metaphysical term for the outer world, all that is not "the conscious subject of experience." Cp. 48 14, n.; see *Essays*, *Novalis*, II, 104.

156 1. **Cain and Tubalcain.** See Gen. iv. 2 and 22.

156 8. **Schönbrunn.** A royal palace outside of Vienna. The treaty of Vienna was signed here. — **Downing Street.** That part of Westminster containing the chief offices of the English Government. — **Palais Bourbon.** The French Downing Street.

156 17. **Armida's Palace.** The home of the enchantress in

Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (bk. xvi). The description is imitated and largely translated by Spenser, *Faery Queene*, ii. 12.

157 8. **marble and metal.**

> Exegi monumentum aere perennius
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius.
>
> HORACE, *Carm.*, iii. 30.

157 13. **Geeza . . . Sacchara.** Usual spelling Ghizeh, Sakkara, near Cairo.

157 21. **Wagram.** A village ten miles N.E. of Vienna where Napoleon defeated the Austrians, July 5, 6, 1809.

157 24. **Marchfeld.** The March rises in the Sudeten Gebirge and joins the Danube near the Hungarian border, below Vienna. "It was on this famous plain of the Marchfeld that Ottocar, King of Bohemia, conquered Bela of Hungary in 1260; and was himself in 1278 conquered and slain by Rudolf of Hapsburg, at that time much left to his own resources; whose talent for mending helmets, however, is perhaps but a poetical tradition. Curious, moreover: it was here again, after more than five centuries, that the house of Hapsburg received its worse overthrow, and from a new and greater Rudolf, namely, from Napoleon at Wagram, which lies in the middle of this same Marchfeld." *Essays, Early German Literature*, II, 358, n.

158 6. **Stillfrieds.** An armistice followed the victory of Wagram. See 157 21, n.

158 16. **Place of Sculls.** See 151 6, n.

158 25. **the net purport.** The following is an excellent example of Carlyle's power to give his ideas body and color and life: Waterloo had tended to make England arrogant, and about 1830 the moralists try to check her military pride. For similar attitude, compare Thackeray's *Chronicle of the Drum*, and his minor works *passim*.

158 28. **Dumdrudge.** Carlylese coinage; dumb drudgery being the constant state of the working class. What Carlyle describes took place in hundreds of Dumdrudges all over Great Britain during the Peninsular war, when the walnut trees were all cut down to make stocks for muskets.

158 29. **"Natural Enemies."** A phrase of the time used by the English of the French. It occurs frequently in literature and journalism during the Napoleonic wars.

159 23. **"what devilry soever."** A blending of "They who dance must pay the piper," and Hor., *Epist.*, I, ii, 14.

160 12. **Satanic School.** See 135 9, n.

160 25. **Like the great Hadrian.** "Think first, with blessings and reverence, of the imperial wanderer Hadrian, who on foot, at the head of his army, paced out the circle of the world which was subject to him, and thus in very deed took possession of it." Carlyle, *Meister's Travels*, cap. last.

160 31. **Vaucluse.** Valla Chiusa, near Avignon. Alison thinks it owes its beauty to the fact that Petrarch resided there. *Essay on Taste*, i. 25. Lond., 1817.

161 3. **Kings sweated down.** In 1806, Napoleon issued the Berlin and Milan decrees ordering the seizure of all British exports and of vessels which had touched at any British port. The measure was intended to exclude English commerce from the Continent and destroy the carrying trade of Britain. As Europe was at this time under the control of Napoleon, the different monarchs were, in Carlyle's opinion, no better than landing-waiters compelled to enforce these customs regulations.

161 5. **the World well lost.** An allusion to Dryden's tragedy, "All for Love, or the World Well Lost" (1668).

161 7. **All kindreds.** Rev. xiii. 7, adapted.

161 15. **Great men.** This doctrine is expanded in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

161 25. **Tree at Triesnitz.** So Carlyle spells it (correctly) in his *Life of Schiller*. "On such subjects they often corresponded when absent, and conversed when together. They were in the habit of paying long visits to each other's houses; frequently they used to travel in company between Jena and Weimar. 'At Triesnitz, a couple of English miles from Jena, Goethe and he,' we are told, 'might sometimes be observed sitting at table, beneath the shade of a spreading tree, talking and looking at the current of passengers.'" Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*, p. 108. London, 1874.

162 3. **Pope Pius.** Most probably Pius VII., who was pope from 1800 to 1823, was forced to crown Bonaparte emperor, was afterwards taken prisoner by him, and deprived of his power as a temporal prince. — **Tarakwang.** The emperor of China, Taoukwang, began his reign in 1820. Many rebellions arose on account of his slackness and inefficiency. See Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, *Life of Taoukwang*. Lond., 1852. The struggle with the Water Lily faction (Pe-lien-keaou) lasted eight years.

162 12. **'Ideologist.'** "He (Napoleon) had no longer for adversaries the few who remained faithful to the political object of the

revolution, and whom he styled ideologists." Mignet, *History of the French Revolution*, p. 401. (Bohn.)

162 14. **in the Idea.** "Napoleon, der ganz in der Idee lebte, konnte sie doch im Bewusstsein nicht erfassen." "In der Idee leben heisst das Unmögliche behandeln, als wenn es möglich wäre." Goethe, *Maximen u. Reflexionen*, iv.

162 18. **La carrière.** See *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 220. Lond., 1874.

164 10. **men alike tall.** Similar passage with different turn, in a translation from *Die Räuber*, *Essays*, II, 286.

164 13. **Goliath.** See 1 Sam. xvii. 4–54.

164 26. **Hugo of Trimberg.** Schoolmaster at Bamberg, 1260–1309; author of *Der Renner;* a moralist. See Carlyle, *Essays*, *Early German Literature*, II, 369–376. — **God must needs.** "To a Schoolmaster, with empty larder, the pomp of tournaments could never have been specially interesting; but now such passages of arms, how free and gallant soever, appear to him no other than the probable product of delirium. 'God might well laugh, could it be,' says he, 'to see his mannikins live so wondrously upon this Earth; two of them will take to fighting and nowise let it alone; nothing serves but with two long spears they must ride and stick at one another: greatly to their hurt; for when one is by the other skewered through the bowels or through the weasand, he hath small profit thereby. But who forced them to such straits?' The answer is too plain: some modification of Insanity." *Essays*, *Early German Literature*, II, 374 f.

164 32. **Legion.** See Mark v. 9.

165 7. **Satanic School.** See 135 9, n.

165 22. **Boy Alexander.**

> Unus Pellaeo iuveni non sufficit orbis;
> Aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi
> Ut Gyari clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho.
>
> JUVENAL, *Sat.*, x. 168.

165 25. **Ach Gott, when I gazed.** "He stood gazing out upon the starry night. The old man approached, but he knew not what to say. 'Do they not look down on us as if with pity from their serene spaces,' said Reinfred, 'like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the poor perplexities of man! Herrliche Gefühle erstarren in, etc.' Their brightness is not bedimmed by any vapour, the mists of our troubled planet do not reach them. Thousands of

human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been engulfed in the abyss of time, and there is no wreck of them seen any more; and Arcturus and Orion and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them on the plain of Shinar." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 9.

165 34. **Dog-cage.** A wheel into which the turnspit was put, to turn the jack and roast the meat. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, I, 490, for picture of it.

166 5. **dissevered limb.** "I am a 'dismembered limb,' and feel it again too deeply. Was I ever other?" *Journal*, Jan. 14, 1830; *C. E. L.*, II, 81. "At present I am but an *abgerissenes Glied*, a limb torn off from the family of Man, excluded from activity, with Pain for my companion and Hope that comes to all rarely visiting me, and what is stranger rarely desired with vehemence." *C.-Jour.*, p. 30. Hoddam Hill, Sept. 21, 1825. Cp. *C. E. L.*, I, 323.

166 13. **Temptations.** See Luke iv. 1, 2.

166 15. **old Adam.** See 1 Cor. xv. 45, and Col. iii. 9.

166 20. **Work thou.** Apparently 2 Thess. iii. 13, adapted.

167 4. **carried of the spirit.** See Luke iv. 1.

167 12. **divine handwriting.** See 148 34, n.

167 15–17. **Wilderness . . . Forty Days.** See 166 13, n.

168 8. **shadow-hunting.** See 144 6–18.

168 11. **Temptation.** See 166 13.

168 13. **Rue de l'Enfer.** See 152 23, n.

168 16. **Apage Satana.** Transliteration of ὕπαγε σατανά, Matt. iv. 10. The usual Latin versions are 'abi,' or 'abscede,' or 'vade'.

168 22. **Holy-of-Holies.** See 90 1, n., 58 18, n.

168 32. **hot Harmattan wind.** "His soul seems once to have been rich and glorious, like the garden of Eden; but the desert-wind has passed over it and smitten it with perpetual blight." Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*, p. 57. Lond., 1874. "Whatever belonged to the finer nature of man had withered under the Harmattan breath of Doubt, or passed away in the conflagration of open Infidelity." *Essays, Goethe*, I, 223.

169 13. **new Heaven.** See Rev. xxi. 1.

169 14. **Annihilation of Self.** This is distinctively Christian doctrine.

169 18. **healing sleep.** See above, l. 12.

169 19. **Pilgrim-staff.** See 135 16, n.

169 20. **'high table-land.'** See below, l. 29.

170 27. **Schreckhorn.** Peak of Terror. Several mountains bear this name in the Bernese Alps.

170 29. **mad witch's hair.** Apparently a recollection of *Manfred*, act ii. sc. 2.

170 32. **How thou fermentest.** One of Schmelzle's terrors was the dread of a 'ferment' in the air. See *C.-Trans.*, II, 92–94.

171 2. **Living Garment.** See 48 22.

171 8. **Sweeter than Dayspring.** The expedition of Barendz left Amsterdam in May 1596 and was wrecked on Nova Zembla. Seventeen men lived through the winter. Barendz, who died on the way home, left a journal, and it is to this entry in it that Carlyle refers. "On January 27, we saw it mounting in all its roundness on the horizon, which rendered us very happy. We thank God for the mercy He vouchsafed to us by restoring the light."

171 22. **Wipe away all tears.** See Rev. xxi. 4.

171 33. **"Sanctuary of Sorrow."** Goethean phrase. "I invite you to return hither at the end of a year, to visit our general festival, and see how far your son is advanced; then shall you be admitted into the Sanctuary of Sorrow."

"Permit me one question," said Wilhelm: "As you have set up the life of this divine Man for a pattern and example, have you likewise selected his sufferings, his death, as a model of exalted patience?"

"Undoubtedly we have," replied the Eldest. "Of this we make no secret: but we draw a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth the torturing Cross, and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun, which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it; to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of Sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry." *Meister's Travels*, cap. xi., Carlyle's translation; see *Lett.*, 301; *C. E. L.*, II, 260.

172 1. **Divine Depth of Sorrow.** See 171 33, n.

172 21. **Man's Unhappiness.** This is also Browning's philosophy

172 29. **Soul . . . Stomach.** See 107 10, n.

172 34. **Ophiuchus.**

> And like a comet burn'd
> That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
> In th' Arctic sky.
>
> *Par. Lost*, ii. 708.

173 8. **Shadow of Ourselves.** See 143 4.

173 9. **But the whim we have.** "When we speak of happiness and being happy, we half unconsciously mean some extra enjoyment, if I may say so, pleasure, some series of agreeable sensation, *superadded* to the ordinary pleasure of existing, which really, if free from positive pain, is all we have right to pretend to. In place of reckoning ourselves happy when we are not miserable, we reckon ourselves miserable when not happy. A proceeding, if you think of it, quite against rule! What claim have I to be in raptures? None in the world, except that I have taken such a whim into my own wise head; and having got so much, I feel as if I could never get my due. . . . .

"And so when the young gentleman goes forth into the world, and finds that it is really and truly *not* made of wax, but of stone and metal, and *will* keep its own shape, let the young gentleman fume as he likes; bless us, what a storm he gets into! What terrible elegies and pindarics and *Childe Harolds* and *Sorrows of Werter!* O devil take it, Providence is in the wrong; has used him (sweet, meritorious gentleman) unjustly. He will bring his action of damages against Providence! Trust me a hopeful lawsuit!" *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 92–94; cp. *ib.* 1.

173 28. **the Fraction of Life.** See 116 24, n. "The fraction of life will increase equally by *diminishing* the denominator as by *augmenting* the numerator. [March 1827.] — *C.-Jour.*, p. 46.

173 34. **It is only with Renunciation.** The exact reference to Goethe has eluded me; but cp. sub-title to *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre* and *Wahrheit u. Dicht.*, bk. xvi., "Unser physisches sowohl als geselliges Leben, Sitten, Gewohnheiten, Weltklugheit, Philosophie, Religion, ja so manches zufällige Ereigniss, Alles ruft uns zu: *dass wir entsagen sollen.*" With Carlyle, *Entsagen* "means briefly a resolution fixedly and clearly made to do without the various pleasant things — wealth, promotion, fame, honour, and the other prizes with which the world rewards the services which it appreciates." See *C. E. L.*, II, 355, n., and *ib.*, 268; also Nichol, *Thomas Carlyle*, 231; N. Y., 1892; Moncure Conway, *Thomas Carlyle*, 81; N. Y. 1881; and *Essays, Novalis*, II, 93.

174 9. **What Act of Legislature.** "There is no Act of Parliament in Heaven's Chancery that you or I are to be rich men or famous men; only the sternest and solemnest enactment that we are to be good men, 'diligent in business and fervent in spirit' — reverencing the inscrutable God, and 'friendly at once and fearless towards all that God has made.'" *Lett.*, 163; May 1, 1830.

174 17 **Es leuchtet mir ein.** In his essay on Goethe in 1828, Carlyle praised especially the tenth and eleventh chapters of *Wanderjahre* (*Essays*, I, 240) and quoted largely from them. It is not surprising to find here Goethe's very words. Cp. *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*, bk. i. cap. 2, p. 382; Goethe, *Sämmtl. Werke*, III; Stuttgart, 1854; and *Meister's Travels*, p. 207; Lond., 1868.

175 1. **Love not Pleasure.** 2 Tim. iii. 4, adapted.

175 9. **Zeno.** A Greek Stoic philosopher of the 5th century. "This was the manner of his end. As he left his school he fell and broke his finger. At once he began to strike the earth with his hand, and reciting this verse from the tragedy of Niobe, 'I come, why dost thou call me?' he hanged himself." Diog. Laert., *Vit. Philos.*, vii. Carlyle is not quite correct as to the 'trampling.' He may have been thinking of Diogenes trampling on the pride of Plato, *i.e.*, his curtains. See *Ritter*, III, 450 ff. Oxford, 1839.

175 9. **Greater than Zeno.** See Matt. xii. 41, 42.

175 10. **"Worship of Sorrow."** "Christianity, the 'Worship of Sorrow,' has been recognized as divine, on far other grounds than 'Essays on Miracles,' and by considerations infinitely deeper than would avail in any mere 'trial by jury.'" *Essays*, *Voltaire*, II, 67.

175 13. **doleful creatures.** See Isa. xiii. 21.

175 24. **Baal-Priests.** See 1 Kings xviii. 17–40.

175 27. **Herr von Voltaire.** See *Essays*, II, 5–78.

176 3. **Wilt thou help us.** "His (Voltaire's) task was not one of Affirmation, but of Denial; not a task of erecting and rearing up, which is slow and laborious; but of destroying and overturning, which in most cases is rapid and far easier. The force necessary for him was nowise a great and noble one; but a small, in some respects a mean one; to be nimbly and seasonably put in use. The Ephesian Temple, which it had employed many wise heads and strong arms for a lifetime to build, could be *un*built by one madman in a single hour." *Essays*, *Voltaire*, II, 69.

176 13. **Worship of Sorrow.** See 175 10, n.

176 20. **"Plenary Inspiration."** "His polemical procedure . . . turns we believe exclusively on one point: what Theologians have called the 'plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures.' This is the single wall against which, through long years, and with innumerable battering-rams and catapults and pop-guns, he unweariedly batters. Concede him this and his ram swings freely to and fro through space: there is nothing farther it can even aim at. That the Sacred Books could be aught else than a Bank-of-Faith Bill, for such and such

quantities of Enjóyment, payable at sight in the other world, value received; which bill becomes waste paper, the stamp being questioned: — that the Christian Religion could have any deeper foundation than Books, could possibly be written in the purest nature of man, in mysterious, ineffaceable characters, to which Books and all Revelations, and authentic traditions, were but a subsidiary matter, were but as the *light* whereby that divine *writing* was to be read; — nothing of this seems to have, even in the faintest manner, occurred to him." *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 66 f.

176 32. **internecine warfare.** Cp. 78 5, n.; 10 31, n.

177 7. **'feast of shells.'** "What is the English of all quarrels that have been, are, or can be, between man and man? Simply this, Sir, you are taking more than your share of pleasure in the world, something from *my* share; and by the gods you shall not — nay, I will fight you rather. Alas! and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly account of empty boxes, truly a 'feast of shells,' not eggs, for the yolks have all been blown out of them. Not enough to fill half a stomach, and the whole human species famishing to be at them. Better we should say to our brother, 'Take it, poor fellow, take that larger share which I reckon mine, and which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing. Would to Heaven I had but enough for thee.'" *Journal*, Jan. 14, 1830; *C. E. L.*, II, 81.

177 14. **If Fichte's Wissenschaftslehre.** "Die katholische Religion ist gewissermassen schon angewandte christliche Religion. Auch die Fichtesche Philosophie ist vielleicht angewandter Christianismus." *Novalis*, II, 194. Berlin, 1826. Cp. *Essays*, II, 121.

The passage quoted in preceding note ends as follows: "This is the moral of the Christian religion; how easy to write, how *hard* to practise."

"Johann Gottlieb Fichte is the first of the great successors of Kant. . . . The story of his life is one of order, poverty, high aims, brilliant literary success, bitter conflicts and an untimely death in his country's service. For at the close of his career, during the great war of liberation, in 1813, he and his devoted wife busied themselves in the encouragement of the warriors and in the care of the wounded. . . . His wife, while nursing wounded soldiers, was stricken with typhus fever. She recovered, but the contagion had already passed to Fichte, to whom it proved fatal, in January, 1814. A nobler death, in a more heroic time, was scarcely possible to a professor of philosophy and a patriot." Royce, *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, p. 146. Boston, 1892.

177 17. **Whole Duty of Man.** A book of moral and religious instruction published in 1659, anonymously. It has gone through numerous editions and continues popular to the present day. The author remains unknown. Cp. 253 8.

177 26. **Doubt of any sort.** Prof. Blackie gives this maxim in almost these words, in his *Wisdom of Goethe*, p. 4, N. Y., 1884, but does not identify it.

177 31. **"Do the Duty which lies nearest thee."** "The safe plan is always simply to do the task that lies nearest us." Carlyle, *Meister's Apprenticeship*, vii. 1; cp. *ib.*, 3.

178 5. **Lothario.** "The reposing polished manhood of Lothario." *Essays, Goethe*, I, 231. "I recollect the letter which you sent me from the Western world," said Jarno. "It contained the words: 'I will return, and in my house, amid my fields, among my people, I will say: *Here or nowhere is America!*'" Carlyle, *Meister's Apprenticeship*, vii. 3.

178 19. **'here or nowhere.'** See above, 178 5, n.

178 21. **the beginning of Creation.** See Gen. i. 3. See also l. 25.

178 21. **Till the eye.** Based on Matt. vi. 22, 23.

179 5. **Whatsoever thy hand.** Eccles. ix. 10, and John ix. 4, joined and adapted. Cp. Goethe, *West-öst. Divan, Hikmet Nameh.*

179 14. **Conversion.** The year 1825, which Carlyle spent at Hoddam Hill, was "perhaps the most triumphantly important of my life." *Rem.*, II, 179. "The final chaining down, trampling home 'for good,' home into their caves for ever of all my spiritual dragons, which had wrought me such woe, and for a decade past had made my life black and bitter. (Footnote. First battle, one in the Rue de l'Enfer — Leith Walk — four years before. Campaign not ended till now.) This year 1826 saw the end of all that, with such a feeling on my part as may be fancied. I found it to be essentially what Methodist people call their 'conversion,' the deliverance of their souls from the Devil and the pit! precisely enough *that*, in new form. And there burnt accordingly a sacred flame of joy in me, silent in my inmost being, as of one henceforth superior to fate, able to look down on its stupid injuries with contempt, pardon, and almost with a kind of thanks and pity." *C. E. L.*, I, 342 f. "I understood well what the old Christian people meant by their 'Conversion' by God's Infinite Mercy to them: — I had in effect gained an immense victory; and, for a number of years, had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was

quite royal and supreme; in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant." *Rem.*, II, 180, and *C. E. L.*, I, 312; cp. 152 23, n.

179 18. **Ecce Homo.** See John xix. 5 (Vulgate).

179 19. **Choice of Hercules.** Nam quod Herculem Prodicium dicunt, ut est apud Xenophontem, quum primum pubesceret, quod tempus a natura ad deligendum, quam quisque viam vivendi sit ingressurus datum est, exisse in solitudinem atque ibi sedentem diu secum multumque dubitasse, quum duas cerneret vias, unam Voluptatis, alteram Virtutis, utram ingredi melius esset, hoc Herculi Iovis satu edito potuit fortasse contingere, — Cicero, *De Officiis*, I, xxxii. "O Prodicus! Was thy 'Choice of Hercules' written to shame us; that after twenty centuries of 'perfectibility' we are here still arguing?" *L. W. C.*, *Wotton Reinfred*, 100 f.

179 24. **Zinzendorfs.** Nikolaus, Count v. Zinzendorf (1700–1760), was prominent in the sect of Moravians or United Brethren; and gave them a refuge on his estate, Herrnhut.

179 27. **"work in well-doing."** See 166 20, and n.

180 9. **Papin's Digester.** Denis Papin (1647–*c.* 1712) in 1681 presented a paper to the Royal Society describing his invention of a "digester or engine for softening bones." To this machine was applied for the first time the principle of the safety-valve; the title of the French tract describing it explains C.'s allusion fully. "La manière d'amollir les os et de faire couire toutes sortes de viandes en fort peu de tems et à peu de frais, etc." See Dechanel, *Natural Philosophy, II. Heat*, p. 360. Lond., 1888. Cp. 190 26.

180 14. **Aaron's Rod.** See Exodus vii. 10, 20; viii. 6, 17.

180 21. **The Word.** See John i. 1–3.

180 27. **to spend.** See 2 Cor. xii. 15.

180 33. **seed-field of Opinion.** An application of the motto, "*Mein Acker, etc.*" See n., p. 275.

181 7. **mustard-seed.** See Matt. xiii. 31, 32.

181 32. **Solon's and Lycurgus's Constitutions.** See Langhorne's *Plutarch*, I, 262-284; 135–152. Lond., 1809.

181 33. **Justinian's Pandects.** See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, VIII, ch. xliv. pp. 33–111. Lond., 1807. — **Code Napoléon.** The total alteration of the laws of France by Napoleon; based on Justinian's *Institutions*. See Scott, *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, VI, 44–66. Edin., 1827.

182 13. **no Property in our very Bodies.** "I have no *property* in anything whatsoever; except perhaps (if I am a virtuous man) in my own free will. Of my body I have only a life rent; of all that is

without my skin only an accidental possession, so long as I can keep it." *Journal*, *C. E. L.*, II, 94.

183 22. **Nose-of-Wax.** "Laws altered, misconstrued, interpreted *pro* and *con*, as the Judge is made by his friends, bribed or otherwise affected as a nose of wax, good to-day, none to-morrow." Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Democritus to the Reader*.

> "But vows with you being like
> To your religion, a nose of wax
> To be turned every way."
> MASSINGER, *The Unnatural Combat*, v. 2.

184 13. **pretences of interpretation.** For Carlyle's interpretation, see *Essays*, *Diderot*, III, 287.

184 15. **selected.** By Diogenes Teufelsdröckh himself. See 6, 5 ff.

184 17. **Serpent-of-Eternity.** "I have made an important improvement in the Device of the Seal. Instead of a plain *Ring* round the *Star*, we will have a Serpent-of-Eternity (its tail in its mouth, universally understood as the emblem of Eternity), and on the body of *it* the words engraved. It can be made larger than the ring could — and then a Star travelling through Eternity, *Ohne Hast*, etc.; this seems to me a really beautiful emblem." *Lett.*, 209.

184 29. **not what he did.** See above, l. 7.

184 32. **The imprisoned Chrysalis.** Psyche is the Greeks' personification of the soul, and her emblem is the butterfly.

185 8. **Lover's Leap.** See 141 29.

185 11. **'pools and plashes.'** See 141 32.

185 26. **Hell-gate Bridge.** See *Par. Lost*, ii. 1024–1033.

185 32. **Through many.**

> 'T is pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
> To peep at such a world.
> COWPER, *The Task*, iv.

186 7. **'Living Garment.'** See 48 22, 31.

186 13. **'diluted madness.'** Carlyle used this term to describe Lamb's wit. See *Rem.*, I, 94.

186 23. **'Passivity.'** See 91 6.

187 7. **Dream Grottoes.** See 46 31, n.

188 1. This first paragraph is the key to the whole mystery of Clothes Philosophy, such as it is. For the indirect self-praise of the second sentence, cp. 25 30, n.

188 11. **all earthly principalities.** Eph. i. 21, adapted.

188 18. **Adamite.** See 51 6, n.

188 19. **Rousseau.** Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1794). The first works which brought him into notice were paradoxical arraignments of civilization, in which he exalts 'la nature' and 'l'état de nature'; and pleads for simplicity of life. The notion that he 'recommended nudity' is based on such assertions as 'L'homme de bien est un athlète qui se plaît à combattre nu' (*Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts*, I, 4; *Œuvres Complètes*, Paris, 1884), and 'Ce n'est pas donc un si grand malheur à ces premiers hommes; ni surtout un si grand obstacle à leur conservation, que la nudité, le défaut d'habitation, et la privation de toutes ces inutilités que nous croyons si nécessaires' (*Discours sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes*, I, 88; *Œuvres Complètes*, Paris, 1884).

189 15. **old figure.** See 185 26, n.

189 19. **Perfectibility.** Carlyle is apparently thinking not of the Christian doctrine of perfection but the tenet of the optimistic philosophers. Cp. 192, 25, and *Essays, German Lit.*, I, 72.

189 21. **Diet of Worms.** "This City of Worms, had we a right imagination, ought to be as venerable to us Moderns, as any Thebes or Troy was to the Ancients. Whether founded by the Gods or not, it is of quite unknown antiquity, and has witnessed the most wonderful things. Within authentic times, the Romans were here; and if tradition may be credited, Attila also; it was the seat of the Austrasian kings; the frequent residence of Charlemagne himself; innumerable Festivals, High-tides, Tournaments and Imperial Diets were held in it, of which latter, one at least, that where Luther appeared in 1521, will be forever remembered by all mankind." *Essays, The Nibelungen Lied*, II, 335, n.

189 22. **Peterloo.** The name given to a riot at St. Peter's Field, Manchester, Aug. 16, 1819. A meeting to discuss Parliamentary Reform was dispersed by the military; eleven persons were killed and 600 wounded. The name was suggested by Waterloo.

189 25. **George Fox's making.** The founder of the Society of Friends (1624–1691). See *Dict. Nat. Biog.* and 190 19, n.

"Ce fut dans le temps que trois ou quatre sectes déchiraient la Grande-Bretagne par des guerres civiles entreprises au nom de DIEU, qu'un nommé *George Fox*, du comté de Leicester, fils d'un ouvrier en soie, s'avisa de prêcher en vrai apôtre à ce qu'il prétendait; c'est-à-dire, sans savoir ni lire ni écrire. C'était un jeune homme de vingt-cinq ans, de mœurs irréprochables, et saintement

fou. Il était vêtu de cuir depuis les pieds jusqu'à la tête; il allait de village en village, criant contre la guerre et contre le clergé." Voltaire, *Histoire des Quakers.*

189 28. **Divine Idea.** "According to Fichte, there is a 'Divine Idea' pervading the visible Universe; which visible Universe is itself but its symbol and sensible manifestation, having in itself no meaning, or even true existence independent of it. To the mass of men this Divine Idea of the world lies hidden; yet to discern it, to seize it, and live wholly in it, is the condition of all genuine virtue, knowledge, freedom; and the end, therefore, of all spiritual effort in every age. Literary Men are the appointed interpreters of this Divine Idea; a perpetual priesthood, we might say, standing forth, generation after generation, as the dispensers and living types of God's everlasting wisdom, to show it in their writings and actions, in such particular form as their own particular times require it in." *Essays, State of German Literature*, I, 62 f. For a humorous turn of the phrase cp. 247 18.

190 8. **Thirdborough.** Constable.

> *Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough.
> *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1.
>
> *Host.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.
>
> *Sly.* Third or fourth or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law.
> *Taming of the Shrew, Induction.*

190 19. **drink beer.** Carlyle's wonderful memory is at fault here, and he hardly does the Leicestershire parsons justice. What one clergyman *did* advise Fox to do was to "take tobacco and sing psalms," part of which recommendation is distinctly edifying and part might have induced such a smoker as Carlyle to exercise a little charity in the matter. Poor Fox complains that he did not like tobacco and could not sing. *Fox's Journals*, I, 79. This counsel might have been mistaken, but it was not vicious. The error may be due to Carlyle's confusing this with another incident. Fox, like Byron, had no objection to a pot of beer; but being once urged, while having such refreshment, by a "professor," to assist in an orgy of health drinking, he refused, paid his shot and walked off. *Journals*, I, 76 f. See Watson's *Life of George Fox*, p. 22. Lond., 1860. Marsh, *A Popular Life of George Fox*, p. 30. Lond., 1847. *Fox's Journals*, I, 79. Lond., 1827.

190 20. **Blind leaders.** See Matt. xv. 14.

190 26. **Patent Digester.** See 180 9, n.

191 3. **Loretto-shrine.** Near Ancona in Italy, "the Christian Mecca." The shrine is said to be the house in Nazareth in which Mary was born and brought up. See Swift, *Tale of a Tub*, sec. 4.

191 13. **hollow of a tree** "But my troubles continued and I was often under great temptations; and I fasted much and walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my bible and went and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places till night came on." *Fox's Journals*, I, 82. Lond., 1827.

191 15. **perennial suit.** "Now, though it might seem not very agreeable with the gravity of my work, to mention what kind of clothes he wore in these first years of his peregrination; yet I do not account it absurd to say here, that it is true what a certain author, *viz.*, Gerard Croes, relates of him, that he was clothed with leather; but not as the said author adds, because he could not, nor would not, forget his former leather work; but it was partly for the simplicity of that dress, and also because such a clothing was strong and needed but little mending or repairing." Sewel, *History of the Quakers*, I, 20. Lond., 1811. Cp. *Fox's Journals*, I, 146. Lond., 1827.

191 24. **Angelo.** Michelangelo Buonarotti (1475–1564), the sculptor of the David and the Moses, and decorator of the Sistine chapel ceiling. — **Rosa,** Salvator (1615–1673), Neapolitan painter, noted for his romantic landscapes and battle-pieces. The bracketing of these names in this connection indicates Carlyle's ignorance of art. See M. D. Conway, *Thomas Carlyle*, p. 116. N. Y., 1881.

191 34. **Vanity holds.** Carlyle wishes to convey the idea that the world from which Fox escapes is at once frivolous, laborious and sordid. To do this, he combines in one phrase the notions represented by Vanity Fair of *Pilgrim's Progress*, the English workhouse, and the squalid, vicious street of London known as Ragfair.

192 5. **for the Poor.** Matt. xi. 5, adapted.

192 6. **D'Alembert.** Jean le Rond (1717–1783), French philosopher and mathematician, wrote for the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*, the *Discours préliminaire.*

192 7. **Diogenes . . . the greatest man.** His lack of decency is fully discussed in Bayle's Dictionary. For his sayings see Diog. Laert., *Vit. Philos.*, vi.

192 16. **Cynic's Tub.** "Diogenes . . . dressed himself in the garment which distinguished the Cynics and walked about the streets with a tub on his head, which served him as a house and a place of repose." *Lemprière.*

192 22. **'perennial suit.'** See 191 15, n.

192 25. **Perfectibility of Society.** Cp. 189 19, **n.**

192 28. **North Cape.** See 163 20 = 164 8.

192 30. **more meant.**

> And if aught else great bards beside
> In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
> Of turneys and of trophies hung;
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear.
>
> MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, 115–120.

193 5. **Mammon-god.** See 191 33.

193 6. **Vanity's Workhouse.** See 191 34, n.

193 14. **Fancy-Bazaar.** The Soho bazar in London dates from 1806 and is still in operation.

193 15. **Day and Martin.** A well-known London firm, makers of blacking for boots. Cp. Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, I, 1.

193 24. **Gibeonites.** See Josh. ix. 3–27.

194 13. **life-giving Word.** See John i. 3, 4, 14.

194 16. **wonder of wonders.** Cp. 248 24, n.

194 17. **two or three.** See Matt. xviii. 20.

194 20. **cloven tongues.** See Acts ii. 3.

194 28. **Novalis.** Pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772–1801), a German mystic, author of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen. Hymnen an die Nacht, Blüthenstaub.* See Carlyle's characterization, *Essays*, II, 79–134.

194 28. **It is certain.** "Es ist gewiss, dass eine Meinung sehr viel gewinnt, sobald ich weiss, dass irgend jemand davon überzeugt ist, sie wahrhaft annimmt." *Novalis Schriften*, II, 104. Berlin, 1826. Quoted also, *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 15; cp. 7 4.

195 8. **virtue goes out.** Mark v. 30, adapted.

195 27. **getrosten Muthes.** A form of expression occurring in Carlyle's correspondence. Cp. *Lett.*, 54, 227, 235; *C. E. L.*, II, 149.

196 22. **hollow shapes.** Cp. 214 10.

196 27. **ghastly affectation of Life.** Cp. 214 12. "Meanwhile it is singular how long the rotten will hold together, provided you do not handle it roughly. For whole generations it continues standing, 'with a ghastly affectation of life,' after all life and truth has fled out of it; so loth are men to quit their old ways, and conquering indolence and inertia, venture on new." *French Revolution, The Bastille*, bk. ii. cap. iii.

196 29. **new Vestures.** Cp. 215 3.

197 5. **Palingenesia.** See 29 31 and 243 28.

197 26. **Paper-bags.** See 69 3, n.

198 5. **Altars might still.** "Well might the Ancients make Silence a god; for it is the element of all godhood, infinitude or transcendental greatness; at once the source and the ocean where all such begins and ends." *Essays*, III, 21; cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 235.

198 10. **William the Silent.** "William of Orange earned the surname of 'the Silent' from the manner in which he received these communications of Henry without revealing to the monarch, by word or look, the enormous blunder he had committed." Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, pt. ii. ch. i. p. 233. Lond., 1889.

198 18. **Speech is too often.** "La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour déguiser sa pensée," attributed by Barère to Talleyrand. Cp. Büchmann, *Geflügelte Worte*, 391, 17th ed., for fuller discussion.

198 22. **Swiss Inscription.** It is still to be seen carved in the wood-work of old Swiss houses.

198 27. **Bees will not work.** "Beware of speaking. Speech is human, silence is divine, yet also brutish and dead: therefore we must learn both arts; they are both difficult. Flower roots *hidden* under soil. Bees working in darkness, etc. The soul, too, in silence. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. Indeed secrecy is the element of all goodness; every virtue, every beauty is mysterious." *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 93.

198 29. **Let not thy left hand.** See Matt. vi. 3.

198 33. **Like other plants.** "Under all her works, chiefly under her noblest work, Life, lies a basis of Darkness, which she benignantly conceals; in Life, too, the roots and inward circulations which stretch down fearfully to the regions of Death and Night, shall not hint of their existence, and only the fair stem with its leaves and flowers, shone on by the fair sun, shall disclose itself and joyfully grow." *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 8.

199 19. **Seal-Emblem.** This was written before the invention of envelopes, in the age of wax and wafers. Carlyle's own seal was a candle with the motto, *Terar dum prosim*. In 1831 some English admirers of Goethe presented him with a gold seal. The device was a serpent of eternity about a star, and the motto *Ohne Hast Aber Ohne Rast*. See *G.-Corr.*, 291–295; and 184 17, n.

199 32. **the Universe . . . one vast Symbol.** "Is not all visible nature, all sensible existence the symbol and vesture of the Invisible and Infinite? Is it not in these material shows of things

that God, virtue, immortality are shadowed forth and made manifest to man? Material nature is as a Fata-morgana, hanging in the air, a cloud-picture, but painted by the heavenly light; in itself it is air and nothingness, but behind it is the glory of the sun." *L. W. C., Wotton Reinfred*, 137.

200 3. **"Messias of Nature."** "Man has ever expressed some symbolical Philosophy of his Being in his Works and Conduct; he announces himself and his Gospel of Nature; he is the Messiah of Nature." *Essays, Novalis*, II, 118. "Man is heaven-born; not the thrall of Circumstances, of Necessity, but the victorious subduer thereof; behold how he can become the 'Announcer of himself and of his Freedom;' and is ever what the Thinker named him, 'the Messias of Nature!'" *Id., Boswell's Life of Johnson*, III, 98 f.; see *Novalis Schriften*, II, 169. Berlin, 1837.

200 13. **Motive-Millwrights.** Carlyle was opposed to the Utilitarian philosophy, and this is his interpretation or travesty of it. See Richard Garnett, *Life of Thomas Carlyle*, 171. Lond., 1887.

200 14. **Fantastic tricks.**

> Man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
> His glassy essence — like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.
> *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2.

200 16. **heap of Glass.** "Another thinks he is a nightingale, and therefore sings all the night long; another he is all glass, a pitcher, and will therefore let nobody come near him, and such a one Laurentius gives out upon his credit, that he knew in France." Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part 1, sec. 3, mem. 1, subs. 3.

200 18. **There stands he.** "Buridan (died about 1358) is the creator of the famous ass, which, as *Burdin's* ass, was current in Burgundy, perhaps is, as a vulgar proverb. . . . The story *told* about the famous paradox is very curious. The Queen of France, Joanna or Jeanne, was in the habit of sewing her lovers up in sacks, and throwing them into the Seine; not for blabbing, but that they might not blab — certainly the safer plan. Buridan was exempted, and, in gratitude, invented the sophism. . . . The argument is as follows, and is seldom told in full. Buridan was for free-will — that is, will which determines conduct, let motives be ever so evenly balanced. An ass is *equally* pressed by hunger and thirst; a bundle of hay is on one side, a pail of water on the other. Surely, you will

say, he will not be ass enough to die for want of food and drink ; he will then make a choice — that is, will choose between alternatives of equal force. The problem became famous in the schools ; some allowed the poor donkey to die of indecision ; some denied the possibility of the balance, which was no answer at all." De Morgan, *Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 28. Lond., 1872.

201 5. **Marseillese Hymns.** "Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onward ; unweariable, not to be turned aside. Such march will become famous. The Thought, which works voiceless in this black-browed mass, an inspired Tyrtaean Colonel, Rouget de Lille, whom the earth still holds (1836), has translated into grim melody and rhythm ; into his *Hymn* or March *of the Marseillese:* luckiest musical-publication ever promulgated." *French Revolution, The Constitution*, bk. vi.; *The Marseilles*, cap. ii. For use of plurals cp. 2 1, n. Against the Utilitarian theory of motives, Carlyle exalts the part played by the emotions in human affairs. For the view which Carlyle opposes see Godwin, *Thoughts on Man*, p. 240. Lond., 1831.

201 8. **medicating virtue.** Vis medicatrix naturae.

201 12. **King . . . Priest . . . Prophet.** See 80 25, n.

201 29. **Kaiser Joseph.** The Second of Austria (1741–1790), son of Francis I. and Maria Theresa. He is remembered as a high-minded but injudicious reformer. His refusal to be crowned king of Hungary was one of his great blunders. The iron crown was worn only once by the Hungarian monarchs, on the day of their coronation. It was removed from Presburg to Vienna by his orders in 1784, and sent back to the cathedral at Buda in 1790, after his death.

201 33. **lives, works.** See 2 26, n.

202 9. **Bauernkrieg.** One phase of the Reformation in Germany in the years 1524–25. See D'Aubigné, *History of the Reformation*, bk. ix. chs. x, xi.

202 10. **Netherland Gueux.** See Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, I, p. 515 f. and p. 520 (N. Y., 3 vols., 1856), for a most spirited account of how the name originated.

202 12. **King Philip.** Philip the Second of Spain.

202 20. **Costumes and Customs.** See 30 12, n.

202 27. **The Cross.** Cp. 203 26 ff.

203 20. **present God.** Cp.

> A present deity they shout around,
> A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound.
>
> DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, 35 f.

and Acts xii. 21–23.

204 3. **wax old.** See Ps. cii. 26.

204 10. **Runic Thor.** 'Runick' was used loosely to mean Norse, Scandinavian, etc. Thor is the war-god Thunder, representing the destructive forces in Nature. For his deeds see the *Elder Edda*, *Þrymskviða*, etc.

204 11. **Mumbo-Jumbo.** "On the 7th of December, 1795, I departed from Konjour, and slept in a village called Malla (or Mallaing); and the 8th, about noon, I arrived at Kalor, a considerable town, near the entrance of which I observed, hanging upon a tree, a sort of masquerade habit, made of the bark of trees, which I was told on enquiry belonged to Mumbo-Jumbo. This is a strange bugbear common in the Mandingo towns, and much employed by the pagan natives in keeping their women in subjection." Mungo Park, *Travels*, p. 43. N. Y., 1813.

204 12. **Pawaw.** *Fraser* and the *editio princeps* have 'Wau-Wau.' Wah-wah, or wow-wow, is the name of an Indian ape. Pow-wow is priest, conjurer, medicine-man.

204 17. **Ancient Pistol thought.**

> Fortune is Bardolph's foe and frowns on him;
> For he has stol'n a pix, and hanged must a' be.
> . . . . . .
> For pix of little price.
>
> *Henry V.*, iii. 6.

204 26. **Pontiff.** See 70 30, n.

204 28. **Prometheus-like.** See 147 22, n.

205 2. **"Champion of England."** To the family of Dymocke belongs the office of hereditary champion. He appears at the ceremony in full armor. The reference is to the coronation of George IV., July 19, 1821. See *Past and Present*, bk. iii, cap. i. p. 121.

205 8. **Ragfair.** See 191 34, n.

205 14. **Repression of Population.** This pamphlet is simply a peg for Carlyle to hang his views of Malthusianism upon.

205 24. **Malthus.** T. R. Malthus (1766–1834) advocated the theory that while population increases in geometrical proportion, the means of subsistence increases only in arithmetical proportion. One remedy for poverty lies in parents' limiting by self-restraint the number of their children. His theory is more often denounced and misrepresented than disproved. Cp. 21 27, n.

205 25. **his zeal.** See Ps. lxix. 9.

206 1. **diluted forms of Madness.** See 186 13, n.

206 14. **Zähdarm . . . Futteral.** See bk. ii. caps. iv. (p. 115) and i. ii.

207 6. **bread of Life.** See John vi. 35.

207 15. **Guidance, Freedom, Immortality.** This passage is apparently based on this axiom of Novalis quoted, *Essays*, II, 118. "Philosophy can bake no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, Immortality. Which then is more practical, Philosophy or Economy?" See *Novalis Schriften*, II, 124. Berlin, 1837.

207 17. **chaff and dust.** An adaptation of two passages, Ps. i. 4 and John iii. 8.

207 26. **light shining.** See John i. 5.

207 33. **heavy-laden.** See Matt. xi. 28.

207 34. **smoky cribs.** "Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs—" *Henry IV.*, b. iii. 1.

208 9. **Breath of God.** See Gen. ii. 7.

208 18. **The old Spartans.** "As often as the slave population appeared to be growing strong and it was thought expedient to weaken and terrify them, murderous raids were made against them to keep down their number and their spirit. THUCYDIDES, an author of reputation, unsurpassed for grave veracity and caution, tells a tale of what happened in his own day, soon after the death of PERICLES." Langhorne's *Plutarch*, p. 226. Cp. *id.*, *crypteia*.

208 29. **Have them salted.** The idea is Swift's and may be found elaborated with the coolest cynicism in his tract, "A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from Being a Burden to their Parents or Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Public." 1729.

209 14. **too crowded indeed.** "Must the indomitable millions, full of old Saxon energy and fire, lie cooped up in this Western Nook, choking one another, as in a Blackhole of Calcutta, while a whole fertile untenanted Earth, desolate for want of the ploughshare, cries: Come and till me, come and reap me? If the ancient Captains can no longer yield guidance, new must be sought after." *Essays*, *Characteristics*, III, 44. This is the usual argument and merely puts off the evil day.

209 21. **the Curragh.** A district in the centre of county Kildare, Ireland, famous as a hunting ground.

209 24. **Hengsts.** See 181, n. — **Alarics.** See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, III, 265–452. Lond., 1866.

209 26. **Fire-pillars.** See Exodus xiii. 21.

209 27. **living Valour.**

When this fiery mass
Of living valour rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope.—
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, iii. 27.

209 30. **Preserving their Game.** See 84 15, n.

210 11. **Pericardial Nervous Tissue.** See 196 5.

210 25. **calls it Peace.** For similar thought compare,

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse;
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.
TENNYSON, *Maud*, i. 6, 7.

211 4. **Laissez-faire.** "What is this universal cry for *Laissez-faire?* Does it mean that human affairs require no guidance; that wisdom and forethought cannot guide them better than folly and accident? Alas, does it not mean: *Such* guidance is worse than none! Leave us alone of *your* guidance; eat your wages, and sleep! And now if guidance have grown indispensable, and the sleep continue, what becomes of the sleep and its wages?" Carlyle, *Chartism*, cap. vi.

211 20. **'observant eyes.'** See above, l. 7.

211 23. **Wahngasse.** See 16 24, n.

212 3. **as Rousseau prayed.** See 188 19, n.

213 9. **Water of Life.** See Rev. xxii. 17.

213 13. **'Armament of Mechanisers.'** See 212 18, 23.

213 21. **divested.** One of Carlyle's recondite puns. Reference to the common phrase, 'vested interests,' and play on the literal meaning of the word.

213 23. **Irish watchcoat.** Carlyle, as an admirer of Sterne, may refer to his tale, "The History of a Watchcoat," which "was purchased and given . . . by the lord of the manor, to this parish-church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor sextons thereof, and their successors for ever, to be worn by them respectively in winterly cold nights, in ringing *complines, passing bells, etc.*" *Works of Laurence Sterne*, II, p. 625. Lond., 1885. "Patched all over like an Irishman's coat." Kingsley, *Water-Babies*, p. 89. Lond., 1891.

213 25. **Job's-news.** German (*Hiobspost*), not English, for tidings of disaster. See Job i. 13–19.

213 27. **into the wheel-spokes.**

> "*You* purpose, single
> In all Europe, alone, to fling yourself
> Against the wheel of Destiny that rolls
> For ever its appointed course; to clutch
> Its spokes with mortal arm?"
>
> SCHILLER, *Don Carlos*, iii. 10.

Translated by Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*, 64 f. Lond., 1874.

214 1. **'Inevitable and Inexorable.'** See 213 30.

214 2. **diabolico-angelical Indifference.** See 28 1.

214 4. **huge Ragfair.** See 191 34, n. — **rags and tatters.** See 205 7.

214 7. **'unhunted Helots.'** See 208 19 ff, and 208 18, n.

214 8. **sic vos non vobis.** "Thus do ye but not for yourselves." Part of lines attributed to Virgil. Donatus, *Life of Virgil*, 17.

> Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves,
> Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,
> Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,
> Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

"The rule, *Sic vos non vobis*, never altogether to be got rid of in men's Industry, now presses with such incubus weight that Industry must shake it off, or utterly be strangled under it." *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 25.

214 10. **'empty Masks.'** See 196 22 ff.

214 15. **'Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo.'** See 16 25, n.

214 25. **mortal coil.**

> "When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."
>
> *Hamlet*, iii. 1, 66.

214 29. **two or three.** See 194 17 n.

215 3. **Religion.** See 196 28 f.

215 6. **aphorism of Saint Simon's.** For his philosophy, see *Doctrine de Saint-Simon, Exposition, Première Année*, 1828–1829, 3d ed. Paris, 1831; *Œuvres Choisies de C. H. de Saint-Simon précédées d'un Essai sur sa Doctrine*. 3 vols. Paris, 1839; and *Quarterly Review*, 1831, pp. 407–450.

215 12. **the Phœnix.** "That there is but one phœnix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth itself and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great antiquity; not only delivered by human authors but frequently expressed also by holy writers. . . . The Scripture also seems to favour it, particularly that of Job xxi. In

the interpretation of Beda, *Dicebam, in nidulo meo moriar, et sicut phoenix multiplicabo dies;* and Psalm xxxi. δίκαιος ὥσπερ φοῖνιξ ἀνθήσει, *vir justus ut phoenix florebit*, as Tertullian renders it, and so also expounds it in his book before alleged. . . . .

"As for longevity, that it liveth a thousand years or more; besides that from imperfect observations and rarity of appearance, no confirmation can be made, there may be probably a mistake in the compute." Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, bk. iii. cap. xii. Cp. Dekker, *Foure Birdes of Noah's Ark*, *Non-Dramatic Works*, V, 88 f. Huth Library.

215 17. **incautious beards.** "Le satyre, dit une ancienne fable, voulut baiser et embrasser le feu, la première fois qu'il le vit; mais Prometheus lui cria: 'Satyre, tu pleureras la barbe de ton menton, car il brûle quand on y touche.'" Rousseau, *Discours sur les Sciences et les Arts*, ii. n.

215 27. **Phœnix Death-Birth.** See 215 12, n.

216 7. **more in sorrow.**

> A countenance more
> In sorrow than in anger.
>
> *Hamlet*, i. 2.

216 8. **Doctor utriusque Juris.** Doctor of both Laws, LL.D. See 5 22, n.

216 12. **gukguk.** See 12 6, n.

216 22. **rosy-fingered.** ῥοδοδάκτυλος, Homeric epithet for the Dawn.

216 24. **gold-vapour.** Because the alchemist sought for a substance called the Philosopher's Stone that would turn base metals into gold.

216 27. **Shall Courtesy be done.** "Why should politeness be peculiar to the rich and well-born? Is not every man *alive*, and is not every man venerable to every other? 'There is but one temple in the universe,' says Novalis, 'and that is the body of man.'" *C.-Jour.*, Sept. 7, 1830; cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 88.

217 15. **There is but one Temple.** "Es giebt nur Einen Tempel in der Welt, und das ist der menschliche Körper. Nichts ist heiliger als diese hohe Gestalt. Das Bücken vor Menschen ist eine Huldigung dieser Offenbarung im Fleisch. Man berührt den Himmel, wenn man einen Menschenleib betastet." *Novalis Schriften*, II, 126. Berlin, 1826. "Friend Novalis, the devoutest heart I knew, and of purest depth, has not scrupled to call man what the Divine Man is called in Scripture, a 'Revelation in the Flesh.'"

Essays, Goethe's Works, III, 161 ; cp. *Essays, Novalis*, II, 118. The idea is Biblical ; see 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

217 22. **Johnson only bowed.** I find that on one occasion Johnson's bow to an archbishop made a great impression (see Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi, I, 21 f., Lond., 1861, and Boswell, *sub ann.*, 1781), but no notice of such a habit as here mentioned. See, however, *The Virginians*, I, xxvi. p. 247 f. Lond., 1869.

217 33. **reverence to those Shells.** The idea is Richter's, amplified. "For him a garment was a sort of hollow half-man, to whom only the nobler parts and first principles were wanting : he honoured the wrappages and hulls of our interior, not as an Elegant or a Critic of Beauty, but because it was not possible for him to despise aught which he saw others honouring." *Quintus Fixlein, C.-Trans.*, II, 104.

218 5. **straddling animal.** See 50 26, n.

218 16. **Pagoda is not less sacred.** "Fixlein . . . courteously took off his hat before the empty windows of the Castle; houses of quality were to him like persons of quality, as in India the Pagoda at once represents the temple and the god." *C.-Trans., Quintus Fixlein*, II, 108.

218 21. **Toomtabard.** See below, l. 23, and *C. E. L.*, II, 89.

219 6. **monstrous tuberosity.** "It is like the heart of all the universe, and the flood of human effort rolls out of it and into it with a violence that almost appals one's very sense. O that our father saw Holborn in a fog! with the black vapour brooding over it absolutely like fluid ink ; and coaches and wains and sheep and oxen and wild people rushing on with bellowings and shrieks and thundering din as if the earth in general were gone distracted! Then there are stately streets and squares and calm green recesses, into which nothing of this abomination is permitted to enter. No wonder Cobbett calls the place a Wen. It is a monstrous Wen." Letter of Carlyle, quoted by Garnett, *Life*, p. 37. Lond., 1887. Cp. *E. Lett.*, 311 f.

219 9. **Spartan broth.** *ζωμός μέλας.* See Langhorne's *Plutarch*, p. 35. N. Y., 1864.

219 12. **Monmouth Street.** "Noted throughout the entire XVIII century for the sale of second-hand clothes, and several of the shops continue to be occupied by Jew dealers in left-off apparel." *London, Past and Present*, II, 554.

> Thames street gives cheeses, Covent Garden, fruits,
> Moorfield, old books, and Monmouth street, old suits.

219 13. **Sanhedrim.** The Jewish national council.

219 17. **the Prison.** "The Prison called Life." In *Fraser*.

> — he cast him forth,
> And shut him in a prison called LIFE.

From Werner's drama, *The Templars of Cyprus*, quoted by Carlyle, *Essays*, I, 115.

219 21. **Angel of Doom.** See Rev. xi. 15, 18.

219 22. **like the Pope.** "TIARA. A cylindrical head-dress pointed at the top and surrounded with three crowns, which the Pope wears as a symbol of sovereignty." *Catholic Dictionary*. For the three hats, see *Roundabout Papers*, "Autour de mon chapeau," the initial. "I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head three story high." *Tale of a Tub*, sect. iv.

"Perhaps many of Carlyle's readers may never have seen the innumerable grey-bearded Jews . . . who once perambulated the streets of London, with their unceasing 'Ou' Clo'' ; and with perhaps a couple of black calico bags thrown over their shoulders, containing old clothes of every kind ; and with two or three hats slung or stuck anywhere about them for convenience of carriage. Hats were made of beaver-skin in those days, and were specially prized by that symbolic fraternity, now to be seen and heard no more. Field Lane, also, with its long fluttering rows of silk handkerchiefs (the prizes of successful pocket-picking), where victims sometimes purchased, on cheap terms, handkerchiefs they had lost over night, — Field Lane also has been swept from existence by the new times ; but both it, and what were called the 'Ou' Clo' men,' were once familiar enough to the inhabitants of London." Larkin, *Carlyle and the Open Secret of His Life*, 48. Lond., 1886.

219 28. **purify.** See etymology of Purgatory.

220 1. **Field Lane.** See 219 22, n.

220 2. **Dionysius' Ear.** Greek tyrant of Syracuse, A.U.C. 364–367. "He made a subterraneous cave in a rock, still extant, in the form of a human ear, which measured 80 feet in height and 250 in length. It was called the ear of Dionysius. The sounds of this subterraneous cave were all naturally directed to one common tympanum which had a communication with an adjoining room where Dionysius spent the greatest part of his time to hear whatever was said by those whom his suspicion and cruelty had confined in the apartments above." *Lemprière*.

220 7. **Mirza's Hill.** See *The Spectator*, No. 159.

220 10. **beast-godhood.** "What indeed is man's life generally but a kind of beast-godhood; the god in us triumphing more and more over the beast; striving more and more to subdue it under his feet?" *Essays, Boswell's Johnson*, III, 84.

220 14. **'Devotion.'** See 219 31.

220 16. **money-changers.** See Matt. xxi. 12.

220 24. **fine frenzy.**

> The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1.

220 24. **'pacing and repacing.'** See 219 32.

220 25. **Delphic avenue.** Carlyle is apparently thinking of Dodona. "This *Faust* is a mystic Oracle for the mind; a Dodona grove, where the oaks and fountains prophesy to us of our destiny, and murmur unearthly secrets." *Essays, Goethe's Helena*, I, 168.

220 26. **Whispering-gallery.** There is such a gallery in St. Paul's, London. Cp. 220 2, n.

220 27. **'Ghosts of Life.'** See 219 27.

220 29. **the grass grow.** German proverb, rather satirical.

> Man rühmet, Ihr wäret der pfissigste Mann,
> Ihr hörtet das Gräschen fast wachsen, sagt man.
> Bürger, *Der Kaiser und der Abt.*

221 10. **'ink-sea.'** See 219 8 and 219 6, n.

221 12. **Egg of Eros.**

> First of all was Chaos, one confusèd heap:
> Darkness enwrapt the disagreeing deep;
> In a mixt crowd the jumbling elements were,
> Nor earth, nor air, nor heaven did appear;
> Till on the horrid vast abyss of things,
> Teeming night spreading o'er her coal black wings,
> Laid the first egg; whence, after time's due course,
> Issued forth Love (the world's prolific source)
> Glistening with golden wings; which fluttering o'er
> Dark Chaos, gendered all the numerous store
> Of animals and gods, ———

Aristophanes, *Birds*, 694 ff.; quoted by Cudworth, *Intellectual System*, I, 174. Lond., 1845. Cp. *ib.*, 401.

222 8. **two centuries.** See 221 17.

222 13. **Thy very Hatred.** "If the doing of right depends on the receiving of it; if our fellow-men, in this world, are not persons, but mere things, that for services bestowed will return services, —

steam-engines that will manufacture calico, if we put in coal and water, — then doubtless, the calico ceasing, our coals and water may also rationally cease; the questioner threatening to injure us for the truth, we may rationally tell him lies. But if, on the other hand, our fellow-man is no steam-engine, but a man; united with us, and with all men, and with the Maker of all men, in sacred, mysterious, indissoluble bands, in an All-embracing Love, that encircles alike the seraph and the glow-worm, then will our duties to him rest quite on another basis than this very humble one of *quid pro quo*." *Essays*, *Voltaire*, II, 33. "Hatred itself is but an inverse love. The philosopher's wife complained to the philosopher that certain two-legged animals without feathers spake evil of him, spitefully criticised his goings out and comings in; wherein she, too, failed not of her share: 'Light of my life,' answered the philosopher, 'it is their love of us, unknown to themselves, and taking a foolish shape; thank them for it, and do thou love them more wisely. Were we mere steam-engines working here under this roof-tree, they would scorn to speak of us once in a twelvemonth.'" *Essays*, *Goethe's Works*, III, 160.

222 25. **largest imaginable Glass-bell.** A hint of Goethe's expanded. "I at once perceived it to be only as a glass bell, which shut me up in the exhausted airless space: One bold stroke to break the bell in pieces and thou art delivered!" Carlyle, *Meister's Apprenticeship*, I, 305. Lond., 1868. "If Mechanism, like some glass bell, encircles and imprisons us; if a soul looks forth on a fair heavenly country which it cannot reach, and pines, and in its scanty atmosphere is ready to perish, — yet the bell is but of glass; 'one bold stroke to break the bell in pieces and thou art delivered.'" *Essays*, *Signs of the Times*, II, 160.

223 11. **hunting by Lake Winnipic.** This is Carlyle's contemptuous way of referring to the various quarrels of the rival fur-trading companies in north-west America; which probably affected the peltry market, though I have been unable to find any direct evidence to support the statement. See Washington Irving, *Astoria*, and Martin, *Castorologia*, cap. x. Montreal, 1892.

223 14. **mathematical fact.** See Newton, *Principia*, *Lex. III*, *Coroll. IV.*

223 26. **Cadmus.** See *Herod.* V, 58, 59 and notes (Rawlinson).

> You have the letters Cadmus gave —
> Think ye, he meant them for a slave?
>
> BYRON, *The Isles of Greece.*

— Faust of Mentz. See 34 26, n.

223 28. **Mœsogothic Ulfila.** Or Wulfila, the missionary to the Gothic tribes settled in Mœsia, on the Danube; the translator of the Bible into Gothic. The statement is incorrect, and rests on erroneous philology. At this time Gothic was supposed to be the language from which the other Teutonic dialects were derived.

223 30. **Tubalcain.** See 156 1, n.

224 12. **cloud of witnesses.** See Heb. xii. 1.

224 13. **Communion of Saints.** The idea is Goethean "The third in fine, teaches an inspired Communion of Saints, that is, of men in the highest degree good and wise." Carlyle, *Meister's Travels*, cap. x.

224 25. **Newton.** For Carlyle's study of Newton, *E. Lett.*, 31, 35, 51.

224 26. **Kepler.** See Brewster, *Martyrs of Science.* Lond., 1841.

224 33. **Pope's Bull.** On Dec. 10, 1520, Luther burnt publicly at the eastern gate of Wittenberg the bull by which he was excommunicated. It was common to sentence obnoxious works to be burnt by the hangman. See D'Aubigné, bk. vi. ch. x., and *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, 123. Lond., 1874.

225 8. **spheral swan-song.** See Tennyson, *The Dying Swan.*

> There 's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings.
> *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1.

225 15. **Remark, not without surprise.** "Earl (Jarl-Yirl), Count, Duke, Knight, etc., are all titles derived from *fighting;* the honour-titles of a future time will derive themselves from *knowing* and well-*doing*." *C.-Jour.*, Feb. 7, 1831; see *C. E. L.*, II, 98.

225 26. **means Ken-ning.** This etymology is no longer held. From O. E. *cynn*, race, and *ing*, the patronymic ending, meaning "a man of (noble) race." Kluge.

225 30. **by divine right.** "Kings *do* reign by divine right, or not at all. The King that were God-appointed, would be an emblem of God and could *demand* all obedience from us. But where is that man? The BEST MAN, could we find him, were he." *C.-Jour.*, Feb. 7, 1831; cp. *C. E. L.*, 98.

225 33. **King Popinjay.** See *Old Mortality*, p. 25 f. and n. Edin., 1876.

226 14. **Dead and of the Unborn.** Compare,

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,
> With nowhere yet to rest my head,
> Like these on earth I wait forlorn.
> ARNOLD, *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse.*

227 13. **when you have.**

> "Walls I can see tumbled down, walls I see also a-building,
> Here sit prisoners, there likewise do prisoners sit:
> Is the world then itself a huge prison? Free only the madman,
> His chains knitting up still into some graceful festoon?"
>
> *Essays, Goethe's Works*, iii. 213.

From Goethe, *Weissagungen des Bakis*, 13.

227 15. **Peace Society.** Founded in London in 1816 by the Society of Friends after the long Napoleonic wars. One great result which it has achieved is the establishment of international arbitration.

227 22. **'organic filaments.'** See 222 8.

227 23. **'Hero-Worship.'** See 228 12 ff. and Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship, passim.*

228 15. **Hero-worship.** See 227 23, n.

228 22. **Paris and Voltaire.** "The visit to Paris was perhaps a falsification of this prophecy for a moment. In 1778, yielding either to the solicitations of his niece, or to a momentary desire to enjoy the triumph of his renown at its centre, he returned to the great city which he had not seen for nearly thirty years. His reception has been described over and over again. It is one of the historic events of the century. No great captain, returning from a prolonged campaign of difficulty and hazard, crowned by most glorious victory, ever received a more splendid and far-resounding greeting. It was the last great commotion in Paris under the old régime." John Morley, *Voltaire*, 363; cp. *Essays, Voltaire*, II, 45–52.

228 27. **laid their hair.** "But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her." 1 Cor. xi. 15.

228 31. **in the dry tree.** Intentional variation of Luke xxiii. 31.

229 2. **virtue could come out.** See 195 8, n.

229 15. **There is no Church.** See 39 11, n.

229 30. **Said I not.** See 221 20 ff.

229 34. **ravelled sleeve.**

> Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.
>
> *Macbeth*, ii. 2.

230 7–15. **Prophet . . . Goethe.** See 39 11, n. and *Essays, Death of Goethe*, III, 145–155.

230 17. **Where there is no ministering Priest.** Prov. xxix. 18, adapted. "It is dreadful to live without vision. When there is no light the people perish." *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 80.

230 20. **Communion of Saints.** See 224 13, n.

230 24. **Miserere.** The 50th Psalm in the Vulgate begins with the words *miserere mei.* It is one of the Penitentials, and is embodied in various offices of the church.

230 30. **Morning Stars sing.** Job xxxviii. 7, adapted.

231 1. **Natural Supernaturalism.** In some respects this is the most important chapter in *Sartor.* "July 21 (1832). A strange feeling of *supernaturalism*, of 'the fearfulness and wonderfulness' of life, haunts me and grows upon me." *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 293.

231 6. **'Cloth-webs and Cob-webs.'** See 59 21.

231 10. **Phantasms, Time and Space.** "Perhaps, indeed, he is metaphysician enough to know that Time and Space are but quiddities, not entities; *forms* of the human soul, Laws of Thought, which to us appear independent existences, but, out of our brain, have no existence whatever: in which case the whole nodus may be more of a logical cobweb than any material perplexity. Let us see how he unravels or cuts it." *Essays, Goethe's Helena*, I, 172 f.; cp. 48 14 n.

231 16. **Holy of Holies.** See 90 1, n.

231 19. **promised land.** See Deut. xix. 8, xxvii. 3.

231 21. **'Courage, then!'** Diogenes made this remark at least twice, according to Diogenes Laertius. Once, when a tedious lecture was near its close, he said, "Courage, friends! I see land"; and when he saw a boy throwing stones at a gallows, "Courage! you will attain your object." *Vit. Philos.*, vi.

232 2. **King of Siam.** "The Indian prince who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost, reasoned justly." Hume, *Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*, sect. x. *Of Miracles.* Cp. *Talisman*, cap. ii.

232 7. **Open sesame!** The charm used to open the cavern in the story of *Ali Baba or the Forty Thieves* in "The Arabian Nights."

232 15 **rising . . . from the dead.** Carlyle seems here to be combating Hume. "When any one tells me that he saw a dead man restored to life, I immediately consider with myself, etc., etc." *Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*, x. *Of Miracles.* "I have *seen* no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from *nothing.*" *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 86.

232 19. **Iron swim.** See 2 Kings vi. 6.

232 29. **without variableness.** From James i. 17; incorrectly quoted.

233 8. **Did the Maker.** This is the argument at the close of Job. See cap. xxxviii. 4–18.

233 15. **without bottom.** This is a phrase which occurs in Scottish prayers. I have often heard the love of God compared to 'an ocean without a bottom and without a shore.'

233 16. **Laplace's Book.** See 1 16, n.

233 23. **Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns.** Carlyle refers to the division of the heavens into squares, an astronomical 'minute' in size, for the purpose of computing the number of stars.

234 4. **accident.** See 2 30, n.

234 11. **his Creek.** "World incidents, too, roll forth their billows into the remotest creek, and alter the current there." *Essays, Goethe's Works*, III, 180.

234 16. **whose Author.** "A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Heb. xi. 10.

234 23. **here a line.** Isa. xxviii. 10, adapted.

234 27. **some Letters.** Cp. 31 18 f.

234 34. **Custom.**

> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
> *Hamlet*, iii. 1.

235 24. **Am I to view.** For same thought cp. 50 7–9.

236 9. **Luther's Picture.** "In the room of the Wartburg, where he sat translating the Bible, they still show you a black spot on the wall; the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn-down with long labour, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable Image, which he took for the Evil One to forbid his work. Luther started up, with fiend-defiance; flung his inkstand at the spectre and it disappeared!" Carlyle, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 129. Lond., 1874. Cp. D'Aubigné, bk. ix. cap. v.

236 18. **Space and Time.** Cp. 231 10, n.

236 27. **Fortunatus.** See 141 18, n.

237 12. **Paul and Seneca.** They were contemporaries, and there is a spurious set of letters which they are supposed to have interchanged. Seneca was the tutor of Nero and was murdered by his orders in 65 A.D. He wrote various dramas and philosophical treatises.

238 6. **the real Being.**

> All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
> BROWNING, *Abt Vogler*.

238 15. **(not imaginings).** *Fraser* and ed. prin.

238 24. **were it not miraculous.** "Miracle? what is a miracle? Can there be a thing more miraculous than any other thing? I myself am a standing wonder. It is the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth us understanding." *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 82.

239 3. **Time-annihilating Hat.** See 236 27.

239 10. **Orpheus or Amphion.**

> Dictus et Amphion, Thebanae conditor urbis,
> Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
> Ducere quo vellet.
>
> HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 394–6.

239 34. **stroke . . . transmitted.** Allusion to an experiment in physics which illustrates the transmission of energy from body to body. A number of spheres hang from strings at rest. If one be drawn away and allowed to impinge on the second, the middle spheres remain at rest, while the last one springs away.

240 3. **Time-annihilating Hat.** See 239 3.

240 8. **City of God.** Reference to S. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei?*

240 15. **The English Johnson.** "Churchill in his poem entitled 'The Ghost,' availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson and drew a caricature of him under the name of 'Pomposo,' representing him as one of the believers in the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London." *Boswell's Johnson, sub ann.*, 1763. See also *ibid.*, note, for full account.

240 27. **Are we not Spirits.** Cp. 241 18, n.

241 1. **squeak and gibber.** Carlyle spelt it 'jibber.'

> In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
>
> *Hamlet*, i. 1.

241 4. **Dance of the Dead.** See *Holbein's Dance of Death*, by F. Douce, Lond., 1890, and Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, Lecture i. end.

241 5. **scent of the morning-air.** See *Hamlet*, I, v. 58; cp.

> Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dünkt, der Hahn schon ruft,
> Bald wird der Sand verrinnen.
> Rapp'! Rapp'! Ich wittre Morgenluft—
>
> BURGER, *Lenore*.

Carlyle would know Scott's translation, "I smell the morning air."

241 7. **Alexander of Macedon.** The Great (356–323 B.C.). He defeated Darius at these two battles. For Arbela, see Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.*

241 12. **Spectre-hunt.** See 144 7, n.

241 18. **it is mysterious.** "What am I but a sort of ghost? Men rise as apparitions from the bosom of the night, and after grinning, squeaking, gibbering some space, return thither. The earth they stand on is bottomless; the vault of their sky is infinitude; the life-*time* is encompassed with eternity. O wonder! And they buy cattle or seats in Parliament, and drink coarser or finer fermented liquors, as if all this were a city that had foundations." *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 87.

241 31. **beyond plummet's sounding.**

> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.
>
> *Tempest*, v. 1.

242 16. **haste stormfully.**

> Our life was but a battle and a march,
> And, like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
> We storm'd across the war-convulsèd Earth.
>
> SCHILLER, *Wallensteins Tod*, act iii. sc. 15.

"Ein ruheloser Marsch war unser Leben," quoted by Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*, p. 113. Lond., 1874.

242 17. **Earth's mountains.** "We remove mountains and make seas our smooth highway; nothing can resist us. We war with rude Nature; and by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils." *Essays, Signs of the Times*, II, 131. "I think I have got rid of materialism. Matter no longer seems to me so ancient, so unsubduable, so *certain* and palpable as mind. *I* am mind; whether matter or not I know not, and care not." *Journal, C. E. L.*, II, 82.

242 25. **from God.** Cp. 24 23.

> Du kamst, du giengst mit leiser Spur,
> Ein flücht'ger Gast im Erdenland;
> Woher? Wohin? Wir wissen nur:
> Aus Gottes Hand, in Gottes Hand.
>
> UHLAND, *Auf den Tod eines Kindes.*

"Man issues from eternity; walks in a 'Time Element' encompassed by eternity, and again in eternity disappears. Fearful and wonderful! This only we know, that God is above it, that God made it, and rules it for good." *Letter to J. Carlyle, C. E. L.*, II, 328.

242 26. **We are such stuff.** *Tempest*, iv. 1.

242 28. In his *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* (p. 299, N. Y., 1873), Stephen inserts this passage (from 241 18 to the end of the chapter) with these comments. "I have quoted the passage which forms, so to speak, the last word on this subject of the great logician of our age. I will quote, in order to give form to what I have been trying to say, a passage which is perhaps the most memorable utterance of its greatest poet. The poetry seems to me to go far deeper into the heart of the matter than the logic." *Ib.*, p. 298. "I know of no statement which puts in so intense and impressive a form the belief which appears to me to lie at the very root of all morals whatever — the belief, that is, that I am one; that my organs are not I; that my happiness and their well-being are different and may be inconsistent with each other; that pains and pleasures differ in kind as well as in degree; that the class of pleasures and pains which arise from virtue and vice respectively cannot be measured against those, say of health and disease, inasmuch as they affect different subjects or affect the same subjects in a totally different manner." *Ib.*, p. 300; cp. *Obiter Dicta*, p. 45. Lond., 1887.

243 12. **through a glass.** 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

243 15. **Earth-Spirit's speech.** See 48 23 and n.

243 20. **And like the baseless.** See 242 26, n.

243 28. **Palingenesia.** See 197 5 and bk. iii. cap. v.

244 7. **as was said.** See 185 16 ff.

245 4. **British Reader.** See 270 30–34.

245 11. **Horn-gate.**

> Sunt geminae Somni portae quarum altera fertur
> Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris.
>
> *Æn.* vi. 893 f.

245 13. **Pierre-Pertuis,** *petra pertusa*, a natural opening in the rock forty feet high, between Tavannes and Sancboz, in the Bernese Alps. It was the boundary of old Helvetia.

245 26. **Magna Charta.** "Sir Robert Cotton, one day at his tailor's, discovered (what must have been the antiquary's astonishment!) that the man held in his hand, ready to cut up for measures — the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures." D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, I, 34. Lond., 1817.

246 1. **Codification.** In 1832, Bentham was still alive, "codifying like any dragon," to use his own phrase. Carlyle is sincere in putting his own work above that of the Benthamists.

246 13. **Palingenesie.** See 197 5.

246 21. **'architectural ideas.'** See 30 17.

246 33. **live, move.** See 2 26, n.

246 34. **Dandies.** See 51 23, n.

247 18. **'Divine Idea of Cloth.'** See 189 28, n.

248 1. **Mistress' eyebrow.**

> And then the lover
> Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow.
>
> *As You Like It*, ii. 7.

248 2. **Clotha.** Parody on the first line of the Æneid, "Arma virumque cano," etc. — **Macaronic verses.** A recondite pun. Macaroni was a name applied to English fops about 1775 (see 51 23, n.). The verse bearing this name is "a kind of burlesque composition in which the vernacular words of one or more modern languages are intermixed with genuine Latin words and with hybrids formed by Latin terminations to other roots." Carlyle's quotation, l. 2, is an example of this. See also the chorus of doctors at the close of *Le Malade imaginaire* and *Boswell's Johnson*, III, 253 and n. Oxon., 1826.

248 23. **Siamese Twins.** The two boys joined together at the breast were exhibited in London before 1830, and Lytton wrote a satire with this title.

248 24. **wonderful wonder.** Burlesque of showman's language. Swift used it as the title of one of his squibs. See *Works*, II, 421. London, 1870; also for variant, *ib.*, p. 421; cp. 194 16.

248 31. **it skills not.** Matters not; a Shaksperian word. See *Twelfth Night*, v. 1; *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2; 2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 1.

248 32. **passes by.** Luke x. 32, adapted.

248 34. **like that of Chivalry.** "But the age of chivalry is gone." Burke, *Reflections on the French Revolution. Works*, II, 348. Lond., 1876.

250 15. **Manicheism.** The heresy of Mani or Manes, the Persian. "In Manicheism we find the aim to be perfection, the utmost possible estrangement from all that pertains to the world." Neander, *General History of the Christian Religion and Church*, ii. 158. Lond. 1851 (Bohn); see *ib.*, pp. 157–195, and Möhler, *Kirchengeschichte*, I, 316, for accounts of Manicheism — **Gnostic shape.** "Christian heretics so called, it being a name almost all the ancient heretics affected to take, to express that new knowledge and extraordinary light to which they made pretensions; the word *gnostic*

signifying a learned or enlightened person." *Howard's New Royal Cyclopaedia;* article *Gnostic.*

250 21. **Athos Monks.** See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, vol. VIII. cap. lxiii, p. 43; Paris, 1840, for an interesting account of this practice.

250 25. **Zerdusht.** Zarathrushtra pronounced by the Greeks, Zoroaster. — **Quangfoutchee.** Usually spelled Confucius, the Chinese sage.

250 29. **Ahrimanism.** Ahriman is the principle of evil and darkness; continually at war with Ormuzd, the principle of good and light, in the old Persian religion. "Before heaven or earth existed, the great god Zervan prayed a thousand years, and spake: 'Were I *perchance* to obtain a son, Vormist (Ormuzd), who will create heaven and earth?' and he begat two in his body, one by virtue of his prayer, the other because he said *perchance.* The first was Ahriman, the son of doubt, the principle which makes everything a question." Neander, *General History of the Christian Religion and Church*, II, 171, n. Lond., 1851 (Bohn).

251 5. **Lingua-franca.** Play on words. In ridicule of the rage for sprinkling French terms through the English writings of the day. See Bulwer's novels. It means literally 'the Frank language,' and is a mixture of Italian with Arabic, Greek, etc., in use among the peoples about the Mediterranean.

251 6. **Nazarene.** Carlyle's genius has not kept him from falling into the common error of confusing Nazarite, a Jew under certain vows (see Numb. ii. 2 ff.), and Nazarene, a citizen of Nazareth.

251 7. **unspotted.** James i. 27, adapted.

251 11. **Almack's.** Or Willis's, a fashionable suite of assembly rooms in King street, St. James's; closed in 1890. The word is sometimes supposed, but incorrectly, to be a transposition of McAll, the name of the first keeper. It was here that Carlyle began his course of six lectures on German literature, on May 1, 1837.

251 31. **scrannel-piping.**

> And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
> *Lycidas*, 123 f.

252 6. **Fire-balls.** Referring to the unsuccessful attempt of the emperor Julian to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. See Milman's *Gibbon*, vol. III, cap. xxiii. p. 114 and n. Paris, 1840.

252 22. **Mohamedan reverence.** "It is the custom of the Mohametans, if they see any printed or written paper on the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran." *Spectator*, No. 85.

252 30. **not without asperity.** See 258 12, n.

252 31. **Pelham,** "or the Adventures of a Gentleman," 1827, among the earliest of the first Lord Lytton's novels. The tone may be inferred from the extract in the note 253 11. "Pelham the puppy," Calverley calls the hero. "Dandy literature and superfine sensibilities are tokens and causes of a degenerate art and an emasculate morality; and among offenders in this way none has sinned more, or is of higher mark for a gibbet than the author of *My Novel*." Geo. Brimley, *Essays*, p. 280. Lond., 1882.

253 8. **Confession of Faith.** The extended statement of belief held by the Church of Scotland. — **Whole Duty.** See 177 17, n.

253 11. **Seven distinct Articles.** Carlyle does not invent or exaggerate, as the following extract will testify. Unfortunately it does not appear in the later expurgated editions of the novel.

"And here, as I am wearied of speaking of tailors, let us reflect a little upon their works. In the first place, I deem it the supreme excellence of coats, not to be *too* well made; they should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided; the coat should fit exactly, though without effort; I hold it as a decisive opinion, that this can never be the case where any padding, (beyond one thin sheet of buckram, placed smoothly under the shoulders, and sloping gradually away towards the chest,) is admitted. The collar is a very important point, to which too much attention cannot be given. I think I would lay down, as a general rule (of course dependent on the mode,) that it should be rather low behind, broad, short, and slightly rolled. The tail of the coat must on no account be broad or square, unless the figure be much too thin; — no license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt, and imitate the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot. On the contrary, I would lean to the other extreme, and think myself safe in a swallow-tail. With respect to the length allotted to the waist, I can give no better rule than always to adopt that proportion granted us by nature. The *gigot* sleeve is an abominable fashion; anything tight across the wrist is ungraceful to the last degree; moreover, such tightness does not suffer the wristband to lie smooth and unwrinkled, and has the effect of giving a large and clumsy appearance to the hand.

"Speaking of the hand, I would observe, that it should never be entirely *ringless*, but whatever ornament of that description it does wear, should be distinguished by a remarkable fastidiousness of taste. I know nothing in which the good sense of a gentleman is more finely developed than in his rings; for my part, I carefully eschew all mourning rings, all hoops of *embossed* gold, all diamonds, and *very* precious stones, and all antiques, unless they are peculiarly fine. One may never be ashamed of a seal ring, nor of a very plain gold one, like that worn by married women; rings should in general be simple, but singular, and bear the semblance of a *gage d'amour*. One should never be supposed to buy a ring, unless it is a seal one.

"Pardon this digression. One word now for the waistcoat; this, though apparently the least observable article in dress, is one which influences the whole appearance more than any one not profoundly versed in the habilatory art would suppose. Besides, it is the only main portion of our attire in which we have full opportunity for the display of a graceful and well-cultivated taste. Of an evening, I am by no means averse to a very rich and ornate species of vest; but the extremest caution is necessary in the selection of the spot, the stripe, or the sprig, which forms the principal decoration — nothing tawdry — nothing common must be permitted; if you wear a fine waistcoat, and see another person with one resembling it, forthwith bestow it upon your valet. A white waistcoat with a black coat and trowsers, and a small chain of dead gold, only partially seen, is never within the bann of the learnèd in such matters; but beware, oh, beware of your linen, your neckcloth, your collar, your frill, on the day in which you are tempted to the decent perpetration of a white waistcoat! All things depend upon *their* arrangement; in a black waistcoat, the sins of a tie, or the soils of a shirt-bosom, escape detection; with a white one, there is no hope. If, therefore, you are hurried in your toilet, or in a misanthropic humour at the moment of settling your cravat, let no inducement suffer you to wear a vesture which, were all else suitable, would be the most unexceptionable you could assume.

"Times, by the bye, are greatly changed since Brummell interdicted white waistcoats *of a morning*. I do not know whether, during the heat of the season, you could induct yourself in a more gentle and courtly garment. The dress waistcoat should generally possess a rolling and open form, giving the fullest opening for the display of the shirt, which cannot be too curiously fine; if a frill is exquisitely washed, it is the most polished form in which your bosom appur-

tenances should be moulded ; if not — if, indeed, your own valet, or your mistress, does not superintend their lavations, I would advise a simple plait of the plainest fashion.

" With regard to the trowsers, be sure that you have them exceedingly tight across the hips ; if you are well made, you may then leave their further disposition to Providence, until they reach the ankle. There you must pause, and consider well whether you will have them short, so as to develope the fineness of the *bas de soie*, or whether you will continue them so as to kiss your very shoe tie ; in the latter form, which is indisputably the most graceful, you must be especially careful that they flow down, as it were, in an easy and loose (but, above all, not *baggy*) fall, and that the shoe-strings are arranged in the *dernier façon* of a bow and end. Of a morning, the trowsers cannot be too long or too easy, so that they avoid every *outré* and singular excess." *Pelham*, vol. II, cap. vii. pp. 63–67, 2d ed.

254 15. **Hallanshakers.** Sturdy beggars. *Jamieson.*

254 21. **Ribbonmen.** This secret society originated in 1808. It was similar in organization and hostile to the Orangemen. — **Peep-o'-Day Boys.** A Protestant secret society which committed their outrages at dawn. Their purpose was to drive the Catholics from their farms " to hell or Connaught." Froude, *English in Ireland*, II, 131. Lond., 1887.

254 22. **Rockites.** Intimidating letters to obnoxious persons were often signed ' Captain Rock.' Cp. Moore, *Memoirs of Captain Rock.* Lond., 1824.

255 10. **Nazarene.** See 251 6, n.

255 19. **it did.** " It seemed indescribable." *Fraser*, and *ed. prin.*

255 32. **University-cap.** The " flat-cap " or " mortar-board." " You should see him (Hobbes) with his flat cap on his head, as if he had covered his portfolio with black cloth and sewed it to his *calotte*." " A Journey to England in 1663." *Nineteenth Century.* July, 1892.

255 33. **indicate a Slavonic.** The race name for these peoples is Slav.

256 3. **Hertha.** See Tacitus, *Germania*, xl., where the new reading is ' Nerthum, id est, Terram matrem ' ; and also Arthur Murphy, *Works of Cornelius Tacitus*, 567, n. 7. N. Y., 1852.

256 5. **in private Oratories.** In August, 1824, Carlyle visited the iron and coal works of Birmingham, and what he saw then gave him henceforth a deep interest in the working classes. For a most graphic description of these sights, see *E. Lett.*, 312 f.; *C. E. L.*, I, 238 f.

256 15. **in wicker idols.** Referring to the periodical agrarian outrages in Ireland and Caesar's notice of Druidical worship ; — "Alii inmani magnitudine simulacra habent, quorum contexta viminibus membra vivis hominibus complent ; quibus succensis circumventi flamma exanimantur homines." *Bell. Gall.*, vi. 16.

256 17. **Rhizophagous.** "In *Ethiopia* above *Egypt*, near to the river *Asa*, inhabit a people call'd *Rizophages*, who get up the Roots of the Canes that grow in the Marishes, and first wash them very clean : Then they bruise and pound 'em with Stones till they are soft and pliant ; afterwards they lay a handful of 'em in the Sun till they are broil'd, and this is the Food they live upon all their days." *Diod. Siculus*, bk. iii. cap. ii. Trans., G. Booth. Lond., 1700.

256 21. **Brahminical feeling.** The Brahmins, the highest or priestly caste among the Hindus, apply the command, 'Thou shalt not kill' universally. The first of the *Five Rules* runs,

> Kill not — for Pity's sake — and lest ye slay
> The meanest thing upon its upward way.
>
> Sir Edwin Arnold, *The Light of Asia*, p. 232. Lond., 1884.

See S. H. Kellogg, *The Light of Asia and the Light of the World*, p. 271. Lond., 1885.

256 27. **Potatoes-and-Point.** A popular Irish joke, not unknown in this country. At his frugal meal of potatoes, with no 'condiments' but salt and hunger, the peasant will point to the flitch of bacon hanging from the rafters of his cabin, as if to bring this luxury into some remote relationship with his homely fare. The action may be regarded as a sort of wave or heave offering to appease the insatiable deity of digestion.

256 31. **Potheen.** Pronounced '*put-yeèn*,' illicitly distilled whiskey. For its effects see Lever's novels, *passim*.

257 9. **the following sketch.** "Shortly before our close at Sligo, a party of us proposed to take a ride into the country, the first fine Sunday morning, to view some adjacent spots of renowned picturesque, and return home to dinner. The weather proving favourable the ensuing Sabbath, we fulfilled our design. Having taken our fill of the beauties of Nature, we then began to think of satisfying another sense — the palate, and rode to a shebeen-house situated on one corner of a common, with the usual distinctions of a red stocking, pipe-stem, and certain characters chalked on a board, signifying to those who could read them that entertainment was to be had within for man and beast.

"The furniture of this caravansera consisted of a large iron pot, two oaken tables, two benches, two chairs, and a whiskey noggin; there was a loft above (attainable by a ladder), upon which the inmates slept; and the space below was divided by a hurdle into two apartments, — the one for their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests.

"On entering the house, we discovered the family at dinner, (eleven in number) — the father sitting at the top, the mother at the bottom, and the children on each side of a large oaken board, which was scooped out in the middle, like a trough, to receive the contents of the pot of 'paratees.' Little holes were cut at equal distances to contain salt, and a bowl of milk stood on the table; but all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives, and dishes, were dispensed with. They ate as Nature dictated, and as God had given; — they ate, and were satisfied.

"The landlord was of the ordinary broad-backed, black-browed breed, with a leg like an elephant's, a face as round as the shield of Douglas and a mouth which, when open, bore the same proportion to his head that the sea does to the land. His wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman, and his young ones (but that they had a sort of impish hilarity about them) were chubby, and bare enough for so many Cupids." John Bernard, *Retrospections of the Stage*, 2 vols., Lond., 1830; I, xi. pp. 348–350. For notice of Bernard, see *Dict. Nat. Biog., s. v.*

258 10. **appetite of ravens.** See Ps. cxlvii. 9, Job xxxviii. 41.

258 12. **the Dandiacal Household.** The passage in quotation marks is transcribed with a few unimportant changes from the introduction to Bulwer's novel, *The Disowned*. *Fraser* had a feud with Bulwer, and this extract was quoted and ridiculed in the magazine for June, 1830 (vol. I, No. v.); which Carlyle must have seen. There was also an attack on Bulwer in the April number, in an article entitled, *The Dominie's Legacy*.

259 4. **Self-worship.** See 250 25.

259 31. **Manicheans.** See 250 15, n.

260 2. **Potwallopers.** Pot-boilers: wallop being connected with well (O.E. weallan). House-keepers or lodgers who prepare their own food; the name of a class of voters in England before the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. See 3 11, n. "Every male inhabitant, whether house-keeper or lodger, who had resided six months in the borough, and had not been chargeable to any township as a pauper for twelve months, was entitled to vote." *Century Dict.*

260 11. **Buchan-Bullers.** The Bullers of Buchan is the local name of a huge vertical well in the granite sea shore, six miles south of Peterhead in Aberdeenshire. It is fifty feet in diameter and one hundred in depth, and in storms the sea rushes into it with great violence through an archway in the bottom. Cp. *Noctes Ambrosianae*, IV, 58, n. Edin., 1865. "They, you know, are not only always black, but always boiling, and the reason is that day and night the abysses are disturbed by the sea. The sea will not let them rest in peace — but fills them, whether they will or no, with perpetual foam — everlasting breakers — an eternal surf. In the calmest day, the lull itself is dreadful. Yet the place is not without its beauty, and all the world confesses that it is sublime." *Greek Drama; Blackwood's Mag.*, 1831, p. 389.

260 17. **Electric Machines.** "Wealth has accumulated itself into masses; and Poverty, also in accumulation enough, lies impassably separated from it; opposed, uncommunicating, like forces in positive and negative poles." *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 25.

262 4. **Pelion on Ossa.**

> Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
> Scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum.
> *Georg.* i. 281, 282.

262 4. **Moloch.** See Levit. xviii. 21, xx. 2–5, and *Par. Lost*, ii.

262 5. **Michael of Justice.** According to Edersheim, Gabriel ('the Hero of God') represents Judgment, while Michael ('who is like God') represents Mercy. See *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, II, 751; 5th ed.

262 13. **fractional parts.** The proverb is, "Nine tailors make a man," or "Nine tailors made me a man." Cp. 263 34.

262 19. **Tailor's Melancholy.** "That there is a professional melancholy, if I may so express it, incident to the occupation of a tailor, is a fact which I think very few will venture to dispute. . . . I find a most remarkable passage in Burton in his chapter entitled 'Bad diet a cause of melancholy.' 'Amongst herbs to be eaten (he says) I find gourds, cucumbers, melons disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *Loc. Affect.*, lib. iii. cap. 6, of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Izaak, lib. ii. cap. 1, *animae gravitatem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul.' I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine.

It is well known that this last named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people." Lamb, *On the Melancholy of Tailors*. Cp. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i. sec. 2, mem. 2, subs. 1. 'Cabbage' also means to steal bits of cloth. See Hotten's *Slang Dictionary*.

262 22. **Hans Sachs.** A German poet (1494–1576) and Meistersinger of Nürnberg. "Hans Sachs is a curious fellow; both in age and character; full of humour, reading, honesty, good nature; of the quickest observation, three hundred years old, and — a shoemaker; what a strange medley may we not expect! Is his way of treating Heaven, Christus, etc., like that of our old mysteries? See the *Tailor with the Flag*." *C.-Jour.*, p. 33. Dec., 1826. See also Goethe, *Hans Sachsens Poetische Sendung;* Longfellow, *Nuremberg*. The *Schneider mit dem Panier* tells how a thievish tailor was frightened by seeing in a dream a huge banner made of the snippets of cloth he had stolen.

262 25. **Taming of the Shrew.** See act iv. sc. iii., especially Petruchio's speech beginning "O monstrous arrogance!"

262 26. **Queen Elizabeth.** The source of these anecdotes I have been unable to find.

263 4. **sartorius.** The longest muscle of the body, crossing the thigh: so called because it produces the cross-legged position assumed by tailors at work.

263 11. **Swift.** "They worshipped a sort of idol, etc." *Tale of a Tub*. A definite unmistakable reference to the germ passage from which Teufelsdröckh's whole philosophy grew. See Introd., xx.

263 14. **Franklin.**

Eripuit coelo fulmen
Sceptrumque tyrannis.

Motto by Turgot for the picture of Franklin by Duplessis. See *Life and Memoirs of F.*, vol. I, front., and II, p. 288. Lond., 1818.

263 29. **"Nay, if thou."** From Goethe, *Meisters Lehrjahre*, II, ii; Carlyle's trans. I, 71. Lond, 1868. See *Essays*, I, 234; IV, 87.

264 15. **St. Sophia.** The church of the Heavenly Wisdom at Constantinople. For description see Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, cap. xl. pp. 65–68. Paris, 1840.

264 20. **Arabian Whinstone.** The "veil" (*kiswa*) is of black brocade with a broad band of gold embroidery, consisting of texts from the Koran. The Caaba is a four-square building in the great

mosque at Mecca; and in one corner is a black aërolite, before which the faithful repeat prayers. Carlyle does not seem to have distinguished between the building and the fetish-stone in its wall. See Littré, under *pierre noire*.

264 26. **Sic itur.** *Æneid*, ix. 641. Quoted ironically in a letter of Carlyle to his brother John, Sept. 17, 1823. *C. E. L.*, I, 192.

265 9. **Haggis.** "A mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oat meal, onions and pepper inclosed in a sheep's stomach. . . . The Scotch in general are attached to this composition with a sort of national fondness." *Humphrey Clinker*, p. 248 f. Edin., 1806. For another Scotchman's feelings on the subject, consult Burns, *To a Haggis*.

266 26. **Hannibal-like.** "Fama etiam est, Hannibalem annorum ferme novem, pueriliter blandientem patri Hamilcari, ut duceretur in Hispaniam, quum, perfecto Africo bello, exercitum eo traiecturus sacrificaret, altaribus admotum, tactis sacris iureiurando adactum, se, quum primum posset, hostem fore populo Romano." Livy, xxi. 1.

267 11. **dashes his sponge.** "You have heard, said he, without doubt, of that Painter famed in Story who being to paint the Foam of a Horse, and not succeeding to his Mind, threw at the Picture in Resentment a Sponge bedaubed with colours, and produced a foam the most natural imaginable." Works of James Harris, I, 6 f.; Lond., 1803. The painter was Apelles. See Dio Chrysostom., *Orat.*, 63, p. 390; Paris, 1604; where the incident is told at length. Cp. *G.-Corr.*, 285, where Carlyle applies the phrase to *Sartor*.

267 29. **It is the Night.** "Man has walked by the light of conflagrations, and amid the sound of falling cities; and now there is darkness and long watching till it be morning. The voice even of the faithful can but exclaim: 'As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the Night: birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres upsoar, the dead walk, the living dream — Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn!'" (Richter, *Hesperus, Vorrede.*) *Essays, Characteristics*, III, 36.

268 7. **lone watchtower.** Cp. 3 14.

268 18. **Watchman.** See Isa. xxi. 11.

268 23. **Population-Institute.** See 205 14, n.

268 29. **Ew. Wohlgeboren.** About equivalent to "Your Honor," a German form of respectful address in letter-writing.

269 6. **Three Days.** See 3 11, n.

269 23. **Saint-Simonian.** Carlyle's article, *The Signs of the Times*, attracted the attention of the St. Simonian Society, and led to his being the recipient of such a communication as this of Teufelsdröckh's. See *G.-Corr.*, 214 f., 225; see 269 33, n.

269 27. **Here also.** "The Saint Simonians in Paris have again transmitted to me a large mass of their performances: Expositions of their Doctrines; Proclamations sent forth during the famous Three Days; many numbers of their weekly Journal. They seem to me to be earnest, zealous and nowise ignorant men, but wandering in strange paths. I should say they have discovered and laid to heart this momentous and now almost forgotten truth, *Man is still Man;* and are already beginning to make false applications of it." *G.-Corr.*, 258; cp. *C. E. L.*, II, 84.

269 28. **Man is still Man.** In *Essays*, *Characteristics*, III, 47, referring to the "younger nobler minds" of France, Carlyle says: "Meanwhile let us rejoice rather that so much has been seen into, were it through never so diffracting media, and never so madly distorted; that in all dialects, though but half-articulately, this high Gospel begins to be preached: Man is still Man." See 269 27, n.

269 33. **Bazard-Enfantin.** Saint Simon (1760–1825) was a pupil of D'Alembert and the predecessor of Comte. His greatest work is the New Christianity. He insisted on the necessity of a new and positive organization of society; and that the whole of society ought to strive towards the amelioration of the moral and physical existence of the poorest class. *Bazard* and *Enfantin* were his pupils. They gave a course of lectures on his doctrine in Paris, and formed there an association or family of three grades which lived out of a common purse.

270 30–34. **British Readers . . . invective.** "'Sartor,' when it began to appear in 'Fraser' piecemeal, met a still harder judgment. No one could tell what to make of it. The writer was considered a literary maniac, and the unlucky editor was dreading the ruin of his magazine." *C. E. L.*, II, 377. "Magazine Fraser writes that 'Teufelsdröckh' excites the most unqualified disapprobation — *à la bonne heure.*" *Ib.*, 418. "James Fraser writes me that *Teufelsdröckh* meets with the most unqualified disapproval; which is all extremely proper. His payment arrives, which is still more proper." *Lett.*, 382. "'Teufelsdröckh' beyond measure unpopular; an oldest subscriber came in to him and said, 'If there is any more of that d — d stuff, etc., etc.'" *C. E. L.*, II, 446.

271 5. **Yorke . . . Oliver.** See 9 13, n.

271 6–7. **madness . . . punch.** The *Noctes Ambrosianae* in *Blackwood* and the imitations of them in *Fraser* were transcribed from life, and account for the scurrilous and slovenly articles with which the early numbers of these magazines abounded; for instance, Kit North's attack on Tennyson, and O. Yorke's letterpress for the *Fraser* portrait of Miss Martineau. The decanters and glasses of the various *Fraser* portraits, are not meaningless accessories. The article which drew down on Hugh Fraser his richly deserved flogging and caused his death was written by Maginn when he and his party were half drunk. Carlyle's contempt for the *Maga*, Fraser's 'dog's-meat cart of a magazine,' and the ways of London literary men, was complete and unaffected. See *C. E. L.*, II, 90, 191, 215, 241 f., etc.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

xvi. 21. **could not possibly have made any woman happy.** This sweeping statement is left in its pristine crudity, since it has drawn from no less an authority than Professor Norton the following valuable criticism, which is reprinted here by his permission:

"I believe that Carlyle could have made many a woman happy, supposing her to have had a magnanimous disposition and a just appreciation of his nature. He had a depth of tenderness and a capacity of sympathetic expression which might have been enough to satisfy the heart of any woman. However devoted to him, and however clear-sighted she might have been, he would undoubtedly have often required of her much self-control, and tried her heart by his impatience and self-engrossment; but I think that he would have more than made up to her for unusual trials by giving her unusual joys.

"It is a hard thing to say, but it seems to me true, that a great part of Mrs. Carlyle's trial arose from finding herself unexpectedly the inferior of her husband. The flattery which had been lavished upon her by her admirers, including Carlyle himself, had led her to an overestimate of her intellectual endowments as compared with his, no less than to an overestimate of the social difference that existed between them, in disregarding which she felt she was making a sacrifice which deserved a different return from that which Carlyle was ready to recognize as due to it. I do not underestimate the real sacrifices she made for his sake. That she had a false estimate of them is in no respect surprising; but I think one can discern the gradual growth of disappointment and bitterness of feeling as she was compelled to recognize the superiority of her husband, not merely in his intellectual gifts, but in his position in the world so soon as those gifts were recognized by it. She seems to me to have become jealous of him, not in the usual sense, but jealous of what many a wife would have been proud of; and if one can believe the indications which her own letters afford even more than his, she not

infrequently embittered both their lives by a display of a lack of generosity that was not at all compensated for by her sacrifices in behalf of their common household. I do not lose sight of all that she had to endure from Carlyle's temperament, from his ill health, from his selfish engrossment in his own work, or from that change which many a woman has to endure, — from the adoration of the lover to the critical attitude of the husband tired with daily work.

"It is a sad story, because at the bottom of each of their hearts was, I believe, the sincerest love for each other. But my point just now is not so much to account for their unhappiness as to express my conviction that a woman of less self-regardful nature, and more fortunate in the discipline of early life, might have been made essentially happy by Carlyle."

xlv. 10. **set the notion.** See Appendix, p. 403. The writer of the review, Alexander H. Everett, has no doubt that *Sartor* is "very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language."

2 10. **of History.** Add to *Note*: Part of Hegel's system is a philosophy of history.

7 9. **business and bosoms.** "I doe now publish my *Essayes;* which of all my other works haue beene most Currant: For that, as it seemes, they come home, to Mens Businesse, and Bosomes." Bacon, *Introd. to Essays to Lord Buckingham.*

8 7. **to revolve them.** Add to *Note*: *Alexander's Feast* was written after Dryden translated the *Æneid.* The use of the term is a Latinism. Cp.

> Under their grateful shade Æneas sate
> Revolving war's events, and various fate.
>
> *Æneid,* x. 235 f.

> Hic magnus sedet Æneas, secumque volutat
> Eventus belli varios.
>
> *Æneid,* x. 159 f.

13 10. **in petto.** Add to *Note*, after "Cardinals": It is also used of Cardinals whom the Pope intends to create, but whose name he withholds for the time being.

37 26. **sheet-iron Aprons.** After 256 5, in *Note*, add: "And through the whole, half-naked demons pouring with sweat and besmeared with soot were hurrying to and fro in their red night-caps and sheet-iron breeches, rolling or hammering or squeezing

their glowing metal as though it had been wax or dough." *E. Lett.*, 313.

48 22. **Garment of God.** Cp. "For Nature is no longer dead, hostile Matter, but the veil and mysterious Garment of the Unseen." *Essays, Novalis*, II, 107.

53 25. **Improved-drop.** "The vulgar and ungentlemanly dirty 'new drop' and dog-like agony of infliction upon the sufferers of the English sentence." Byron, Letter to Murray, May 30, 1817.

58 18. **Chrysostom.** There can be very little doubt that Carlyle got the phrase from *Tristram Shandy*, vol. V, cap. i. (orig. ed.): "Who made man, . . . the miracle of Nature, as Zoroaster, in his book Περὶ Φύσεως, called him; — the *Shekinah* of the Divine Presence as Chrysostom, —"

125 17. **Preëstablished Harmony.** Add to *Note:* "It is true that there are, in my opinion, efforts in all substances, but these efforts are properly only in the substance itself; and what follows in the others is only in virtue of a *preëstablished harmony* (if I may be permitted to use this word), and in no wise by a real influence, or by a transmission of some property or quality." Leibnitz, *Opusculum*, xiii.

129 15. **Philistine.** Add to *Note:* See M. Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy*, cap. iii.

158 19. **carnage . . . manure.** Cp.

> How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
> BYRON, *Childe Harold*, Cant. iii. xvii.

159 25. **fiction of the English Smollet.** "I remember," proceeded this champion, "when I was a slave at Algiers, Murphy Macmorris and I happened to have some difference in the bagnio, upon which he bade me turn out. 'Arrah, for what?' said I, 'here are no weapons that a gentleman can use, and you would not be such a negro as to box like an English carman!' After he had puzzled himself for some time, he proposed that we should retire into a corner and funk one another with brimstone till one of us should give out. Accordingly we crammed half a dozen of tobacco pipes with sulphur, and, setting foot to foot, began to smoke, and kept a constant fire, until Macmorris dropped down." *The Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom*, cap. xli.

215 17. **incautious beards.** Add to *Note:* The 'fable' is the basis of the lost 'satyric' drama of Æschylus, *Prometheus.* See Campbell, *Guide to Greek Tragedy*, 159. Lond., 1891.

219 17. **the Prison.** In *Note*, after *Essays*, I, 115, add: Cp.

> Out of this foule prisoun of this lyf?
> CHAUCER, *Knight's Tale*, 2203.

233 15. **without bottom.** Add to *Note:* Cp.

> There being no end of words, nor any bound
> Set to conceipt, the Ocean without shore.
> *S. Daniel*, I, 290 (Grosart's ed.), *Florio's Montaigne*

APPENDIX.

THIS questionable little Book was undoubtedly written among the mountain solitudes, in 1831 ; but owing to impediments natural and accidental, could not, for seven years more, appear as a Volume in England ; — and had at last to clip itself into pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous *Magazine* that offered. Whereby now to certain idly curious readers, and even to myself till I make study, the insignificant but at last irritating question, What its real history and chronology are, is, if not insoluble, considerably involved in haze.

To the first English Edition, 1838, which an American or two Americans had now opened the way for, there was slightingly prefixed under the title '*Testimonies of Authors*,' some straggle of real documents, which, now that I find it again, sets the matter into clear light and sequence ; — and shall here, for removal of idle stumbling-blocks and nugatory guessings from the path of every reader, be reprinted as it stood. (*Author's Note* of 1868.)

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

Taster to Bookseller. — "The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent ; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge : but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind, it is too long ; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact : his wit

is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. *Is* the work a translation?"

Bookseller to Editor.—"Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *Ms.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar: I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to" &c., &c.—*Ms.* (*penes nos*), *London, 17th September, 1831.*[1]

II. Critic of the Sun.

"*Fraser's Magazine* exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the" &c. "*Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call 'a heap of clotted nonsense,' mixed however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by 'Baphometic fire-baptism'? Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus;* which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way. Indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning: 'The fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom; which feeling is its Baphometic baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated.' Here is a"—. . . .—*Sun Newspaper, 1st April, 1834.*

III. North-American Reviewer.

. . . "After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the 'present Editor' is the only person who has every written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that sub-

[1] *C. E. L.*, II, 200.

ject ; — in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English, a *hum*.

"Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.* — Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Motherland as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the 'extensive close-printed close-meditated volume,' which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the 'present Editor' upon what part of the map of Germany are we to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*, — 'Know-not-where,' at which place the work is supposed to have been printed and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*, — 'Duck-pond,' where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting

in his pretended autobiography, that 'he had searched to no purpose through all the Heralds' books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscriber's-lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues,' but had nowhere been able to find 'the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to his own person.' We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor Heuschrecke, — 'Grasshopper' — though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a 'fair business transaction.' The same may be said of *Blumine*, — 'Flower Goddess' — the heroine of the fable, and so of the rest.

"In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth, as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*, — the Tailor Patched, — which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the ostensible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the commu-

nity, which constitutes everywhere the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals like the poet, to the young men and maidens, — *virginibus puerisque*, — and calls upon them by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will, — to use the mildest term, — not be in very good humour. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author we think would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenor of which we should be disposed to conclude that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

"The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature, and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character." — *North-American Review, No. 89, October, 1835.*[1]

IV. New-England Editors.

"The Editors have been induced, by the expressed desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets[2] in which they first appeared, under the conviction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

"The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there

[1] See *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, I, 84, 89, 94. Boston, 1886.

[2] *Fraser's* (London) *Magazine*, 1833-4.

is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom; and what work of imagination can hope to please all? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

"But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age — we had almost said, of the hour — in which we live; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue." — *Preface to Sartor Resartus: Boston, 1836, 1837.*

SUNT, FUERUNT VEL FUERE.

London, 30th June, 1838.

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